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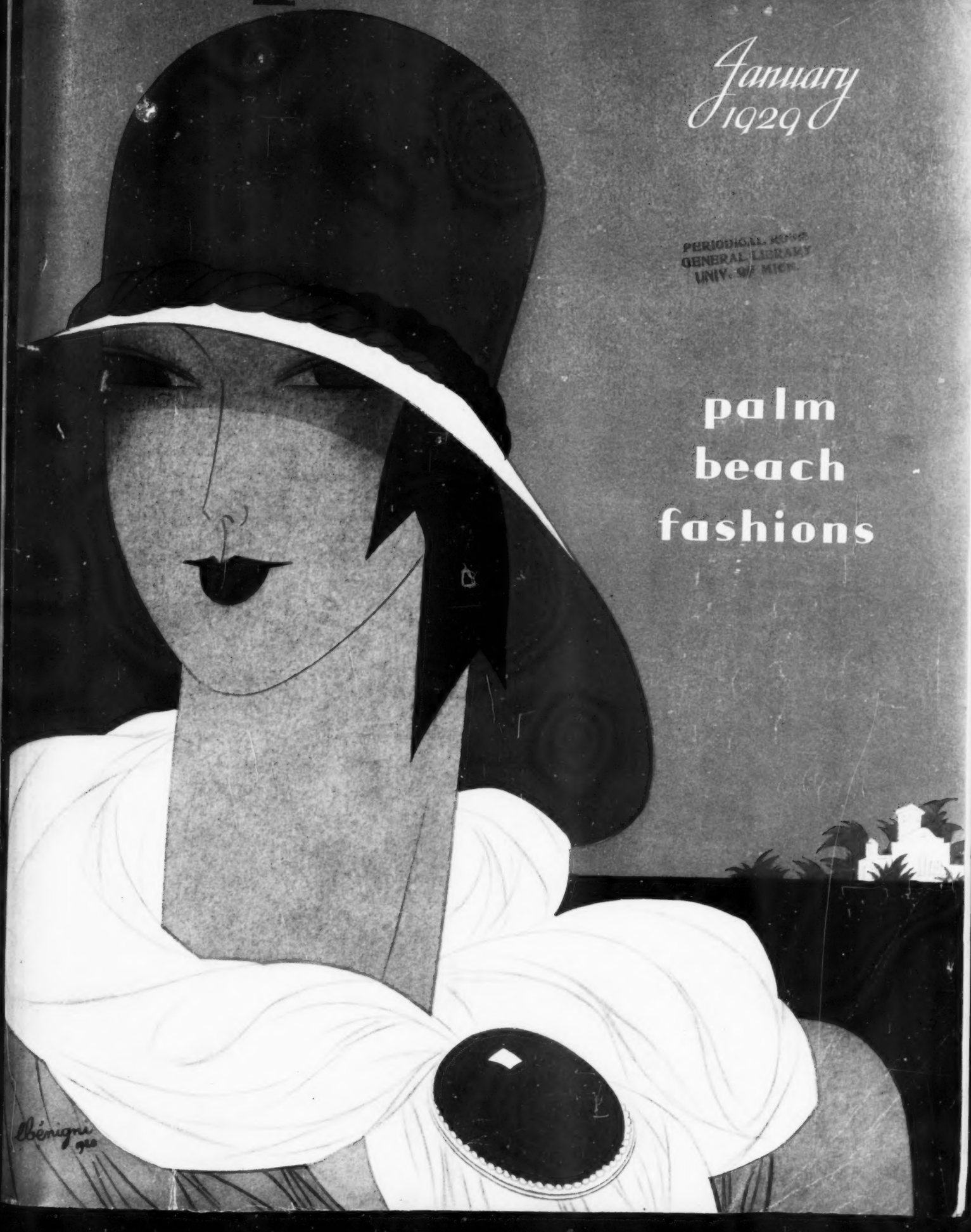

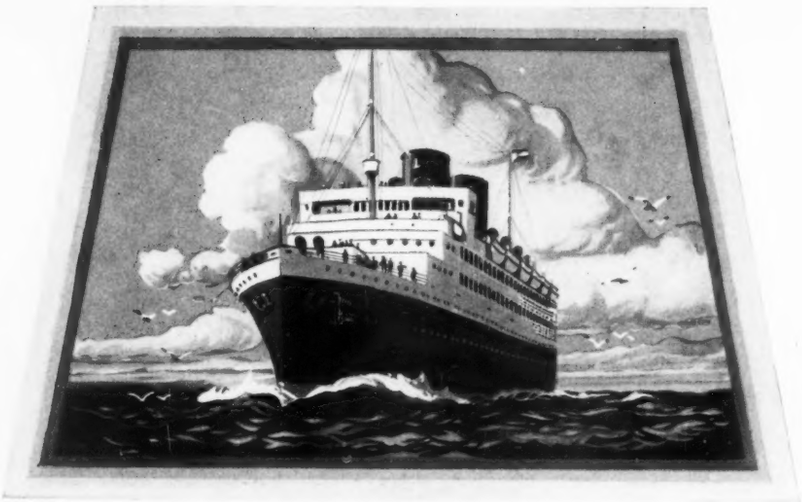

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HARPER'S BAZAR

63rd Year — Number 2595

JANUARY

1929

Southern Resorts Fashions Number

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In February French and American fabrics will be represented. Marjorie Howard will also send drawings of new French bags and evening gowns. American shoes will suggest spring styles, and hats and accessories from New York shops will guide the shopper. A travel article, alluring in its hints of sunshine, will appear, and lovers of beautiful rooms will find something of interest.

Stephen Vincent Benét, whose "John Brown's Body" has won wide acclaim, will have a short story called "The King of the Cats." A reverent tribute to the memory of Lincoln will appear in Irvin S. Cobb's "At the Feet of the Enemy." Alec Waugh and Amory Hare will also be contributors of short fiction, and Arthur Tuckerman's novel, "High Walls," will reach its third instalment.

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MARJORIE HOWARD SENDS TWO LAST-MINUTE CABLES FROM PARIS AND

THE NEW YORK FASHION EDITOR ADDS A FEW NOTES

PALM BEACH

Fashions for South feature white and pale colors in subtle combinations. Tendency is toward stiffer silk fabrics for simple sleeveless sports dresses, such as silk gabardine and wash silk with tiny broché patterns. Cardigan suits in all materials from tweed to linen. Tendency is away from cubist sweater designs toward restrained repeated patterns. Plain fabrics good, but tiny prints holding their own.

PARIS EVENING

Much thin black. Considerable velvet. Often blue both light and dark. Much white satin. Many greens. Lelong's black tulle gown, very long in the back worn with two deep red carnations on shoulder, red chiffon handkerchief, red-heeled black sandals. Deeper décolletées in back than lately. Wonderful new necklace worn with white satin gown. Four strands ruby beads diamond clasp in back. Diamond pendant with four-fold fringe of ruby beads. Considerable colored chiffon. White satin gown with deepest red velvet cape.

WHITE glacé pull-on gloves dazzle in loose-fitting smartness against sun-burned arms.

Colors under the Palm Beach sun are legion, and pumpkin orange is gently demanding an audience.

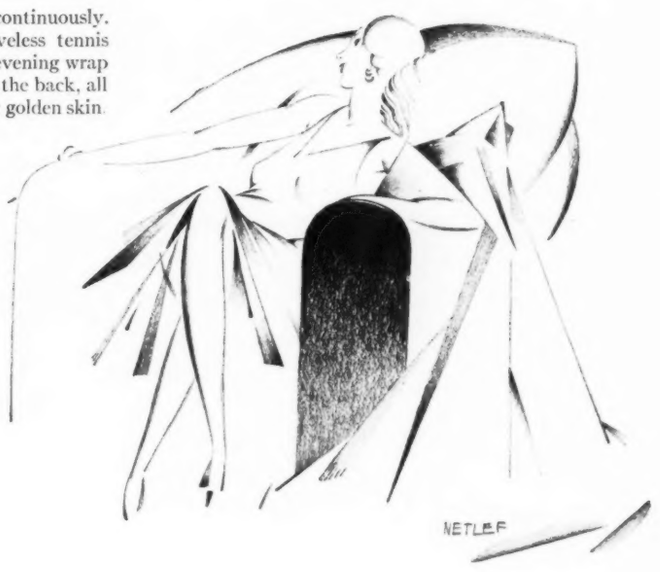
"Sleeveless frocks for daytime wear in January, 1929, sleeves for informal evening gowns," says the provocative mode.

On dit there are thirty-two off-white shades, which makes it easy for you to choose just the tone to add luster to your skin.

Slip a pair of heavy, simple sleeve links, with stones which match your blouse, into the cuffs of your cardigan in place of buttons. It is much smarter; and the blouse buttons may, in turn, match the links.

We've had one-eye hats, one-eyebrow hats, and now we have the one-ear hat. Be sure your hair is coiffed to go with its slanting chic, and that your *maquillage* blends with hair and hat in the latest ensemble.

You may now reveal your evenly sunburned back continuously. Your bathing suit, your beach pyjama, your sleeveless tennis or sports frock, your evening gown and now your evening wrap of transparent velvet, with a cowl-shaped drape in the back, all are cut in deep U shape, framing the allure of your golden skin.



An adorable Parisienne wears black frocks in the daytime, with dark red touches in hat and accessories. When she crosses her charming legs her knickers of matching red crêpe may or may not be glimpsed. She follows the same idea in her evening *dessous*, satin aiding and abetting satin, crêpe de Chine, or what you will.

A little jacket certainly aids an evening gown in leading a double life. It is now unnecessary to have your bare arm in close proximity to the sleeve of some total stranger at the theatre. Slip on a jacket of tailored satin, contrasting with your gown, or a matching flowered chiffon one, and drop it again in a colorful heap when you return to the semi-privacy of a supper party. The fastidious woman welcomes this *idée de genie* and wonders why she hasn't always done it.

WORTH

The Marquise de Casa Maury wears this graceful and interesting gown from Worth in a new large-mesh tulle, dark sapphire-blue in color. The skirt is built on uneven lines, short in front and very long at the sides and back. There is a little removable jacket of the tulle with studs of strass. The bodice line is low, but the belt of blue velvet ribbon is at the natural place. There is every evidence that the separate jacket with evening dress will continue in the mode.

CHANTAL

Chantal makes a little extra coat that may be had in any material, such as thin lamé for evening, or crêpe or other silk for daytime. The model is in toile de soie in tiny checks of red and white, lined with a pale yellow-green, and bordered on the inside and tied with bottle-green velvet ribbons. An example of the new odd color combinations of the spring.

PARIS PREPARES FOR THE SOUTH

The Mid-season Collections show Models for Palm Beach and the Riviera, the first Hints for Spring

BY MARJORIE HOWARD

15 rue de la Paix, Paris.

PARISIANS are beginning to ask, "What shall we have for the evening after the uneven skirt with trailing panels?" When people begin to talk like this, the dissolution of an existing fashion is usually not far distant So I have been watching the mid-season collections with more than usual attention to see if I could pick up a hint as to the coming change. The indications, so far, are slight indeed, as you shall hear when we discuss the evening mode at the leading houses later on.

General opinion seems to be fairly well satisfied on the question of daytime dress, especially sports dress. We continue to find sports and semi-sports clothes just about right as they are. So their basic plan remains the same, and changes are rung on materials and their unexpected employment, and on details of cut and finish that add individual touches to a model conceived on an unaltered plan. While the collections were passing, I jotted down special notes on every indication of novelty, for I decided to confine my reports on these showings mainly to what is really new.

So, to begin with sports. The three schemes, one-piece frock and top-coat; jumper, cardigan and short skirt; two-piece frock and jacket of varying length, still form the basis of sports clothes. The jumpers are gradually giving up their bold modernistic decorations in favor of small-spaced designs, or the concentration of pattern in one part only of the garment. Some of them are of silk instead of the invariable wool. Lanvin, for instance, has a black-and-white-striped silk sweater with a plaited black satin skirt among her new sports models. Often the skirts are circular instead of plaited, or they are inset with pointed godets in the front. Occasionally the plaits appear only in the back. Sometimes the effect of the long slim jumper is enhanced by a very tight flat section at the top of the skirt, which breaks into a sharp flare below. Then the narrow belt, which remains an almost invariable accessory, is placed quite high on the jumper, even at its natural place. It may be left off, if necessary, by those whose natural waists are not slim and supple enough to stand a band here. You will see this silhouette illustrated in the model from Bernard et Cie., drawn by Enid Engel on page 66.

LOUISEBOULANGER

An unusual combination of color is found in this Louiseboulanger gown of faille, white and Madonna blue. The double puffs at the back have a downward tendency, like the folded wings of a moth, and the front is straight and slim, recalling the moth's body. This is a most popular line for evening gowns, and demands a slender, supple figure.

The short fur jacket promises to be popular for early spring, and for European Southern wear. Worth does it in black fur with a two-piece costume of putty, very tight and flat at the hips with a plaited skirt, and also in black Persian lamb with a crêpe frock combined with his new pumpkin yellow. Molyneux and Chanel are other houses that sponsor the short fur coat. Molyneux has a charming new suit on the same lines, with a short black tweed jacket, turned back with mannish revers of Persian lamb, a black satin blouse and plaited tweed skirt, with a Persian lamb muff and a felt hat bordered with the fur.

THE placing of the belt is perhaps the most interesting thing about the new sports clothes. A continued effort is being made to get it higher. Mary Nowitzky, the sports specialist, has very definitely placed it at its natural place. She maintains that if the figure is slim, accentuation of the natural waist makes it look slimmer. This reasoning is sound, for in the normal feminine figure this is the smallest part of the trunk. Unfortunately, when the figure thickens, it is at this point that the thickening invariably shows; also the wearing of any kind of a corset-belt to hold the hips must inevitably push up a certain amount of flesh to this point. As the majority of the clients of a big dressmaking house are out of their twenties, it would be madness for the designers to insist upon a fashion that catered solely to youth, or to those who have perfectly preserved its illusion. So most of them allow us to remove our belts, preserving the straight line of the jumper which has proved more becoming to the majority. Mary Nowitzky, however, has gone farther this season, especially in her beach pyjamas, and has provided the trousers with deep-fitted tops, which are worn outside the blouse, as you will see in the model on the Last-Minute pages.

COATS and suits come logically after sports clothes, and indeed are a part of them. There is not much difference between the new tweed coats and the old. Other coats, however, show some slight changes. The indication of flare in the back, mentioned first last summer before the August collections, has been developed, and in many of the important collections we find coats flat and slim in front, and flaring in the back, more or less, from a well-defined curve at the waist-line. At Patou's, on the contrary, we find some coats with slight flare only in front. At others, notably Jane Régny's, we have a coat silhouette that flares sharply all round from a fitted top with a rather high waist-line, the so-called Persian silhouette. There is a suggestion of this line, which has returned so often to favor in the pageant of fashion, in the model on the Last-Minute pages from the newly combined house, Drecoll-Beer.

The great majority of coats, however, are on straighter lines, and these straighter coat lines will still be the choice of the majority of women for the present. Many of the new models, especially as we approach the more formal afternoon type, have short cape backs, always a graceful accompaniment to the slender line Many of the crêpe coats, and I think the crêpe de Chine coat will be very good this spring, tie in the front with important long ends. Vionnet has some lovely ensembles of red or navy crêpe de Chine coats, and soft fluttery scarfed frocks of small flower prints. These tied collars effectively replace fur trimmings. We wear fur-trimmed coats so relentlessly all the rest of the year, that we may well leave them off in the South or in early summer in town. Tweed

coats, for instance, are smarter without fur. Some of the new ones have little standing collars, stitched in rows, perhaps, to give them body, as in the model from Goupy sketched by Enid Engel on page 67.

When fur trimmings are used, they are either of flat or fluffy furs, flat on the less informal models, and fluffy for more formal wear. Astrakhan continues to be the favorite flat fur, and blue fox is still very smart as a fluffy fur. I see matching furs, light on dark coats, and dark on light coats in the mid-season collections. Paquin, the house that is famous for its handling of fur, is inclined to use fur trimmings on the elbows of new coats, instead of at the edges of the sleeves.

THAT type of suit which I call "the cut-off ensemble" and which I first noticed at Lelong's some time ago, and noted in the magazine, has taken a definite place in many important houses. The coat, three-quarter length or slightly shorter, is invariably of the same material as the skirt, and the effect is that of a tiered coat when both are worn together. The distinguishing feature is the important fur collar, generally of shawl shape, in a fluffy fur, usually fox, sometimes lynx. There is one with a slit cape-back from Lelong sketched on the Last-Minute pages. Often we find with them blouses of a different material and a different color; for the blouse, having been insignificant, is now becoming important again. Putty or pale gray blouses with dark colors, deep sapphire blue, rich dark green, or deep red; and white blouses with black are seen.

There is no great change in materials, in either coats, suits or their accompanying gowns. Tweeds and mixtures continue to be of first importance, wool jerseys, patterned and plain; light-weight woolens of many kinds, with a strong hint of the return of velours de laine to importance in the spring; crêpes, sometimes with matching frocks, sometimes with small-design prints; an occasional satin coat; these are the classics. In some houses we find an interesting use of unexpected fabric combinations. I am thinking of the ensemble for Southern wear from Schiaparelli, drawn by Miss Engel on page 67, which combines natural chamois with a heavy imported Chinese tussore; while at Suzanne Talbot's, there is an equally interesting ensemble made of Rodier's "djersa kashamoussa," an openwork crinkly jersey, that looks like hand-knitting, in blue and grège; and another example of odd material combination in a coat and frock of navy crêpe de Chine, the short jacket lined with white herring-bone tweed, which also makes the blue stitched belt of the gown. Worth makes an ensemble of black velvet coat, and a frock of entirely quilted black satin, for warmth on chilly days. Occasionally we find a new use of plaits applied to coats. Louiseboulanger has a three-quarter coat in a gray and white mixture with flat box plaits in the back and on the sleeves.

MANY houses are using small checks both in silks and wools. Jane Régny is making military looking suits of crisp woolens, such as gabardine and covert cloth, with jackets that look like an officer's tunic, and patterned sweaters. In many houses, I note an interest in crisper silks, surahs and silk gabardines for daytime wear, in some form of coat and dress or jacket and skirt. For Southern sports frocks, I find wash silks, not thin, with raised stripes or little broché designs. London Trades uses these in rose, green or blue and white for slim sleeveless frocks, something like the old-fashioned shirtwaist frock, but in one piece and

PATOU

Patou has revived crêpe georgette and crêpe romain for evening frocks. This one is in black, with an uneven hem, but its reason for being sketched is the accompanying coat, in one of the lovely great squares of black crêpe romain, made by Ducharne, adorned with gold butterfly wings and flowers woven into the surface. A wrap for warm climates.

Lelong's prettiest evening gown is in black georgette, which seems to be replacing the eternal chiffon for the evening. The interlacing of the bands in the back is very new and graceful. The front is quite slim and plain, with a buckle of cut crystal on the narrow belt, and four wide tucks in the georgette for the only trimming.

LELONG

This lovely evening coat from Lelong is in an off-white shade of silk velvet, trimmed with brown mink collar and cuffs. The most distinguishing feature of the wrap is the attached scarf belt, which is knotted in the back on a low line and trails long ends. It gives an effect of slenderness and length, and is becoming with a gown that is long in the back.

LELONG

belted with a colored antelope belt. Patou continues to use his little cravat silk for frocks of this type.

Coming to frocks, there is an interesting development at Lelong's: an importance given to backs, in a new way, not in the least reminiscent of the bustle era. Lelong makes his crêpe and satin frocks on slim lines, quite plain and straight in front, sometimes belted at the top of the hip. Then in the back of the skirt, on a low line, he puts panels, full sections, of soft godets, falling quite straight when the figure is still, but stirring prettily with a streaming movement in motion. The famous "interest in the back" is still with us, but not often now in bustle form. Worth is using a sort of pinafore line, straight and slim in front, the skirt slit up in the back over an underskirt, and simply tied with narrow ends as an apron is tied. Patou still runs his tiers and flounces up in the back, sometimes finishing in a soft, unimportant bow. I shall describe the evening interpretation of this feeling later when I get to the novelties in evening dress.

To continue with afternoon frocks. They are often frilled, flounced and tiered, as to skirts. They are sometimes straight and slim and finished with a twelve- to eighteen-inch frill, often circular, at the hem. Often, they follow the modern princess line, especially at Lanvin's. There is a frock of this kind from Jenny on the Last-Minute pages. Apropos of this line, I saw Madame Agnès at the Ritz one

day, wearing a black satin Vionnet frock under a broadtail coat, the frock cut with a fitted bodice and a skirt hung in sharp godet flares from the natural waist-line, which was further marked by a black satin belt. She tells me that she is having this gown repeated in white satin, with long plain sleeves, for evening in hotels and restaurants, especially for St. Moritz, where she expects to spend some time this winter.

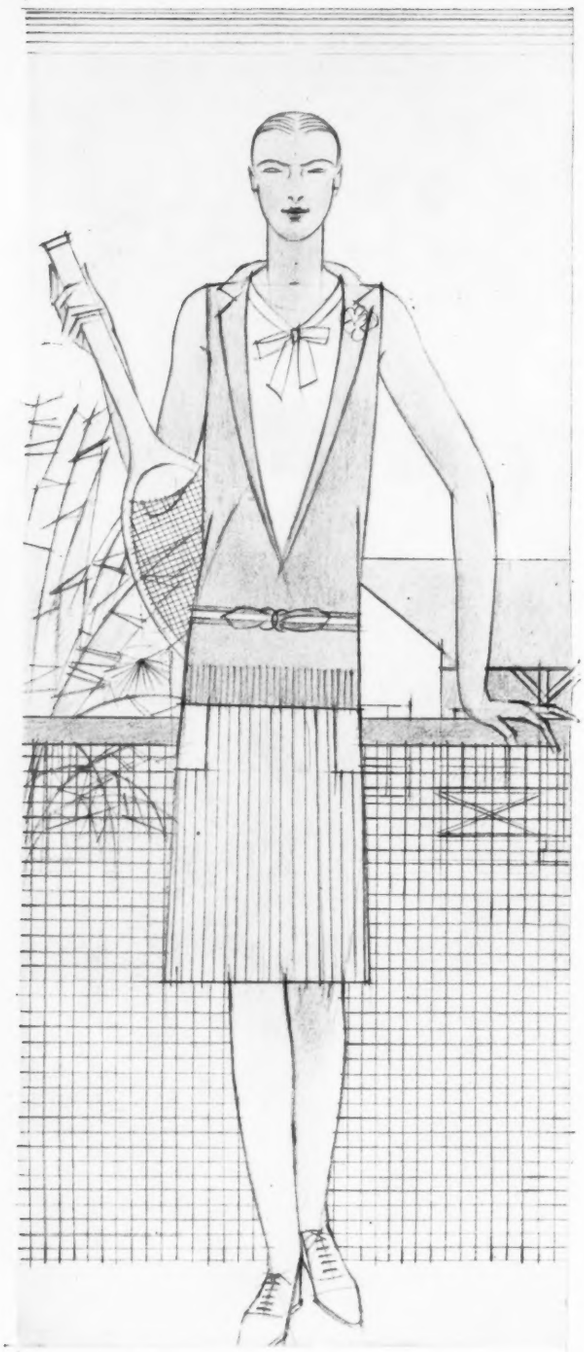
That there is a decided reaction against evening décolleté in public places is evident by the continuation of the little evening jacket, not only in the new collections of the couturiers, but in the wardrobes of smart women. Most of the houses complete lace, chiffon or georgette evening frocks with jackets to match, sometimes sleeveless, sometimes sleeved. Madame Wormser at Chéruit's continues to make for her most important clients the spangled "smokings" with tulle skirts for which she is famous. Lanvin puts jackets exactly like men's dinner coats, in bright-colored heavy satin or lamé moire, over her gowns of all materials; one in brilliant cornflower blue satin is worn with a frock of white crêpe satin, long in the back. Even more interesting than the evening jacket is the long-sleeved evening gown made in some houses, notably at Lanvin's and at Lenief's. There is an example from the latter house photographed by Baron de Meyer on page 76.

Before taking up the subject of what is new in evening dress, I want to say a word about prints, as I am so often asked about them. Ensembles of print and plain crêpe de Chine appear in all the houses. The prints are small, sometimes tiny, sometimes floral in design, sometimes conventional. Minute checks are very popular. Colors are often subdued. Patou, for example, uses a print of dark brown and dull green. In a few houses, notably Lelong and Molyneux, prints appear with less frequency than usual. In many houses I find a printed satin of confetti design on a dark ground. Patou, Vionnet and Régny have used it, among others. Printed velvets have almost disappeared, as we should expect. The usual way of using prints is in a plain coat and printed gown. Louiseboulanger, however, has a different method of her own for combining them. She puts a dark crêpe sleeveless gown, slit up the sides, over a printed frock, letting the sleeves of the print appear without the plain. This fashion of a sleeve in different material is also favored by Lanvin, who, on a gown of black georgette, uses sleeves made of narrow bands of reséda green, dull rose, white and black. She also stripes the sleeves of a dark blue georgette dinner gown with bands of silver beading. *(Continued on page 66)*

DRECOLL-BEER *PREMET*

Drecoll and Beer are now affiliated under the name of Drecoll-Beer, with Madame Germaine of the latter house as head designer. This evening gown is in black lace over chiffon, with a peplum stiffened with crin lace, and an uneven skirt that is much longer at one side.

Premet has an interesting evening ensemble in dark sapphire-blue. The gown is chiffon, and the coat is an unusual combination of velvet top and chiffon skirt. The collar is gray fox; the sleeves velvet with chiffon bands.



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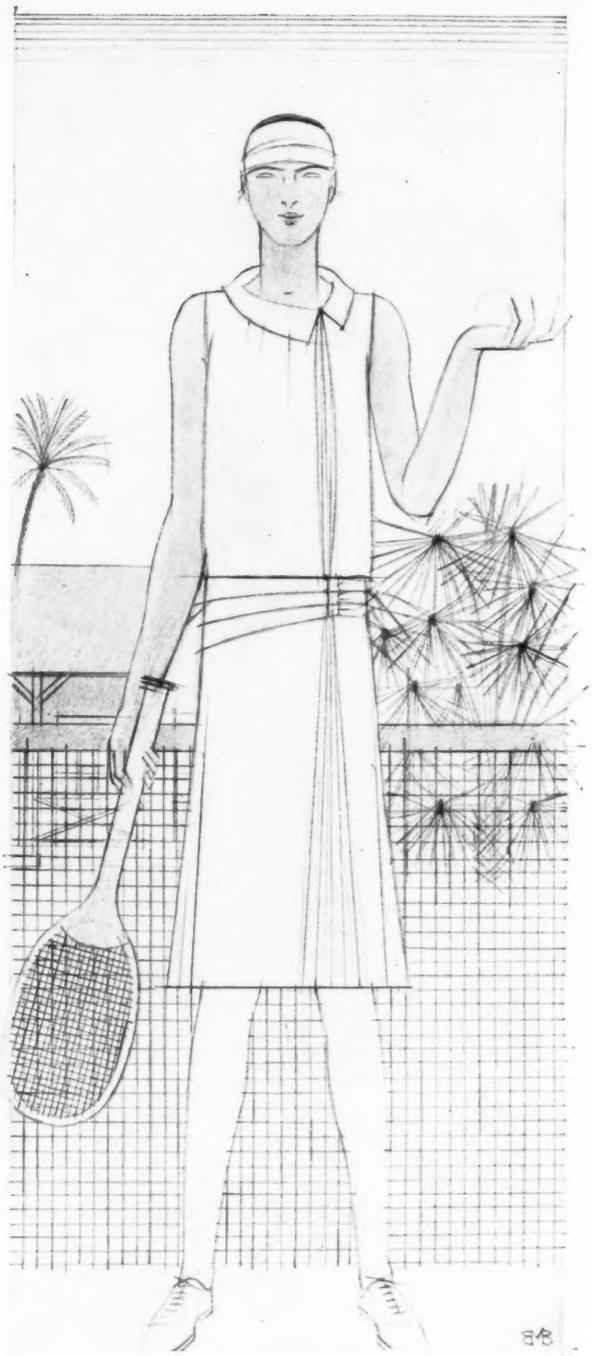


JANE RÉGNY

TENNIS UNDER THE SOUTHERN SUN

This tennis frock from London Trades is made of piqué de soie, a ribbed white silk, quite heavy, which holds its shape very well and can be washed. The frock is sleeveless, with plaits for easy movement in the skirt. Over it is a sleeveless cardigan of coral-colored wool jersey, while the belt is a triple grosgrain ribbon, two coral and one white.

While this frock from Jane Régny is primarily for tennis, it is the type of silk model which will be good for Southern wear. The material is silk gabardine in ivory white, and the point of the gown is the concentration of the fulness in a fan-plaited panel at one side. The gown is sleeveless, and the turn-over collar, open at the side, is new and practical.

MARY NOWITZKY

CHANTAL

BASK ON THE BEACH IN PYJAMAS

A picturesque and thoroughly practical beach pyjama from Mary Nowitzky has a blouse in striped white cotton, like a man's shirt. This tucks into the trousers, which are extremely wide and made of red and yellow checked gabardine de soie. There is a black patent-leather belt at the natural waist, and the ensemble is completed by a wide, coarse straw hat.

Chantal has an excellent pyjama for beach wear in a new material called "astrakia," something like heavy silk jersey. The coat is geranium red; the straight, wide trousers and the blouse, "violine," a reddish purple. The coat fastens oddly to one side with one button, and ends in a scarf. The belt is black and red with a metal buckle. Worn by Mrs. Lyman Hine.

BERNARD et CIE JENNY BERNARD et CIE

Yellow and green, singly or in the mixtures called tilleul, absinthe and chartreuse, are promising colors for the South and, later, for spring, in sports and country clothes. This sports frock from Bernard et Cie is in yellow wool jersey. It is a one-piece dress, bloused slightly above a flat hip section, accentuated by a browncloth band and bow.

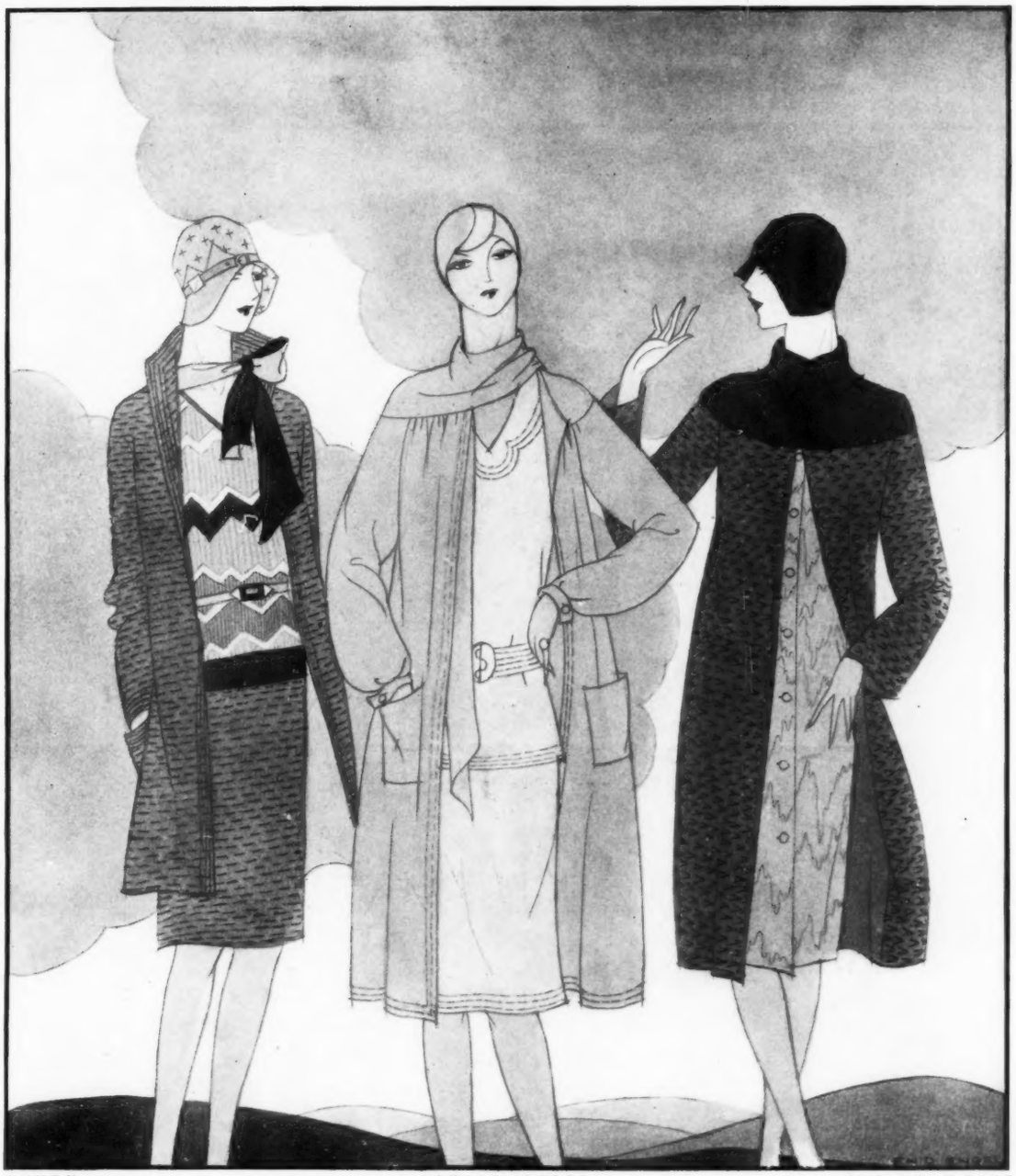
Jenny has a travel or spectator sports costume in bright grass-green duvetyn, trimmed with light brown shaved lamb. The coat is three-quarter length with large pockets at the sides. The sweater blouse is in green wool tricot, and the scarf is knitted into the blouse in green and beige chine jersey, the end being fringed and falling loose.

A sports frock in a light-weight tweed in a gray, black, green and white mixture woven in a broken check effect. The blouse descends narrowly on the hips, but is belted much higher with a belt of grass-green leather and a fastening of four silver rings. It is also piped with green leather. The skirt is circular and full. Bernard et Cie.

Sleeves are beginning to attract attention in other houses. Suzanne Talbot puts straight three-quarter sleeves on the frocks of her Riviera ensembles, which nearly all are made of silk fabrics. Vionnet has an interesting sleeve on a navy crêpe coat, full from the elbow to the wrist. This coat is interesting altogether, for it is cut with a high-waisted fitted body part and sharply flaring skirts, in the "Persian" silhouette mentioned above. The sleeveless gown is firmly established everywhere in all materials.

Last fall, tiny prints were the choice of some of the smartest women at Biarritz, and the print cardigan was the accompaniment of the frock, both in print and plain. It is probable that this mode will persist for Southern wear this year. It is a very pretty one. At London Trades, they substitute a little broché silk for a print, using it for a cravat collar, belt and facing of the cardigan of a beige jersey frock.

When it comes to print frocks to be worn without a coat, larger designs may take the place of the tiny ones. And as for printed chiffons, for evening, their patterns are often quite large. They are either vague and formless recalling frost designs on windowpanes, or cloud patterns, quite large leaf designs, or rather conventional flowers. Louiseboulanger shows a penchant for small sprigged designs. She also has an unusual use of printed material in an evening gown, with full paneled skirt, the fabric being a silver lamé with a printed design of small Dresden roses in bunches. Printed chiffon evening gowns have no intention of leaving the evening mode, judging by these collections.



GOUPY SCHIAPARELLI SCHIAPARELLI

An excellent travel, sports and country costume from Goupy in a Scotch tweed in beige and brown speckled effect. The seven-eighths coat is stitched on the edges to give it body. The skirt has flat plaits at the back only. The sweater blouse is in Rodier's zigzag jersey in cream, beige, brown and blue. The scarf is attached to blouse.

From Schiaparelli comes this excellent Southern ensemble of heavy Chinese tussore in natural silk color and natural chamois leather. The coat is finished with a scarf collar. The gown is a tunic frock of the tussore stitched on all the edges, with a stitched belt, fastened with a very new Chinese buckle in ivory leaves, mounted in silver.

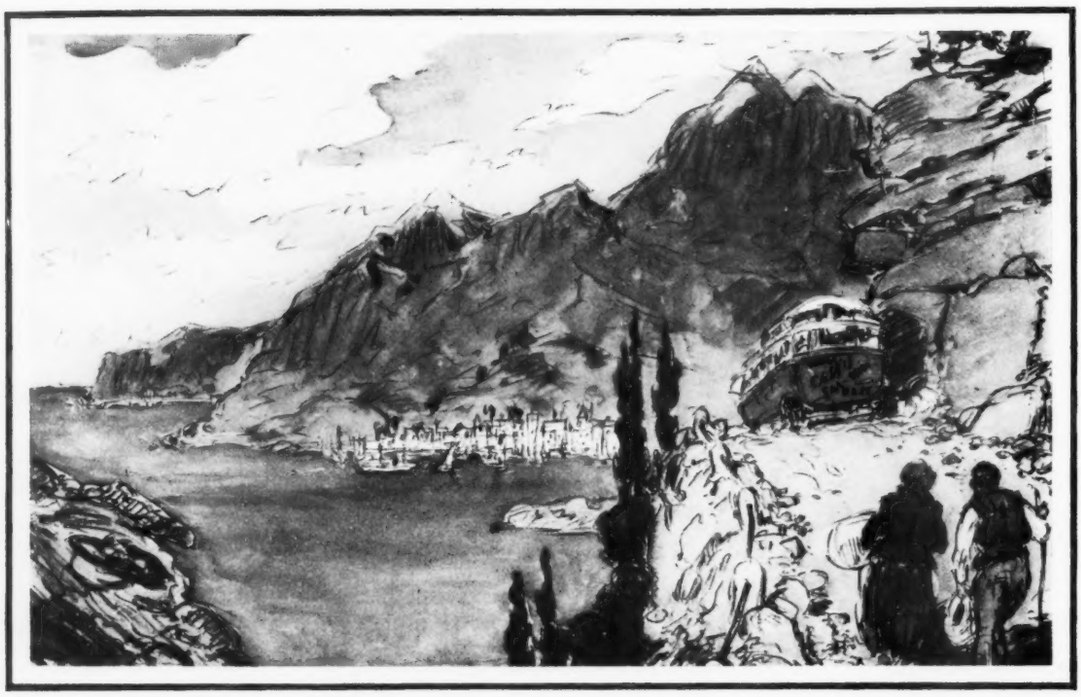
A most interesting ensemble with a coat of white and gravish-brown tweed, speckled, and finished with a yoke of brown astrakhan. The dress is a gray moire, with collar and cuffs of brown silk rep, the collar worn turned down over the fur yoke. For cold weather, there is a frock in plain brown tweed, like the silk one. From Schiaparelli.

A revival of interest in georgette, both for daytime and evening wear, is worthy of note. Molyneux is making costumes of it designed for informal evening wear. He made one for Mrs. Cole Porter in the very deep green that she fancies, with a simple frock, belted and a plaited skirt, worn with a jacket of the same, finished at the edge with a narrow circular frill. Patou is using black georgette for his evening frocks where he invariably used chiffon last year.

Other evening materials include lace, Lanvin having a special lace of her own with an oval design of the seeds of the plant called "Honesty," or in French "*Monnaie du Pape*." Baron de Meyer has photographed a model in this lace on page 77. Plain chiffon in quantities; at Lelong's scintillating with occasional embroideries, or with a new cuirass effect of silk stitching massed in curved designs. There is a new big open mesh net, used by Worth, as you may see in the model made for the Marquise de Casa Maury at the beginning of this article. Tulle appears more often in ruffles of Spanish inspiration, perhaps, than in the tailored style. This completes the thin materials.

Medium materials include crêpe satin, which Vionnet is draping to the side-back, with very straight slim fronts; transparent velvet, which Boulanger embroiders in metal spangles; moire, which Premet is using in important gowns with two large bows, one at the waist, and another set low on the back of the pointed skirt; a taffeta broché favored by Louiseboulanger in a wave design; faille, (*Concluded on page 114*)

A Story by John Anderson:



"The springless bus lumbered down the hills above Cassis to the village of Cassis-sur-mer."

PILGRIMAGE

The Story of a Woman who Lived a Promise She Could have Forgotten

Illustrated by James Preston

THE springless bus, which twice daily meets the train from Marseilles, was lumbering down the hills above Cassis, where the station was, to the fishing-village of Cassis-sur-mer, nestling behind its crescent-shaped mole on the edge of the Mediterranean. As usual it was almost empty. Three passengers, scattered far apart on its hard benches in the instinctive enmity of travel, jounced about with bored abandon, too languid in the heat and dust to care much what the P. L. M. and the vicious pebbles of Provence could, in cowardly conspiracy, do to them.

They swayed and nodded to each other, as inadvertently effusive as life-long friends, and I, who was the third in the bus, meditated vaguely on the avoidable suffering the human race is willing to undergo for the often doubtful satisfaction of moving from one place to another.

At the bottom of the second hill, when we emerged from a rut with a jolt that would, ordinarily, I had noticed before, make passengers smile faintly at each other in that wanly triumphant look of survival, which people have sometimes when they have shared together some common danger, as who should say, "They missed us that time,"—at that spot, I say, it occurred to me that the indifference of my two companions extended beyond the immediate torment of the bus and included, apparently, all the physical and spiritual molestations of the world.

In one of them the attitude seemed immediately explainable. He was a seaman, as everything about him indicated, and stood confirmed by the bundle which rolled around on the baggage platform, between a few small pieces of luggage and a can of milk brought for Cassis by the afternoon train. It was the scorching trip from the station, over that road and in that bus, which had given rise to the jesting libel that Cassis had never tasted anything fresher than buttermilk.

The sailor had thrown himself across the back seat, and braced his feet, shod in the flimsy espadrilles of the Mediterranean seaboard, against the side of the car. He was, I guessed, straight off the Quai de la Joliette to join one of those dusty tramps which ply out of Cassis for Algiers with cement, and reduce, thrice-weekly by their loading, the Cassis waterside to a sticky cloud of powder, and the harbor-edge to a scum-coated bog.

Except for her rather exaggerated and insistent lassitude there was nothing remarkable about the woman. In a bus full of people she might have been the least striking, but the very qualities which would have left her unnoticed, made her in a strict sense, and by herself, out of the ordinary since the ordinary was not there, as usual, for her background.

You might have put her down, as I was inclined to at first, as a sullen tourist, jaded into the inert condition to which many American travelers in Europe take refuge from their own speed mania. Certainly she was American, but with an air suggesting that she was unfamiliar with the express and travel agencies; then, too, Cassis doesn't have tourists, since the guide-books give it two lines at best, suspecting, perhaps, that its charms are not obvious enough for all that.

I took note of the fact that she knew the fare from the station to the town, and paid the *controleur* exactly one franc fifty, with two

francs extra for the luggage. Plainly she had gone to Cassis before, and since most people went there either to paint or to swim, it seemed probable, in the absence of painting-gear and boxes, and by her lack of interest in the landscape, that she was, after all, merely a vacationist from some job in Paris or London, who would return by that same bus within a couple of weeks, browner perhaps, perhaps even more alert, and in this easy pigeonhole I stuck her until the bus turned into the tiny avenue Victor Hugo, taking its whole width, and came to a screeching stop near the absurdly small public square, where the *commissaire* awaited his customers.

For it is the practice in Cassis for this functionary to take, nay! wrest, all baggage from the arrivals, dump the lot upon the cart of an uncomplaining donkey and distribute it all, if God is good, to the rightful owners some time during the day. He is a person to be spoken to with a soft voice and willing pocketbook, and we two, the sailor spurning such childish help, stood waiting for the transfer when I first spoke to my companion.

"A bad stretch of road," I said, "for the best of cars."

"Yes," she said, looking at me with slightly disconcerting directness for a moment, as if she had only then discovered that someone else had come with her in the bus. "Yes," she said, "pretty bad."

She spoke to the *commissaire* and told him in good enough French but with the slovenly accent you find among clever Americans and the people of the Midi, that she would be at the Lieutaud.

"Cassis," I said, undaunted, in a remark so general that she could listen or not as she pleased, "Cassis," I said, "is an unusual place, interesting without being quaint."

"Is it?" she said, and though I suspected from the words that she might have intended sarcasm, the tone of voice indicated merely a tired and very shallow wonder, as if, indeed, she might have weighed the matter, and asked the question solely of herself. We had finished our business, and went our separate ways.

Cassis boasts one taxicab, a doubtful public utility, which is really the pleasure vehicle of a sardine fisherman, who accommodates passengers when he happens to be ashore. So I walked over to the Hotel du Panorama perched on its superb and arrogant site beyond and above the town. The waterfront was as usual to the unfamiliar eye, but I could discover from the boats drawn up on the sloping quai, much of the local history that had passed in the few weeks of my absence. Plainly old Francesco Tonarini had ended his extensive days without ever getting back across the Mediterranean to the beloved Napoli he had left sixty years before. Plainly, I say, because his boats, and his son's boats were painted black and nuzzled the concrete wall of the dock in slow undulations, like a fleet of funeral barges in placid expectancy. It is a fisher fashion of mourning death, where life is passed.

The gossip of the hotel eddied about a while, and as it was then only half past five, I went for a swim, staying until George frowned at my tardiness for his infernally prompt seven-o'clock dinner. But it was cool and twilight upon the upper balcony afterward, so that you forgot the annoyance of dining so early in the glory of Cap Canaille, fairly wallowing in the splendors of sunset. We sat there, many of us, smoking and talking in that tenuous way people have in the incredible stillness of Mediterranean nights, until nearly twelve.

A vacuous moon seemed a little astonished even at itself as it rose with the steady deliberation of an elevator above the headland. Now and then the soft put-put of a fisher boat labored through the silence, came abreast the hotel, and died with a sigh somewhere this side of the beacon whose beam, hidden thoughtfully from the land side, could be seen to the seaward, lighting in its brief flares the cliff above the bathing-beach, where all Cassis was afraid there would some day be a casino. We sat thus for hours, in the unknowing sensuousness of spectators at an hypnotic spectacle.

I forgot to say, as indeed I had forgotten then, that it was a Saturday, and presently a blaring of music in the (*Continued on page 120*)

"'I clung there all night,' she said, 'but it was some time before I could see the Italian.'"

REBOUX

Baroness de Meyer in a new Reboux hat of Black Felt, with Red and Beige feathers

BY *Baron de Meyer:*

CHÈRUIT

Lady Dukes (née Miss Margaret Rutherford) in gold-spangled smoking-jacket with gold-colored net skirt.

ACCENTING INDIVIDUALITY

A Delightful Young Lady Shops in Paris For her Trousseau

18 rue Vaneau, Paris.

"BARBARA'S marriage fixed for January twentieth. Coming over to order wedding gown. Expect you to dinner on Tuesday night. Have engaged suite at the Georges V."

"ANGELA ANGELICA."

This being a telegram from Lady Angleford heralding her arrival.

She eventually came over in the good old-fashioned way, by railroad, her daughter suffering from air sickness; modern mothers generally give way to modern daughters.

This is what Lady Angleford has to say on the subject of both her daughter and her clothes:

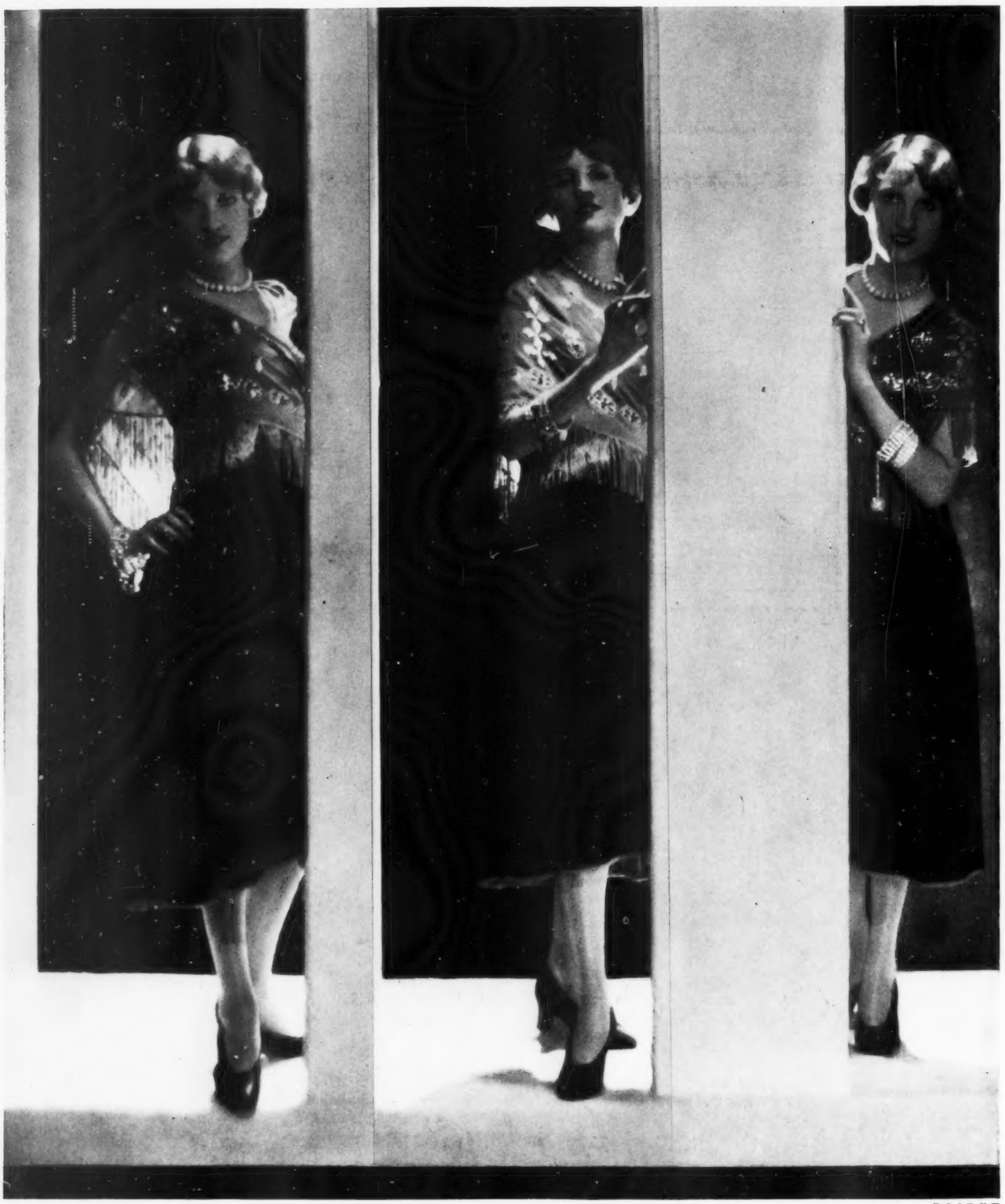
"To be a modern daughter's mother is a decided handicap. Trying to guide her in the selection of clothes is an impossibility. Girls, nowadays, think of their mothers as old women with antiquated points of view. At times Barbara condescends to humor me, which is equally annoying. You, a stranger, might have influence where mine is bound to fail."

Upon which I inquire as to her taste in dress. "Is it very poor?"

"On the contrary, excellent, but her point of view—obstinate, her mind is too much made up."

"What exactly, then, do you object to?"

"To her accenting individuality, to her trying to look different from other girls, and especially to her emphasizing a British appearance. Dressmakers in Paris say, 'Mademoiselle



POIRET

Bright green Fichu, Embroidered in Silver; a Green velvet Skirt

DE MEYER

is so picturesque, *elle a le chic anglais!*'"

"The latter," I interrupt, "being at present very chic in Paris."

To which Lady Angleford replies, "The French interpretation of *le chic anglais* might not be considered chic at all in London."

"Barbara, when she comes to Paris," pursues Lady Angleford, "always seems to be on the lookout for styles which, though they continue to exist in England (conservative England being faithful to institutions), are Paris fashions no longer."

Not having met Barbara before, I am unable to give an opinion, and therefore beg for an introduction.

"Where might she be?"

"Gone out," Lady Angleford tells me. "Had an appointment at the bar of the Ritz, of course. She expects to be home by nine."

It being early, Angela Angelica wants to hear about fashions.

"What is the newest silhouette? Its definition in the fewest words?"

My reply: "The synthesis of the most modern silhouette is the outline of woman's figure, the form divine clothed in supple textures."

"I, nevertheless, hear of stiff Lyons velvet and heavy metal brocades figuring in most Paris collections," Lady Angleford says.

"Quite so, but at present they are only made use of for very narrow-looking gowns and for wraps. Should they, however, become popular, these splendid-looking fabrics might easily destroy what has been so far the feature of the mode, the aforementioned form divine. Extreme fulness and heavy materials are inimical to the modern cult of line, and might therefore easily lead to a momentous change in styles.

"After seven lean years of slenderness and elongation, may we not be steering toward seven rich years of expansion? Only last week a well known designer, in conversation, expressed himself in favor of these seven years of splendor.

"'I live in hopes of a reaction setting in,' he said. 'We've been satiated with exaggerated plainness far too long; let's have more magnificence of texture, more material used, and present to the public less abbreviation in our models.'

"On the other hand, a day or two later, seated beside Madeleine Vionnet, in person, I listened to her intelligent observations, while watching her models pass before us."

Much interested, Angela Angelica was anxious to know what Madame Vionnet might have had to say. Here are some of the things I remember her telling me:

"'Having been absent from Paris for several weeks, my vision is quite fresh. I feel like sitting in judgment on my own collection. I'm having a very good time. Aren't women beautiful? How lovely is the shade of this pale lavender velvet.

"'Width? Expanse of skirt? More material? I don't know, I haven't thought about it. But I have always considered plenty of material to be essential for freedom of motion. I've never liked abbreviation, either of length or width.

"'Good proportion is the keynote of good dressmaking. A gown can only be quite successful when the length of waist-line and skirt are in proportion to the wearer's height and figure.

"'Yes, some of my panels on evening dresses are longer this season than they have ever been before. Some reach the floor, others are trailing, but most of the skirt part remains short.'"

MOLYNEUX

DEMEYER

Velvet breitschwanz Suit in Black, with Brown Fur

"'Won't you, Madame Vionnet, pick out the gown you like best, and let me photograph it for Harper's Bazar?'

"'Why, certainly. Only, loving all the children of my brain, it will be difficult to select from among them.

"'Let me see. I might possibly call this *Violine* sleeveless wrap, not exactly a cape, one of my favorite models. It clings to the back, and see, it ends in a multitude of pointed panels. The white ermine collar is soft and becoming, and new are my triangular-shaped cuffs. Yes, I might easily call this my favorite wrap.

"'As to the gown I like best, it is undoubtedly the flesh satin evening gown Roberte is showing just now. Its feature is the overdress of black chiffon, leaving the front part of the gown uncovered. I consider the transparent black back effect a decided novelty. See how it hangs from the shoulders to below the satin hem-line; how, from the hips downward, the black chiffon cascades in rows and rows of waterfall flounces, almost reaching the heels.'"

At this point my conversation with my friend Angela Angelica is interrupted.

Barbara enters. She strikes me as very tall, though I've since realized she is merely well proportioned, divinely slender, and has a tiny face. Though not quite sure that she is even pretty, I am certain she is extremely good looking. Her clothes are black breitschwanz from head to foot, or rather from head to knee—a breitschwanz gown and a short coat of the same, with a sable-looking collar and low-hanging bell-shaped cuffs.

With this costume is worn a tiny black cap of spangled texture, one long black silk tassel dangling on her left cheek. Her feet are encased in very high-heeled patent-leather pumps with square steel buckles, and she wears a large pink Malmaison carnation pinned into the front of her coat. In spite of her skirt being much too narrow to walk in and so short as to display her kneecaps, she presents an extraordinarily smart appearance.

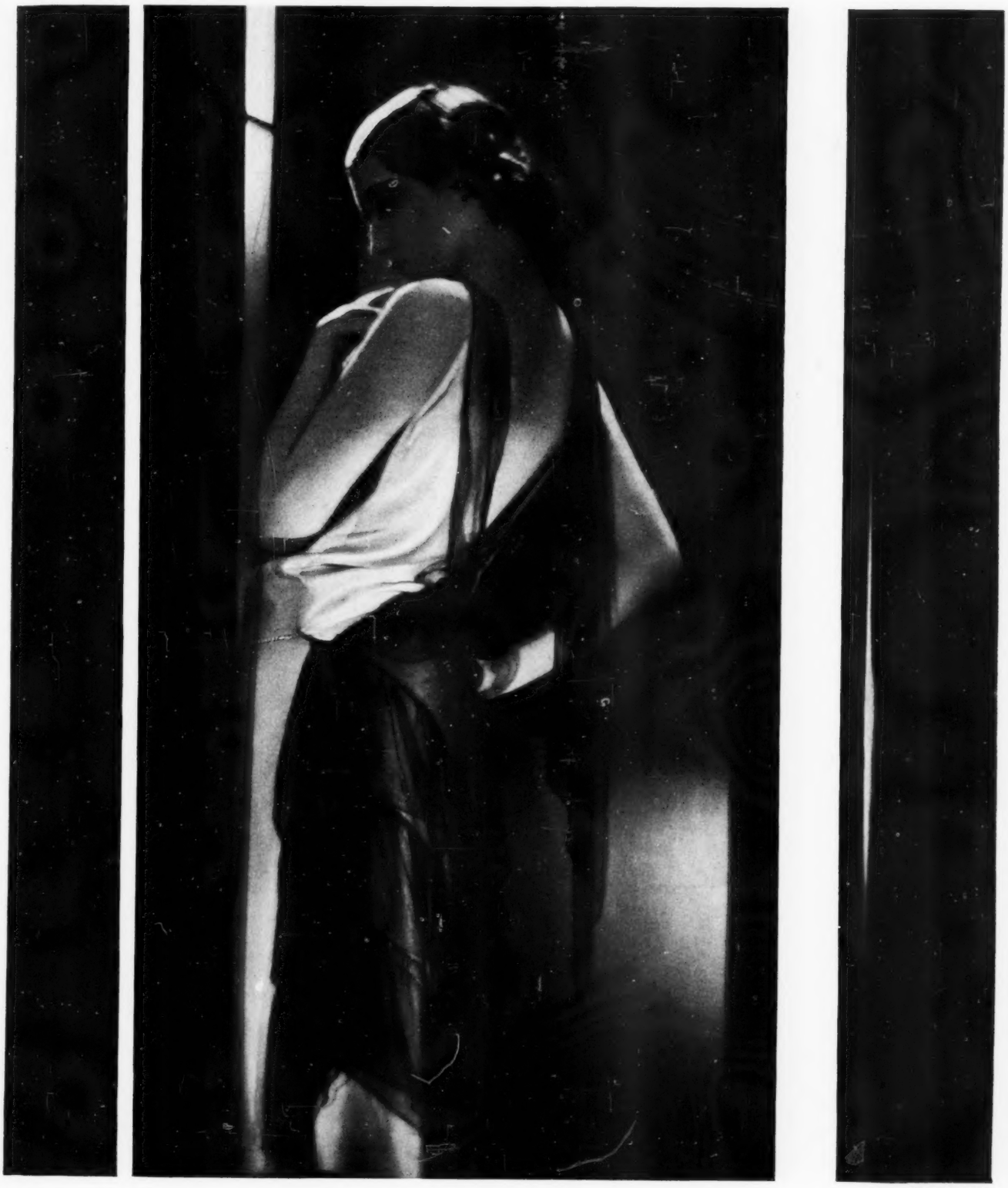
This, of course, is but the result of youth, of exaggerated slenderness, also because of the girl's very small head, to which should be added the unusual length of her flesh-colored limbs, which nowadays adds to modern picturesqueness.

Reflections on the questionable suitability of the young woman's clothes: From the Gare du Nord, she had evidently accompanied her mother to the hotel and had instantly rushed off to the Ritz. She must, therefore, have traveled in breitschwanz and sable. When she returned from the Ritz at 9 p. m., Barbara impressed me as decidedly smart, only what must she have looked like at Victoria station at 11 a. m., and what must people have thought of her while crossing the Channel? They must evidently have had a very poor opinion of the young woman's knowledge of what are suitable clothes for a journey. Worse, they must have had mistaken notions as to her social status in life.

Quite apart from its not being chic, women nowadays don't travel in what might be considered "finery." In the eyes of their fellow-travelers it stamps them as not "well bred" and belonging to the "wrong set." What might, of course, have been Barbara's excuse—"Was expected at the Ritz at seven; (*Concluded on page 116*)

MOLYNEUX

Sapphire blue Velvet Gown
Embroidered in Silver Stars

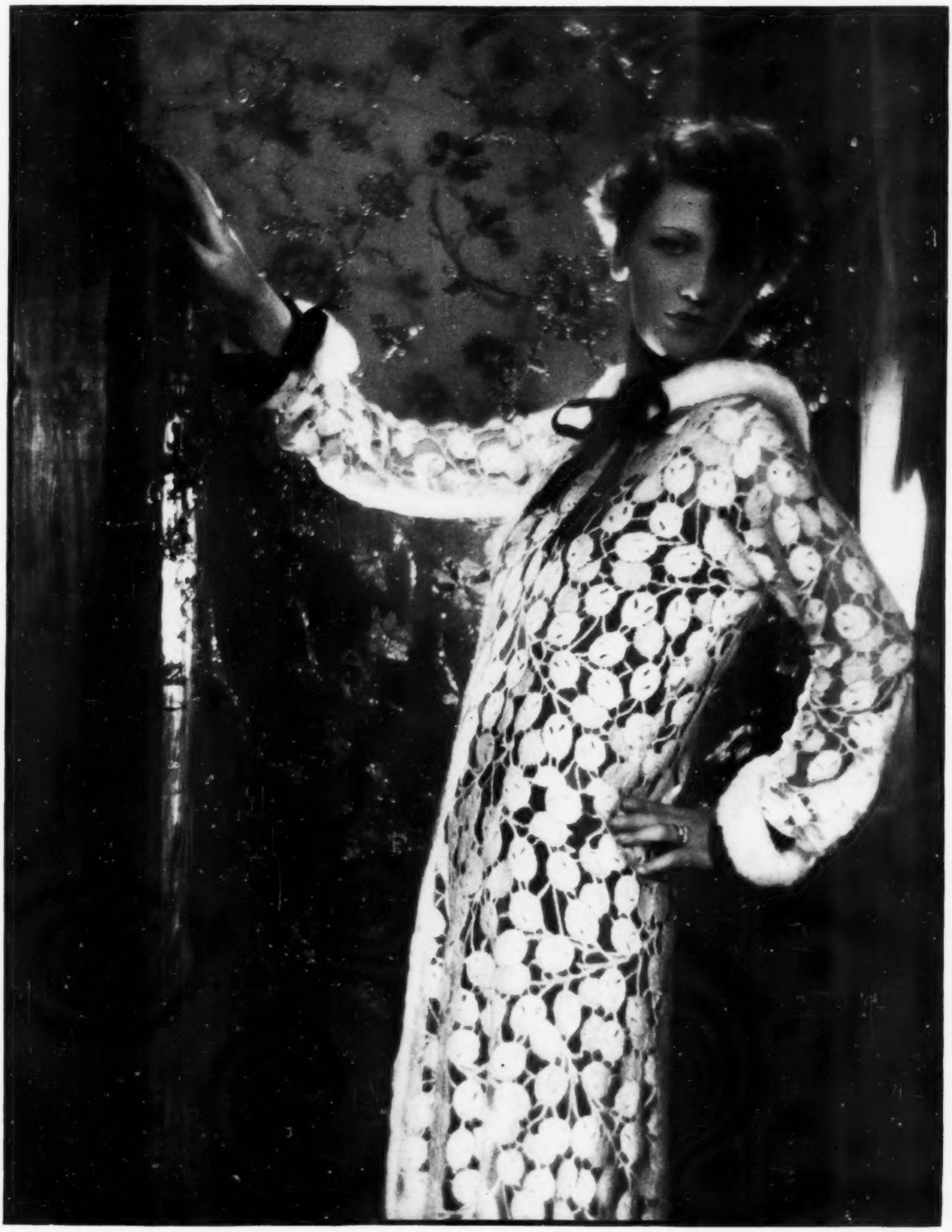


VIONNET

A pink Satin gown Veiled
in Cloudy, black Chiffon

LENIEF

The new Long-sleeved, High-necked Evening Gown of Gold spangled Lace. The Wrap is of Blond Velvet, with Fawn-colored Fur



LANVIN

DEMEYER

A Gown of Cream Lace in bold Design over Black. It is Collared and Cuffed with Ermine, Tied with crisp Black taffeta Bows

A Short Story by Sherwood Anderson:

BEAUTY

In the Heart of every Man Remains one Moment of Perfect Illusion

Illustrated by Clara Elsene Peck

THERE is a great deal of talk made about beauty, but no one defines it. It clings to some people.

Among women, now. The figure is something of course, the face, the lips, the eyes. The way the head sets on the shoulders.

The way a woman walks across the room may mean everything.

I myself have seen beauty in the most unexpected places. What has happened to me must have happened also to a great many other men.

I remember a friend I had formerly in Chicago. He had something like a nervous breakdown and went down into Missouri—to the Ozark Mountains, I think.

One day he was walking on a mountain road and passed a cabin. It was a poor place with lean dogs in the yard.

There were a great many dirty children, a slovenly woman and one young girl. The young girl had gone from the cabin to a wood pile in the yard. She had gathered an armful of wood and was walking toward the house.

There in the road was my friend. He looked up and saw her.

There must have been something—the time, the place, the mood of the man. Ten years later he was still speaking of that woman, of her extraordinary beauty.

AND there was another man. He was from central Illinois and was raised on a farm. Later he went to Chicago and became a successful lawyer out there. He was the father of a large family.

The most beautiful woman he ever saw was with some horse-traders that passed the farm where he lived as a boy. When he was in his cups one night he told me that all of his night dreams were concerned with her. He said he thought it was the way she walked. The odd part of it was that she had a bruised eye. Perhaps, he said, she was the wife or the mistress of one of the horse-traders.

It was a cold day and she was barefooted. The road was muddy. The horse-traders, with their wagon, followed by a lot of bony horses, passed the field where the young man was at work. They did not speak to him. You know how such people stare.

And then she came along the road alone.

It may have been another case of a rare moment for that man.

He had some sort of tool in his hand, a corn-cutting knife, he said. The woman looked at him. The horse-traders looked back. They laughed. The woman may have sensed what the moment meant to him. The corn-cutting knife dropped from his hand. Women must know when they register like that.

And thirty years later she was still registering.

"And then she came along the road alone, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen."

"The mountains out of which she came as a child must have been in her at the moment."

ALL of which brings me to Alice. Alice used to say the whole problem of life lay in getting past what she called the "times between."

I wonder where Alice is. She was a stout woman who had once been a singer. Then she lost her voice.

When I knew her she had blue veins over her red cheeks and short gray hair. She was the kind of woman who can never keep her stockings up. They were always falling down over her shoes.

She had stout legs and broad shoulders and had grown mannish as she grew older.

Such women can manage. Being a singer of some fame once, she had made a great deal of money. She spent money freely.

For one thing, she knew a great many very rich men, bankers and others.

They took her advice about their daughters and sons. A son of such a man got into trouble. Well, he got mixed up with some woman, a waitress or a servant. The man sent for Alice. The son was resentful and determined.

The girl might be all right and then again—

Alice took the girl's part. "Now, you look here," she said to the banker. "You know nothing about people. Those who are interested in people do not get rich as you have.

"And you do not understand your son either. This affair he has got into. His finest feelings may be involved in this matter."

Alice simply swept the banker, and perhaps his wife, out of the picture. "You people." She laughed when she said that.

Of course the son was immature. Alice did really seem to know a lot about people. She took the son in hand—went to see the girl.

She had been through dozens of such experiences. For one thing, the boy wasn't made to feel a fool. Sons of rich men, when they have anything worth while in them, go through periods of desperation, like other young men. They go to college, read books.

Life in such men's houses is something pretty bad. Alice knew about all that. The rich man may go off and get himself a mistress—the boy's mother a lover. Those things happen.

Still the people are not so bad. There are all sorts of rich men, just as there are poor and middle-class men.

After we became friends, Alice used to explain a lot of things to me. At that time I was always worried about money. She laughed at me. "You take money too seriously," she said.

"Money is simply a way of expressing power," she said. "Men who get rich understand that. They get money, a lot of it, because they aren't afraid of it.

"The poor man or the middle-class man goes to a banker timidly. That will never do.

"If you have your own kind of power, show your hand. Make the man fear you in your own field. For example, you can write. Your rich man cannot do that. It is quite all right to exercise your own power. Have faith in yourself. If it is necessary to make him a little afraid, do so. The fact that you can do so, that you can express yourself, makes you seem strange to him. Suppose you uncovered his life. The average rich man has got his rotten side and his weak side.

"And, for Heaven's sake, do not forget that he has his good side, too.

"You may go at trying to understand such a one like a fool, if you want to—I mean with all sorts of preconceived notions. You could show just his rottenness, a distorted picture, ruin his vanity.

"Your poor man, your merchant or lawyer. Such men haven't the temptations as regards women, for example, that rich men have. There are plenty of women grafters about—some of them are physically beautiful, too.

"The poor man or the middle-class man goes about condemning the rich man for the rotten side of his life, but what rottenness is there in him?

"What secret desires has he, what greeds buried under a placid, commonplace face?"

In the matter of the rich man's son and the woman he had got involved with, Alice in some way did get at the bottom of things.

I gathered that in such affairs she took it for granted people were on the whole better than others thought them or than they thought themselves. She got further with it than you would have ever thought possible.

It may be that Alice really had brains. I have met few people enough I thought had.

Most people are so one-sided, so specialized. They can make money, or fight prize-fights or paint pictures, or, if they are men who are physically attractive, can get women who are physically beautiful, women who can tie men up in knots.

Or they are just plain dubs. There are plenty of dubs everywhere.

Alice swept dubs aside, she did not bother with them. She could be as cruel as a cold wind.

She got money when she wanted it. She lived around in fine houses.

Once she got a thousand dollars for me. I was in New York and broke. One day I was walking on Fifth Avenue. You know how a writer is when he cannot write. Months of

(*Concluded on page 118*)

The Cosmopolites or

Two withered blooms, after the battle of life, take part in La Bataille des Fleurs.

Don't pity the professional dancer. He is paid for it.

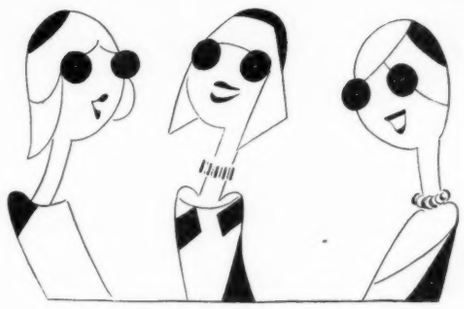
When you have changed your face, had the latest hair-do, and remade your figure, why does the Unspeakable Turk pursue you with rugs saying "Mees American" instead of "Madame la Comtesse"? It must be that Poppa gives the show away.

After the first week's rush of food and wine, the menu is discarded, because your inner man will stand only a glass of water and a cracker." Honor of the Head Waiter."

The Younger Set at Cannes. The only thing is to get photographed for the papers. They're always ready for the cameraman. How can they begin to play before he turns up?

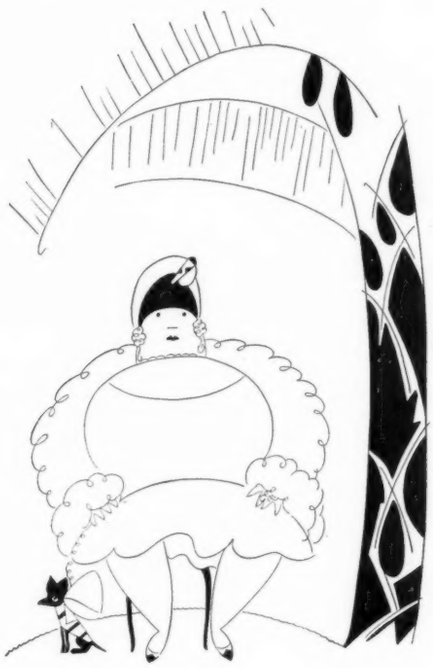
DRAWINGS BY FISH

The Riviera Face



What is the use of getting the smartest and newest hats when you have to wear smoked glasses?

The way he kisses my hair is rather divine, but I suppose Poppa had better find out if he really is a Russian Prince before he gets any further.



Always there are ladies who wait for something, and who spend the whole season just waiting.

Beginners' luck. She throws the chips into the air, and they come home every time.

The Sporting Club—Monte Carlo. The hard cash you hope to win may evade you, but the hard face you get for certain—win or lose.

FISH

Drawn from life by
WALLACE MORGAN

A GALA NIGHT AT THE CLUB ST. REGIS

In an Urbanesque setting of brilliantly colored birds against a blue-and-white-flowered background, the ultra-fashionable members of the new Club St. Regis dine and dance nightly during the New York season. Governed by a socially distinguished committee, of which Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., is chairman, the Club St. Regis is conducted as are the smarter European dancing clubs. The gala nights at the Club St. Regis are de luxe events, and attending a recent gala were the Princess Miguel de Bragança, the Viscountess Furness, Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gassaway Davis, 3d. (the former Miss Grace Vanderbilt), Mrs. George Drexel Biddle, Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Carroll Livingston Wainwright (the former Miss Edith Gould), and others equally importantly placed in the metropolis' Mayfair.

THE COLONY RESTAURANT

Mrs. William R. Hearst, Jr.
Mrs. John Munroe
Comtesse Fal de St. Phalle

THE EMBASSY CLUB

Mrs. Cornelius V. Whitney
Mrs. David Bruce
Mrs. Robert McAdoo

LADY MENDL

SOCIETY FOLLOWS THE SUN

BY FRANCES ALEXANDER WELLMAN

THE most popular and populated time in New York is the winter season. The régime of a generation ago, when eminent people spent eight months in their town houses and then moved for four straight months to the country, is over. Prominent women have a few brief weeks to wear the smartest of smart winter clothes, and then in January or February they run away to such places as Florida, Africa, California, or the Riviera.

Since the season has been shortened it has also wisely been moved forward, so the gay world now has the advantage of just the gorgeous late autumn days and the clear crisp early winter weather. For to-day, society the world over is busily engaged in following the sun.

The usual description of the present mode is that there is little change in fashions for the daytime, but in the evening, clothes are supposed to be "trailing clouds of glory," changing only to increase in beauty. However, I think the mode will be divided into practical clothes and luxurious clothes, not restrained by daylight or night lights. The former will be right for sport, travel, bad weather, or let us say, public life! The latter, the gorgeous fashions, will not be exclusively for evening wear, for there will be ensembles for the daytime at such places as New York, Newport, Palm Beach, Burlingame, that will be most alluring—and may I say—even elegant.

The American woman is (*Concluded on page 126*)

A New Novel by Arthur Tuckerman:

HIGH WALLS

Continuing the Story of a Girl who Discovered the Difference Between being Alive and Living

Illustrations by W. Smithson Broadhead

A Brief Résumé of Part I:

COMING down the steep path from Mouxy, Greta Cass-Evans had a curious experience. A tattered young village lad, perceiving her fine strong figure, as she swung swiftly along—her masses of golden hair, her gentian-blue eyes—remarked loudly to his baby brother, "*Elle est bien belle*," adding with a chuckle, "She would do well to have a lover, that one. *Elle était faite pour l'amour. . . .*"

Greta heard and understood. She began to smile, experiencing at the same time a novel and bold little feeling of satisfaction, for this was an aspect of life which had rarely touched upon her own existence. She had been so busy; her time had been taken up by all her mother's endless requirements. In a casual way, some days later, she related the incident to her bachelor friend, Alexander Todd, whose wisdom of fifty-four years was invaluable. He instantly realized the importance of it, for it was destined to alter her outlook upon life.

Mrs. Cass-Evans and Greta wandered through Europe from one cure to another, living in depressingly respectable hotels out of season, and rarely returning to America. Greta was a combination nurse and companion, and never had the opportunity to go about with people her own age. Mrs. Cass-Evans saw to that.

Once a young American boy asked her to go to a nearby Casino to dance. After an impossible scene with her mother, Greta went. The evening was a ghastly failure. She hadn't done much dancing, she couldn't talk about jazz music, bootlegging and radio. "The trouble with you," the boy had told her candidly, "is that you've got the looks, but you haven't any line to back 'em up with. And you need both nowadays."

Alexander often tried to make Greta realize her mother's ridiculously selfish attitude, but found her a strange combination of loyalty and smoldering hatred. Some day, one or the other would dominate. Her father's spirit in her, thought Alexander, would be the victor—a spirit which considered conventions as high walls within which you stayed only if you wanted to be comfortable and snug, and outside of which you daringly climbed in order to be true to yourself.

Then Mrs. Cass-Evans decided to sail for America. There was a man there she favored for Greta's hand, Charles Winbridge, and she had recently received a letter from him asking when they were to return.

In Paris occurred the little tragedy of Wyndham Carr. He was a pleasant young Englishman, and he and Greta took an immediate liking to each other. Mrs. Cass-Evans had been prevailed upon to let him take Greta out. They hadn't returned from Ciro's until three, and had been confronted by a furious Mrs. Cass-Evans, who told young Carr in the future to choose for his companions the kind of women—he undoubtedly knew many—who were used to turning night into day.

This episode left Greta curiously shaken, for young Carr never came back. A few evenings after, seated beside Alexander in the courtyard of their hotel, she heard her mother's voice calling to her to come to bed. For a moment she was utterly still. There wasn't a trace of color in her cheeks, and Alexander, incredulous, noticed that her fists were clenched, and heard her murmur in a faint whisper: "I think . . . I hate her."

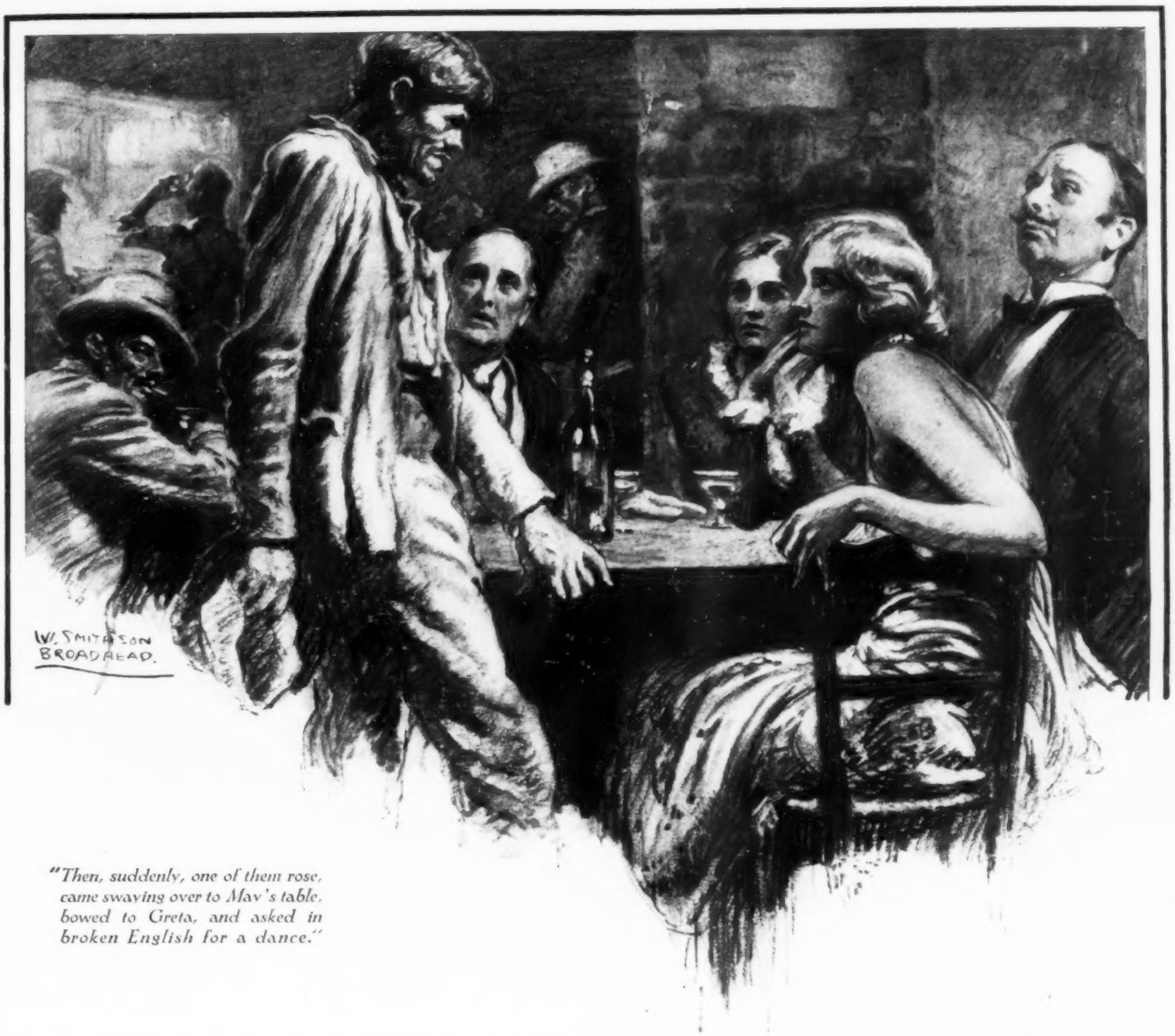
Part Two:

FOR several months after leaving Paris, Alexander did not see Greta. They rarely corresponded. Each of them had a secret conviction, a sureness, that a friendship worthy of the name didn't hang upon so tenuous a thread as the mere automatic scribbling of a post-card or a letter. They both knew that, meeting again, the friendship would be resumed exactly where it had been left off.

In that friendship there were, owing to circumstances, many such periods when their paths did not cross, when they had little or no news of each other. For whether or not, according to one's philosophy, one regards each individual existence in this world as a continuous, forced march toward a predestined climax, it is certain that the story of that single existence does not unfold itself to others, the friends and acquaintances and spectators, with the smooth and logical progression of some cleverly constructed stage-play. Life is not like that. Life has a habit of ignoring such things as time and unity, and the rules of drama as man has conceived them.

From Paris Alexander went to the Riviera; and from the Riviera to Algiers, in search of sunlight and warmth. But he was defeated. Shivering beside him on the terrace at Mustapha Supérieur, an old Englishman, a chance acquaintance, remarked: "In my opinion, sir, there's no warmth in this blasted world unless you go and sit on the equator itself." The spectacle of a stunted palm or two, a bed of

"On their left a man sat alone. To their surprise, he looked up and directed toward May a grave, unsmiling inclination of the head."



"Then, suddenly, one of them rose, came swaying over to May's table, bowed to Greta, and asked in broken English for a dance."

cactus, shivering under gray skies, hadn't deluded him. . . . Oh, that pathetic annual pilgrimage to Europe, of the aged and decrepit searching for sunshine! The white-haired ones herding south in swarms, crowding trains and hotels, huddling around *pension* fires with an eternal, frightened question in their eyes. . . . Alexander decided that what he had found wasn't good enough. He had a healthy dislike for half-measures. And, failing to find his tropic dreams materializing, he embarked at Naples on a Mediterranean liner bound for New York, determined to brave the uncompromising winter. It was one of those rococo Italian steamers beloved of wealthy American ladies. It was gilded and gorgeous, crowded and confused, reverberant with the brilliant clamor and gaiety of a Latin race. Pompeian dining-rooms. String orchestras. *Santa Lucia* . . . Dark, lean, strutting officers who stirred vague romance in the hearts of flappers, homeward bound for Fort Wayne. . . .

ON Fifth Avenue he met Greta. On a January afternoon the threads of their lives came together again; the patterns of their separate destinies, so to speak, overlapped, and became interwoven once more. And so they were to continue, had he but known it, until that monstrous day when they were engulfed in that cataclysm which so profoundly altered her life.

It was one of those gray New York days, the sky luminous with that singular, palpable brightness which presages an early fall of snow. After Europe the crowds appeared to Alexander extraordinarily well-clad, well-furred. The tall façades of the buildings were impressively white and new and rich. He sought instinctively for those occasional little contrasts of poverty which every European street provided, those constant and tragic reminders that failure was just as much the lot of humanity as success. But these were absent, banished by a civilization far too busy to be reminded of such things. The signal towers flashed red to green. The traffic moved forward in a solemn, obedient mass, with a gentle purring of content. The whole scene breathed an almost intangible self-sufficiency, an aura of well-being, that challenged defiance. A proud and handsome street, with the pride of wealth rather than tradition. A street whose heart, whose soul, he tried again and again to fathom but could never reach; as if he tried to seek the soul of some sleek and beautifully dressed courtesan.

It was about four o'clock when he encountered Greta. She was emerging from a shop, arm in arm with a little woman in dark green. They were hurrying toward a waiting car, a small coupé, when Greta caught sight of him. A moment later, both hands in his, she was saying: "Toddy! Toddy! It's good to see you. There are so many things to talk about. . . ." And then, to her companion: "May. This is Mr. Todd, whom you've so often heard me speak about."

Greta's cousin, May Tenby, was a neat, wiry little woman with an alert, nervous face. She reminded Alexander of some inquisitive little bird. She had bright, humorous brown eyes and a sallow complexion. Under her small hat her wiry hair, slightly gray, was shingled. Her movements, like her speech, were brisk and eager.

"So you're the famous Toddy. Well, hurry up and jump in the car. Greta's staying with me, and we're just going home for some tea." Before he knew it they had propelled him, between them, to the coupé. "You've just got to come," she insisted, "and that's all there is to it. I must talk to you about Greta." She had a dominating manner, that little woman, mingled with a disarming affability. Later on, when he knew her better, Alexander realized that she nearly always contrived to have her own way.

"GRETA'S been with me a month," May said, "while her mother's visiting in Boston. You can see the good it's done her already."

Looking at Greta, Alexander was inclined to agree. She was, at the moment, moving about the room briskly, purposefully, taking off

her hat and gloves, arranging the tea table. She laughed frequently. There was no shadow hanging over her now. It was like watching a youngster just let out of school. . . . Presently she left them; went into another room. May Tenby threw her hat upon a table, ran her fingers swiftly through her short gray hair, flung her head back, revealing a fine, clear-cut brow. She sat upon the sofa, cross-legged, nursing her knees, a quaint, eager little figure.

"I'm so darned glad to have Greta with me," she stated enthusiastically. "I'm remodeling her, you see, and she's good, pliable material." Often she talked like that, in the hurried, forced, picturesque New York jargon of her age, a strange language formed of terms borrowed haphazard from the realms of business, art, and psychology. "Heaven knows, she needs remodeling. Sat upon all her life, until an inferiority complex almost submerged her. . . . Isn't her mother the world's worst? Traipsing about Europe, high-hatting wretched people in second-class hotels where she can afford to make a splurge. And dragging Greta through it all! Personally, I could never stand Europe for long, because I'm always so hungry at breakfast. . . ."

SHE jumped up again, began pottering about with the tea things, talking all the while. Her face was mobile, constantly changing expression. She was so energetic that she made Alexander nervous watching her. . . .

"I like having a man around for tea. It's so much more civilized. . . ." She paused to stare at him pensively. "You're older than I thought. I'm glad of that, because you'll be able to contribute something sensible about Greta. Tell me: What do you think of this Winbridge person?"

"I've never laid eyes on him," he told her. "But I've often heard Mrs. Cass-Evans speak—"

"Of course," she interrupted. "She thinks he's wonderful. You'll have the supreme pleasure of meeting him this afternoon. He's coming in at five—worse luck. He's been calling on her daily Of all the stuffed shirts. . . . You know it's sheer pressure."

"What is sheer pressure?" Alexander managed to put in.

She addressed the ceiling.

"The poor, mere man doesn't understand! I'll have to explain. Charles Winbridge wants to marry Greta, and he's very near to getting what he wants. She may give in at any moment. Why, I daren't leave her long enough to go out to the corner grocery."

She sat down on the sofa and, making room for him, patted it, as if he were some pet, commanded to leap up there beside her. And, somehow, he found himself obeying. She was the kind of person from whom most people couldn't help taking orders.

"Look here," she said. "I've heard enough about you to know that you're fond of Greta. Now, she's got to get out of all this, hasn't she?" Her thin, eager face seemed to beg for assent. "All of this. . . ." She made a sweeping, comprehensive gesture that threatened to knock the teacups off the table. "You know what I mean. Being tied down. Not calling her soul her own. . . ." Her fingers ran quickly again through her hair. "Good heavens! That woman. . . . Wasting Greta's life through her own selfishness. Greta ought to be proving something by now. . . ."

"You mean that she should marry?" Alexander asked meekly enough.

"Anyone can do that," she flared back at him. "I didn't mean marriage. I meant that I want Greta to apply herself to something; to find some form of self-expression. This is no age for a woman to get fat doing embroidery while she waits for a husband."

Alexander wasn't enthusiastic. He had heard much of this new-fangled talk regarding self-expression. It savored to him of Greenwich Village, or Chelsea, or the *Café de la Rotonde;* and it connoted, in his conservative mind, a quasi-bohemian desire to shirk the actual responsibilities of life. A refuge for those who were too lazy, too restless, to face realities. . . . Although willing to listen, he remained privately convinced that women best expressed themselves in the carrying out of those duties for which God had made them. . . . An old-fashioned and terribly dull point of view, he admitted. May Tenby fairly pounced on him: "You don't agree! Well, wait until you hear my plan for Greta. I'm putting her on the staff next week. She has a taste for dress, for colors, and we can always use that."

"The staff?" he echoed.

She flung up her arms in mock despair.

"Heavens, man, didn't I tell you? I'm in business. I'm *Therèse*, of Paris and New York and Biarritz. I'm on Forty-eighth Street just off the Avenue, and I'm doing splendidly. You should see my new models from Lucien. . . . Greta is to begin work Monday, as a saleswoman."

As a saleswoman. . . . Alexander thought of Mrs. Cass-Evans, and trembled at the daring of this tiny creature.

"But her mother—"

May stamped her foot.

"I realize that she may make a fuss, but I've got to cramp that woman's style before she breaks Greta's spirit. Of course, she won't approve. She's one of those women who think that there are three sexes in the world. Men, Women and Ladies. Ladies don't work. Ladies don't have brains because men do the thinking for them. Ladies do nothing but wait around for a husband. Ladies don't fall in love until they're fallen in love with. Ladies don't have feelings until they're married. . . . Oh, I could go on indefinitely, but you must see what I mean. And I don't want Greta to absorb that point of view."

"I believe you're really fond of her," he mused.

"Who wouldn't be?" she retorted. "Who wouldn't be, when they actually came to know her well? She's so quiet and so perfect. When you come to think of it, most perfect people are quiet. It's only we imperfect ones who have to shout to cover up our deficiencies. Quiet, sweet, uncomplaining Greta. She's the incarnation of goodness. . . ."

JUST then Greta came back into the room. "I've been talking to this wise, silent man about you," May told her, swinging her thin little silk-stockinged legs. "He nods his head sagely, but doesn't say anything committal. He must have been in the diplomatic service—like Charles Winbridge. Diplomats usually don't say much, except that Peking is gayer than Bucharest, or vice versa. They always talk about capitals. . . . But I managed to gather that Mr. Todd doesn't approve of your becoming a modiste. He belongs to that era which is shocked and annoyed by the growing economic independence of the female. He likes women to stay at home and produce knitted socks or babies, as the case may be, regularly—like that patriotic schoolmate of mine who was married on July fourth and had her first baby on Decoration Day. . . ."

"No," Alexander interrupted. "I'm sure that you're extremely capable at business, Cousin May, and that (*Continued on page 128*)

BIRD-SONG

By ALFRED NOYES

TELL me, you
That sing in the blackthorn,
Out of what Mind
Your melody springs.
Is it the World-Soul
Throbs like a fountain
Up through the throat
Of an elf with wings?

Five sweet notes
In a golden order,
Out of that deep realm
Quivering through,
Flashed like a phrase
Of light through darkness.
But *Who* entangled them?
Tell me, *Who?*

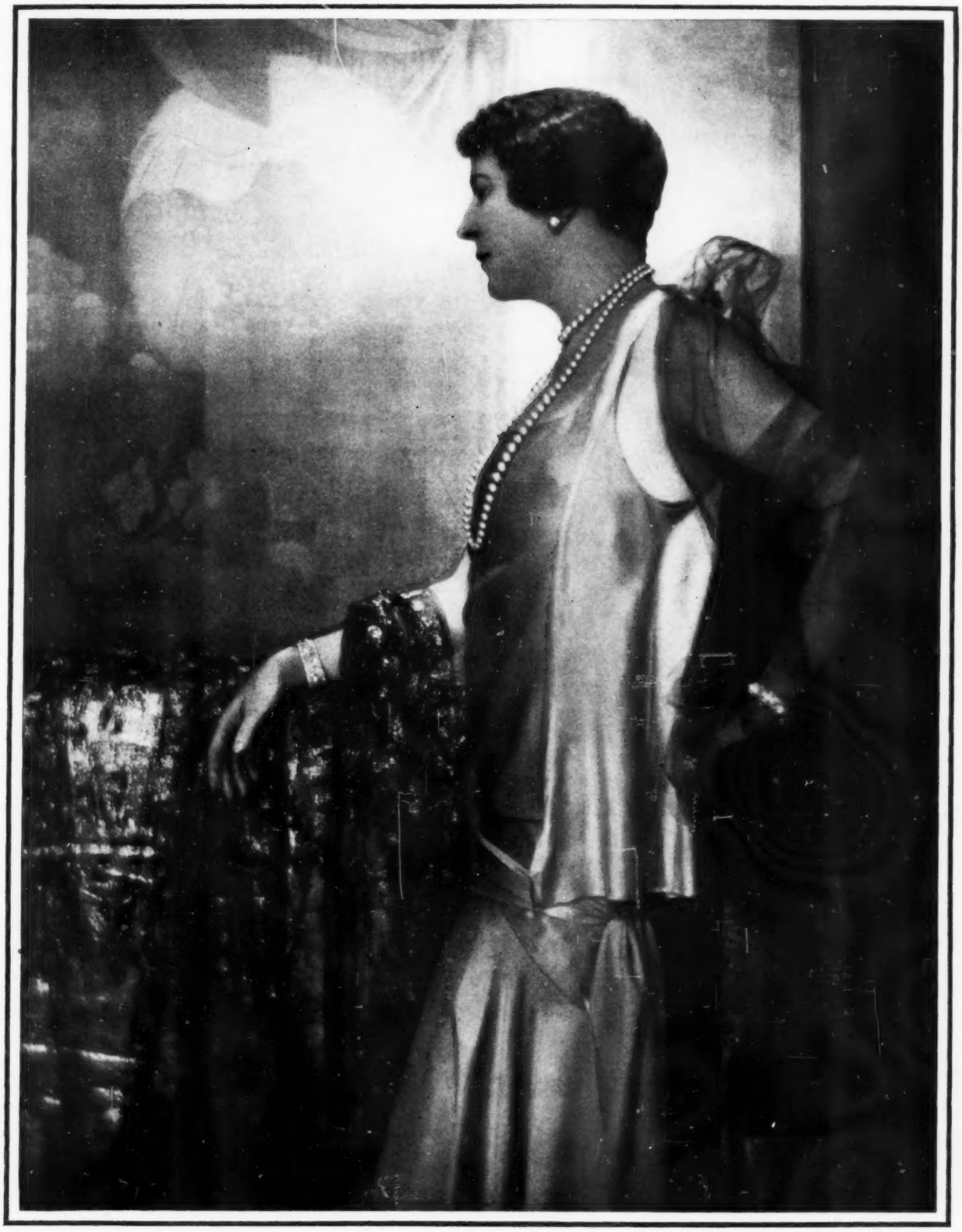
You whose throats
In the rain-drenched orchard
Peal your joys
In a cadenced throng,
You whose wild notes,
Fettered by Beauty,
Move like the stars
In a rounded song,

Yours is the breath
But *Whose* is the measure,
Shaped in an ecstasy
Past all art?
Yours is the spending,
Whose is the treasure?
Yours is the blood-beat,
Whose is the heart?

Minstrels all
That have woven your housen
Of withies and twigs
With a Mind in-wrought,
Ye are the shuttles,
But, out of what Darkness
Gather these thoughtless
Patterns of thought?

Bright eyes glance
Through your elfin doorways,
Roofed with rushes,
And lined with moss.
Whose are the voiceless
Pangs of creation?
Yours is the wild bough:
Whose is the Cross?

Carols of light
From a lovelier kingdom,
Gleams of a music
On earth unheard,
Scattered like dew
By the careless wayside,
Pour through the lifted
Throat of a bird.

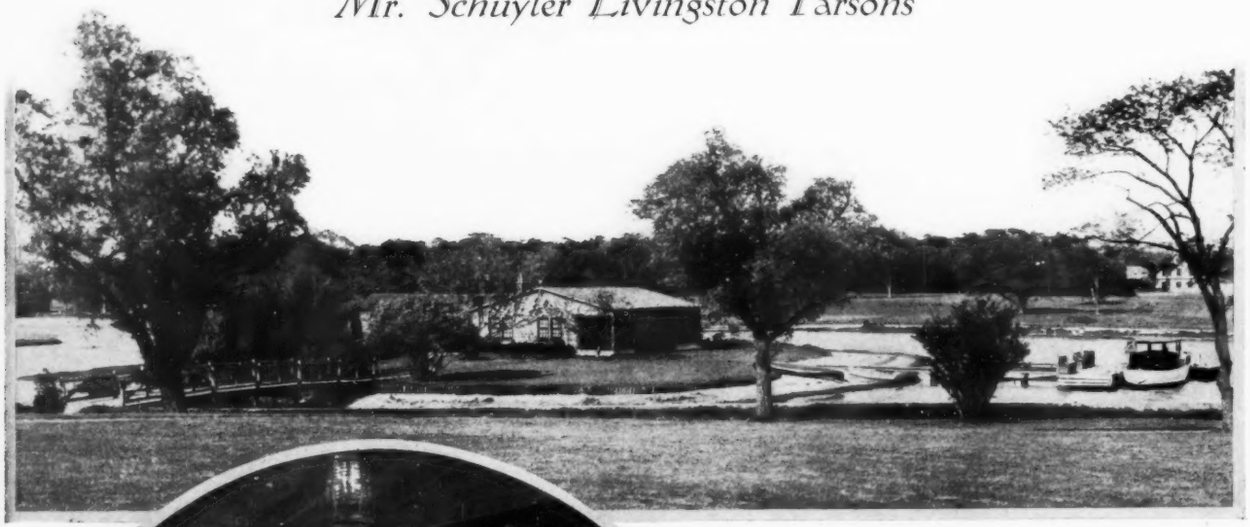


MRS. CHARLES E. MITCHELL

One of New York's preeminent hostesses, Mrs. Mitchell divides her social amenities between a residence at No. 934 Fifth Avenue and a country estate, "Hilldale," at Tuxedo Park, New York. Sartorially, Mrs. Mitchell always is the acme of perfection and her entertainments are among the more important events on each season's calendar.

"PLEASURE ISLAND"

The Lovely Country Home at Islip, Long Island, of Mr. Schuyler Livingston Parsons



Mr. Parsons was his own architect for this little bungalow, which is built on a tiny island connected by a bridge with the main property. Mr. Parsons made this island almost five years ago from the soil dug up when a channel was made in the inlet.

This little house is called "Wile Away" and it certainly has helped pass many pleasant hours for Mr. Parsons and his friends. The house is divided into one huge living-room, two double bedrooms, two piazzas and the servants' quarters.

This is a view of the living-room showing the all-window end, that has an unobstructed view to the Great South Bay. The window-seat may be turned into comfortable bunks when necessity demands. The furniture is quaint and delightfully in keeping with the feeling of the place. Many pieces are antiques.

Mr. Parsons' bedroom. The walls are of plain stained boards like the rest of the house. Notice that even in this small room there are two windows, and there is also a door leading upon a tiny piazza. The pleasure of out-of-doors is brought most skilfully into this bungalow.

Another view of the living-room. Mr. Parsons has dinner-parties of forty people by clearing out all the furniture and placing tables in a rectangular form, with dancing in the center of the floor—and the floor is excellent.

You will see in the background of the picture below the dining-table which normally can seat fourteen people. The whole room is particularly well arranged and is always filled with beautiful flowers, a hobby of Mr. Parsons'.

Anderson Studio

A Charming Travel Essay by Webb Waldron:

"There is a place where I want to live this winter. It is a pink villa on a hill above Ravello. There we will sit and gaze down the steep slopes, broken here and there by a cluster of village roofs around an ancient Norman campanile, down, down, to the mist along the shore."

Illustrations by
Marion Patton Waldron

BLUE GLAMOUR

A Call to Adventure Along the Shores of the Mysterious Mediterranean

THERE is a place where I want to live this winter.

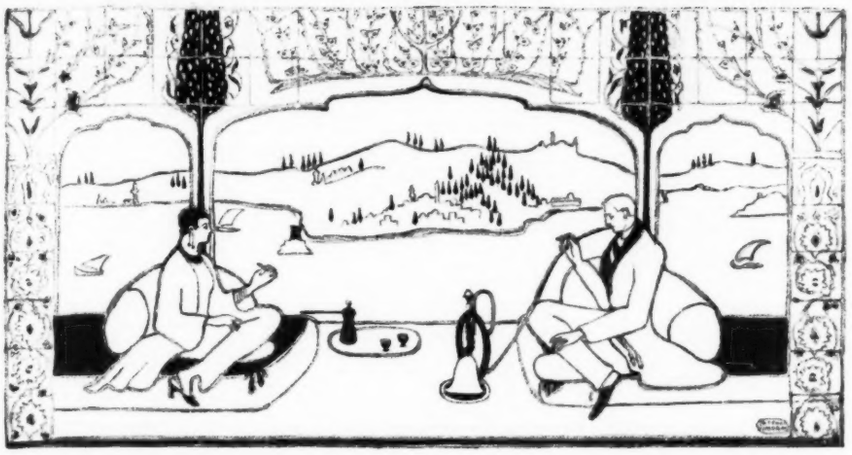
It is a pink villa among the lemon-trees on a hill above Ravello. In front of the door is a terrace and there we will sit in the morning, soothing our palates with *fragole con crema* and sipping our coffee and gazing down the steep slopes clothed with carob and lemon, broken here and there by a cluster of village roofs around an ancient Norman campanile, down, down, to the mist that still hovers along the shore. But presently the sun, pouring from behind the mountains to eastward, dispels the mist, and there under our eyes spreads the unimaginable blue of the Gulf of Salerno.

Hours we will sit there, basking. We will read and eat and write, and bask some more.

In mid-afternoon we will walk down through the village, past the cathedral and the Palazzo Rufolo, and along the steep path that curves down by the little church of Santa Maria Immacolota, and then loops and tumbles between yellow-gray limestone cliffs in whose niches lemon-terraces precariously cling, down, down till the path becomes a mysterious covered way through a hive of houses and we emerge suddenly into the surprising piazza of Atrani. There we will loaf a while, perhaps gossiping with the fishermen, whose yellow, blue and vermilion boats are drawn up right into this public square, and with the women who come and go with tall two-handled orange water-jars from the town-fountain. Then we will climb up to the roadway, past the shop of the two handsome sisters who sell pottery and chocolates, and stroll around the curve of the cliff road to Amalfi. A dip into the shops, tea on the Cappuccini terrace, and we start back up the path to our pink villa, where we arrive at dusk, warm and glowing, ready for the dinner which Giovanna has ready for us—baby lobster and *torta di carciofi* and a bottle of *Lacrima Christi*.

There is another place where I want to live this winter.

It is a house up a narrow winding street in a village called Eyoub, a wooden house weathered to a rich golden brown, with latticed balconies leaning out over the cobbles. Its door leads out into a garden with a Byzantine fountain and a fig-tree, and through the gate of that garden Pat and I will stroll every afternoon down the street to the Mosque of the Conqueror. In the pleasant paved courtyard of



"Wherever you adventure on that lake, which washes the shores of Europe and Africa and Asia, there is blue and there is glamour."

that mosque stands the largest plane-tree in the world. Through its giant bare boughs soft yellow sunlight flickers down upon the bent head of an ancient medicine-man with a long white beard dispensing his wares at a rickety counter, upon the myriad of fluttering pigeons, upon the children and upon the black-garbed women hurrying to and fro between the street and the mosque.

We will linger there a while in that delightful peace, then wander on down the street, turn to the left and climb. A broad cobbled path carries us upward through crowds of black cypresses and tall, slender, gleaming white gravestones crowned with carven fezzes, up, up, higher, higher. Then we come out upon the summit of the hill and turn. Straight down at our feet lies Eyoub, and beyond it, curving away into distance, the blue water of the Golden Horn. On one shore the tower of Galatia and the heights of Pera, on the other the minarets and domes of Stamboul, glittering in the setting sun. And between the two, far away and dim across the Bosphorus, the snow-capped heights of the Olympos Range.

We will stand there a long time, drinking in that marvel, then meander on down through a little valley full of cherry-trees just on the verge of bloom, and circle back to our house, where our Armenian cook has ready a delicious dinner of Circassian hen smothered in the milk of walnuts.

There is still another place where I—no, it is a place where Pat wants to live this winter.

It is on the bank of the Nile, not the east bank, but the west bank. There, she says, she wants to lounge day after day soaking up the Egyptian sunshine, watching the procession of palms along the river wave their plumes in the soft Nile breeze, the processions of tall-sailed dahabiyehs go up and down, the processions of laden camels swaying from the desert to the city and back again, the processions of women with water-jugs on their heads passing along the crests of the irrigating ditches. Everything, she says, is like the frieze on an ancient temple come to life. Everything a link with the past. Everything a proof of the amazing continuity of human things from the days of Queen Hatshepsut.

Now, if Pat would consent to the east bank, it would be different. For over there are the smart hotels along the Sharia Kamel, the streets of the Quartier Ismailiyeh which are very much like Paris, and the magnificent palaces south of the Grand Pont du Nil. We might disport ourselves in one of these and see at least the dahabiyehs very well. But since she insists on the west bank in order to absorb the soul of the desert, I see nothing for it but one of those long low huts of mud, picturesque enough from the outside, though what inside, Heaven knows. Even so, we shall not be too far off to run over to Shepheard's every afternoon for tea on the terrace.

Yes, and that is not all.

There are several other places where I want to live this winter.

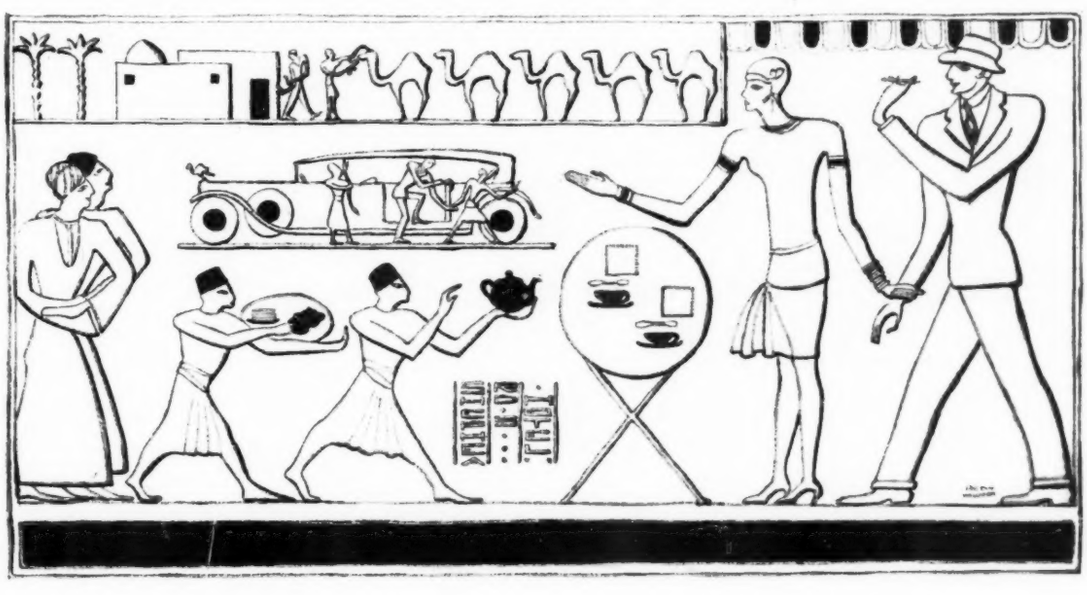
One is a beautiful little blue-tiled palace on Seraglio Point, with windows looking up the shining Bosphorus toward Dolma Bagcheh and down across the Sea of Marmora to the Princes' Islands, shadowy in the afternoon sun. Another is a villa on the road from Monreale to the Castellaccio looking down the long slopes of lemon and olive to Monte Pellegrino guarding the happy azure harbor of Palermo. Another is a venerable gray *castello* perched among the stone-pines and Judas-trees above the green-blue of the harbor of Portofino. Another is a little white house with red-tiled roof at the foot of a red fresh-ploughed field just above the beach in a tiny sickle-harbor on the coast of Tunisia. Another is a house in Cyprus. I have never seen Cyprus, but apparently it is something like the earthly paradise. At least, when we sat at lunch one day in a charming house in Beirut and listened for half an hour to some jolly English people talking about the felicities of Cyprus, we leaped up with the cry: "Let's go!" We would have gone, too, if there had been a boat that day, and it's just over the horizon from Beirut. But there wasn't any boat till next week, so when our steamer sailed that afternoon for Jaffa, we lazily went along. And another is—

But that is enough. I could go on for hours enumerating the places where I want to live this winter. They are all on or near that lake of blue glamour—the Mediterranean.

Blue! Green-blue, opalescent-blue, purple-blue, blue that is almost black, blue that is as pale as light, crystalline blue, blazing blue, blue as unreal as the blue of picture post-cards.

We thought that the blue of Alexandria harbor was as blue as blue could be, till we saw Beirut on a gorgeous February noon—the snow-crowned peaks of Lebanon, the red roofs of the town, the white sails of the brigantines shaken out after rain, and a sea of incredible blue streaked with preposterous purple.

That blue faded in memory in the presence of the blue of the *(Concluded on page 138)*



"Everything is like the frieze on an ancient temple come to life. Everything a link with the past. Everything a proof of the amazing continuity of human things from the days of Queen Hatshepsut."

SHOES FROM PARIS FOR

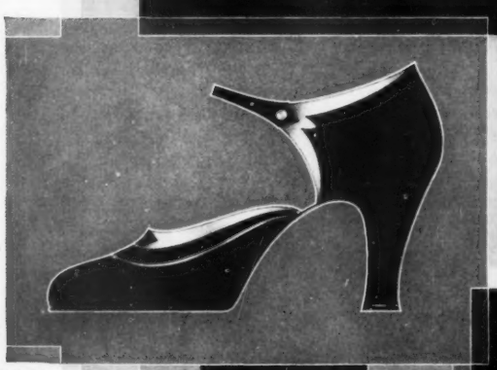
A WORD about shoes, as here are two pages of new ones for your information. For special Southern wear, Hellstern is making a linen model based on the *espadrille*, piped or appliquéd in colored kid, and laced with colored ribbons. Greco continues his almost flat-heeled sandals, one of which is shown on the opposite page. Ducerf-Scavini is making a new horsehair shoe, said to be particularly light and comfortable on the foot. Sandalari has invented some amusing pyjama slippers, which are sketched on the Last-Minute pages. She uses a specially surfaced kid, which cannot be marred by scratchy sand, and applies colored or silvered leather to them in such fanciful forms as a wave crest, a sunrise cloud, or a crescent moon. These are cleverly cut to cling to the foot, even though they are shaped like mules.

When I take my walks abroad, I see very simple shoes, at present. Shoes are something like clothes; simple in appearance, but really intricate when you study them. The simplest model from a great *bottier* has *something*. Pumps are overwhelming favorites for daytime wear, simple pumps and what we call opera pumps. They are black, unless they are worn with brown or green clothes, when they may be brown. Their materials are patent, lizard, antelope, the last worn only on fine days. Combinations of these skins are also seen, but nothing obtrusive—one has to look twice to see that they are combined. Some women prefer a sandal shape, especially with a handsome fur-trimmed velvet ensemble. Quite a number, including the Baroness de Meyer, are wearing an

Evening slipper from Hellstern in rose and silver lamé. The edges and straps across the side of the shoe are in cloth of silver, with a small diamond buckle at the side.

Black crêpe de Chine evening sandal from Greco with discreet trimming of silvered leather. No foot jewelry is worn, but the shoe is fastened with carved silver button.

HELLSTERN



GRECO

GRECO

HELLSTERN

HELLSTERN

From Hellstern comes this semi-sports shoe in brown leather and white antelope. It is a modified oxford, practical and attractive, and trimmed with perforations.

Beige or gray kid with lizard, the lizard straps piped with threads of silver. The combination of silver or gold with afternoon shoes is a rather new note. From Greco.

Light brown kid with narrow applications and edging of the same. The novel buckle is silver. The shoe is also made in brown calf with instep strap of calfskin. Hellstern.

ALL WALKS OF FASHION

almost Colonial pump, cut high on the foot, without a tongue, in brown antelope, with an oval buckle of bronzed cut steel, quite large. With these, the stockings are quite brown, only a little lighter than the shoe. A few women, among them Madame Agnès, like the shallow oxford. Agnès is having these made in crêpe de Chine for the street, to match her dark costumes. She says she finds that crêpe de Chine makes the foot look smaller than any other shoe material. When tweed and jersey costumes are worn, the shoe may be a highly polished brown calf model, with one strap, and perforated. Baronne Eugène de Rothschild wears this shoe with beige jersey and a fur sports coat in brown.

In the evening, the matching crêpe de Chine slipper or sandal continues to be worn with colored gowns with long panels. But I also see a return of simple cloth-of-silver slippers and sandals. Madame Dubonnet wore the plainest of silver-cloth slippers, the other night, with her baby-blue Chanel gown. Foot jewelry is reduced to a strict minimum. A jewelry button is the favorite. Some women still prefer satin to crêpe for evening slippers. Madame Porel wears satin sandals, with just as little material as is possible to make them stay on the foot, in gleaming white with her white gown and heavy white satin evening coat.

There is absolutely nothing new to say about stockings. I saw a very openwork net stocking worn with a black chiffon gown and black satin slippers the other night at Ciro's. But I thought it looked very disagreeable. *M. H*

Pump from Ducerf-Scavini in "ferri cuir," a new iridescent leather, and brown antelope. The vamp and heel are antelope, the back and application straps, "ferri cuir."

A combination of satin and crêpe de Chine for evening, matching the gown. Applications in modern design give contrast in dull and bright surfaces. Marouf.

DUCERF-SCAVINI

MAROUF

DUCERF-SCAVINI

MAROUF

GRECO

Ducerf-Scavini's novelty for the South is woven horsehair (crin) combined with leather to make it keep its shape. This model is in beige, trimmed with dark lizard.

Marouf's walking sandal in white antelope trimmed with tan leather, perforated. It has a sensible heel and makes a new disposition of the white and brown combination.

One of Greco's newest country or beach sandals in gray kid and gray lizard, made in any combination of color. The lizard has pinked edges. The heel is almost flat.

Whittington

Miss Amelia Earhart is wearing, in the above photograph, a warm tweed coat, which came from Abercrombie and Fitch. Her close-fitting felt hat was supplied by Dobbs and her scarf is voluminous enough to fill in her open coat.

Here Miss Earhart is shown in her flying clothes. The indispensable "goggles," which are not shown, are from Spalding. Her sweater suit comes from Abercrombie and Fitch, and her low-heeled shoes are of the practical Fortmason type.

BY AMELIA EARHART

PLANE CLOTHES

WHAT does the woman aviator wear? This question is asked me as often as any other connected with aviation.

Ten years ago I could have described a flying costume. It would have consisted of helmet, goggles, leather jacket, breeches, and some sort of high boots. There were no traditions but those of wartime flying to follow, and both men and women adopted or modified it to suit commercial needs. Also, flying fields were usually dirty, planes were crude, and there were no refinements in facilities, such as passenger waiting-rooms, and so forth. Altogether, the clothing had to be rather rough.

Since the war, flying has undergone the same sort of changes that automobiling did previously. Do you remember the dashing linen dusters and gauntlets and veils of 1908? They constituted an "automobiling costume," and of course one couldn't tour without the proper accessories.

At the present time, with the development of luxurious passenger planes, which very much resemble the finest buses, there isn't the necessity for special dress. One wears ordinary street clothes. Why not? There are comfortable upholstered seats, one can move about at will, read, or write, or sleep. On one line a buffet luncheon is served at no extra charge. Unlike railroad or automobile travel, one has a clean face at the journey's end, as there are no cinders or dust in the air.

Even the pilots wear street clothes, usually, unless they are in the uniform of the transportation company. In the enclosed planes they do not wear goggles. From observation it appears that one of the most popular outfits for summer flying is knickers and a sweater. These pilot chappies look more as if they belonged on the fairway than on the runway.

It might be interesting to mention that there is such a thing as airplane golf. The opponents fly over the course and endeavor to drop the ball in the holes. Each flier has a partner on the ground who does the putting. I do not know which came first, the golf costume for pilots or airplane golf.

Of course, in the open planes goggles are necessary, just as they would be in automobiles without wind-shields. The wind pressure is so great that it is difficult to keep the eyes open, and goggles are also a protection against flying particles in the air.

When I am flying my little plane, I usually wear a sports costume with a rather full skirt and a close-fitting hat. Sometimes I slip a leather windbreaker on under my coat, for the temperature drops as one ascends. Most cabin planes are heated, by the way, so even this precaution isn't necessary in them. Usually, on a solo flight, I wear low-heeled shoes, because with low heels it is easier to keep my feet braced on the rudder bar. Then, too, high-heeled shoes suffer from the exercise. As you know, driving a car with them rubs the back of the shoe, and the same condition applies in a plane.

Speaking of shoes, I recently received a letter from a correspondent who wished to become a pilot. The only preparation he had made had been the purchase of a pair of hunting moccasins. I had to reply that there were more important pieces of equipment, and that these were rather more mental and physical qualifications than exterior furnishings, and that hunting moccasins were not suitable anyway. One sometimes hunts from an airplane, but the hunting is usually to find a town whose name is not displayed on roofs or an emergency landing field.

In very cold weather, in an open plane, of course the warmest thing one can wear is the conventional flying suit. The mail pilots and those who are on regular runs adopt them as the most suitable. They fit very tightly around the ankles and wrists, and are lined either with fur or wool. They may be of leather or various waterproof materials. For me they seem very heavy.

Commander Byrd one day showed me some beautiful fluffy fur suits he was planning to take to the Antarctic. He told me they were warmer than the flying suits now used, and I think such a rig would greatly appeal to those women who will eventually try flying as a sport.

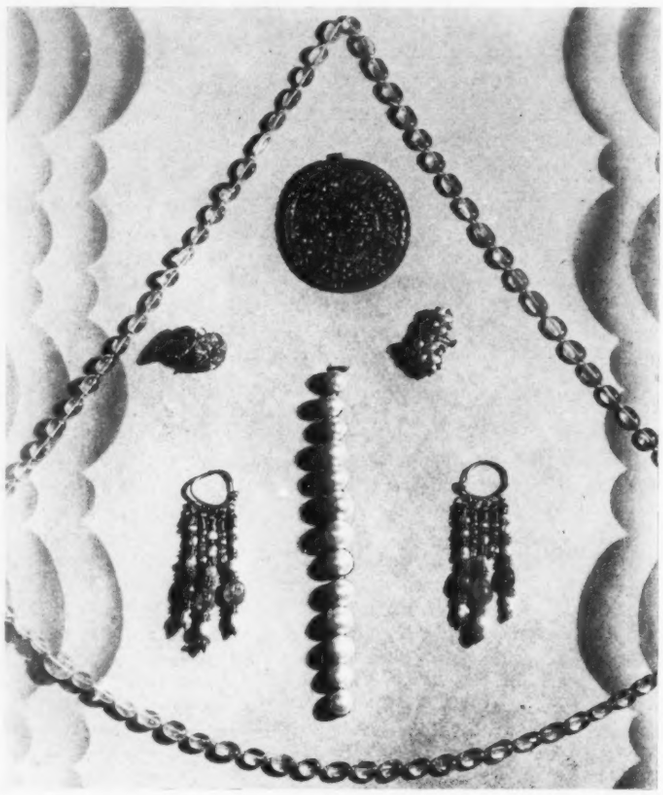
On the *Friendship* flight I couldn't follow the rule of wearing sports clothes. The trip was a pioneering one, and comforts were not thought of. It might be considered as a camping expedition. Clothes suitable for "roughing it" had to be taken. For instance, there was no step from the pontoons to the door, and I couldn't have jumped into the plane in a skirt. Further, though we could walk about in the after cabin, we had dumped everything to sit on, to save weight. Squatting on a rolled flying suit, or kneeling on one knee, or sliding between the large gas tanks wouldn't have left much of a ladylike ensemble.

There are other adjuncts to flying you might be interested in hearing about. On my transcontinental flight, recently, I had to battle against a severe sunburn. The wind and the sun really blistered me. Through Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico, the heat was intense and very drying, even at a fairly high altitude. I kept a tube of cold cream in the cockpit, and when I was not otherwise engaged I tried to keep some on my face as a protection. I flew the same plane that Lady Heath, the famous English woman flier, used on her trip from London to Cape Town and back. I remember her telling me one of the absurdities of her journey was pulling out a powder puff and powdering her nose over the South African wastes. She always carries a mirror and powder puff with her. I hope some time that flying fields will have cold cream and powder service for women fliers. Getting gasoline and oil and mechanical help only, I am sure will not be adequate in time.

Seriously, women can make a great contribution to aviation by demanding comfort. Without patting ourselves on the back, I think we are responsible for the development of the gasoline service stations which adorn automobile roads today.

Of course, I think women will take up aviation as a sport. Even if they do not, their influence will be felt in the improvement in passenger-carrying facilities. It may sound like a warning, but I am sure women will make up a large proportion of airplane passengers. Their children are keenly interested in flying, and I know mothers have to be interested in what their offspring do. I know they will fly in order to find out what Johnny and Mary are thinking about. The fact that a special flying costume is not necessary any longer shows how fast air travel is becoming common.

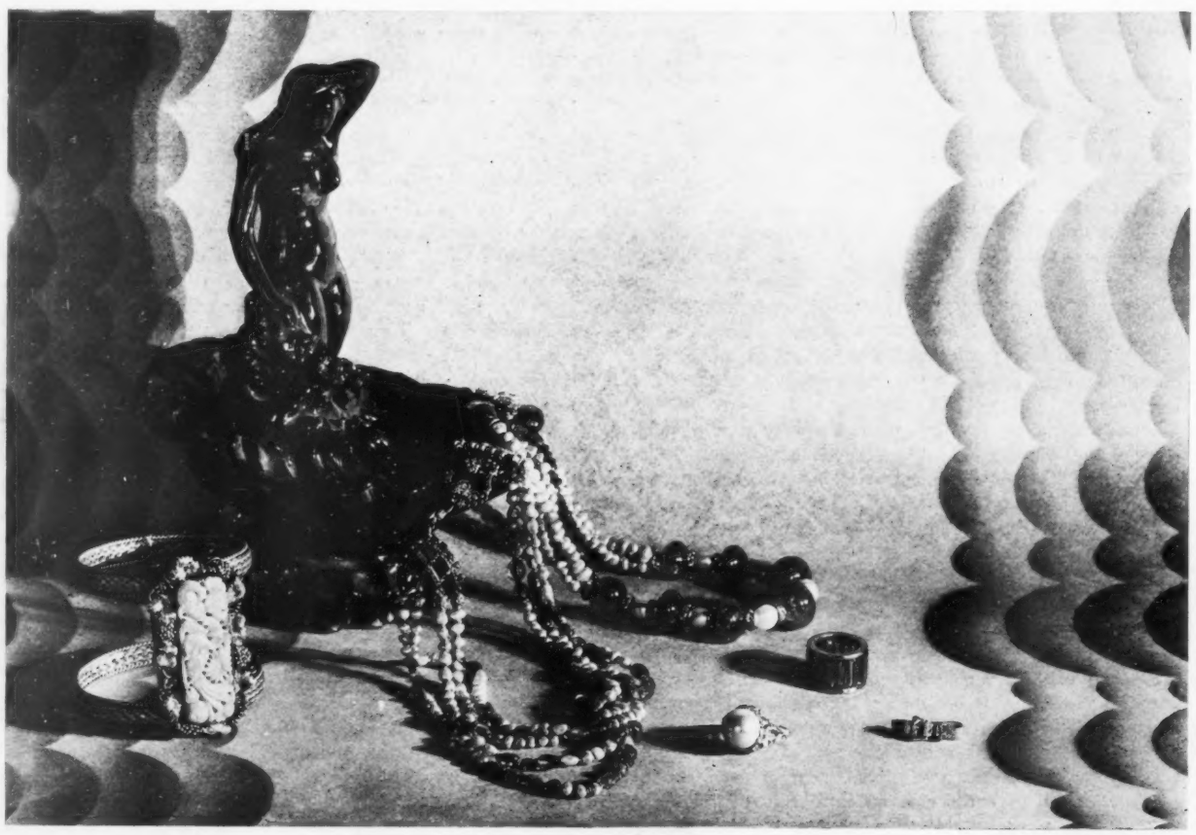
Framed by a string of aquamarines of unequal size are a plaque of emeralds, a pair of old Spanish earrings made of chrysolite, and another pair in pearls and diamonds. The bracelet is of cultured pearls in large size. For the unusual woman are the long oriental earrings hung on gold rings, with swinging strands of pink and pale green stones, interspersed with pearls. Olga Tritt has these lovely things.



UNUSUAL JEWELRY

Pearls of uneven shape form a beautiful contrast to translucent emeralds in two superb necklaces from the Little Shop of T. Azeez. They are typical of the masterly workmanship shown at this shop. A double bracelet of fine gold has a plaque of carved jade surrounded by gold. A great pearl forms the ring shown below and beside it is a wide band of pinkish stones called pattarachan. A woven ring of gold mesh.

Sherril Schell



"THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS AN UGLY WOMAN"

Says Antoine, Famous French Coiffeur

BY KATHLEEN HOWARD

ANTOINE, the creator of hair styles for women, is deadly serious about his art; he is like a priest performing his rite when he twists and twirls soft hair into place. He coaxes, he persuades, he strokes, but he never fumbles.

"Some days it will go *so*," he said at his Saks-Fifth Avenue establishment, "and sometimes it takes quite other forms.

"For that reason, and many others, one must vary the same woman's coiffure. Then, every function the woman attends is a different one, and she must therefore look different for each one. They come to me in Paris; they say, 'Antoine, make me beautiful, I go to so-and-so to-night.' And according to their mood, to the expression I see in their faces, to the dress they will wear, so I coiffe them.

"A great lady in Paris called me in. She was tired, she would stay *chez elle;* she was reclining upon a chaise-longue. She inspired me. I gave her hair the aspect of a *désordre artistique*, a careless, accidental but *soigné* arrangement, as a frame for her head on the pillow. I studied her mood, her expression, and I created a harmony.

"I always follow the character, the intelligence I see in the woman's face and get my moment's inspiration from them.

"But I can do nothing without the woman. She must inspire me and then submit, absolutely, to my authority. If women would only respect the artist as they should! They *must* respect his art to get the best results; it is their duty. Just as the painter is inspired by his sitter, as the singer by his listeners, so is the coiffeur inspired when he finds the respect, the appreciation in his client, of his art.

"But she can crush his interest, his inspiration, his joy in a moment by questioning his authority, by belittling his art.

"*La femme est l'animateuse de l'homme. La femme est le feu*, the fire the man must have.

"Fashion should *marcher* with women; without women, fashion could not exist. The short hair of to-day is fashion's expression of the woman of to-day; therefore it holds its own among fashionables. (*Concluded on page 134*)

Lord and Taylor import this sleeveless frock from Jane Régny, designed primarily for tennis, but which would admirably serve the voyager in the tropics. The fabric is a cotton and silk mixture with narrow, lustrous stripes in white.

YOUR WARDROBE ROUND THE WORLD

BY

ETHEL LEWIS AND MARION FAY

WHAT to wear? What to wear? The eternal cry of womankind! And when that woman is starting for a cruise through the West Indies, across the Pacific, or round the World, the problem is multiplied manyfold. There must be fresh frocks for oppressively hot days, there must be a warm coat for freezing cold days, there must be suitable costumes for sports or for evening, and above all there must be variety. If you are traveling independently, a change of companions every so often seems to lend a freshening touch to the old wardrobe, but when you're on a cruise ship with the same people month after month you will need a different frock now and then for their benefit as well as your own.

There are places where you can and will buy clothes as you journey along, for the shops and bazaars of the Orient are as intriguing in their way as are those of London and Paris. In Japan there are heavenly kimonos, not the thin, sleazy kind we usually see in the shops, but those made for the Japanese ladies. They wear three or four at once, you know, a plain dark one of rich heavy silk outside, and lighter ones inside of such gay color combinations as only our modernist artists have dreamed. There are houri coats, too, which they wear on top of their kimonos, which make graceful and practical evening wraps for us with their daintily tinted linings and long flowing sleeves.

Heavy diagonal tweed makes a practical traveling coat with detachable cape and a collar of gray goat. Dobbs.

If you love hand-embroidered lingerie made from the finest silks, you will lose your heart, and probably all the money in your purse as well, in the tiny shops which line both sides of Yalu Road in Shanghai. There are things of exquisite beauty, made in European styles. But you'll get better pieces and better prices if you bargain a bit. A Chinaman loves to bargain as he loves rice. In Canton and Hongkong shawls of undreamed-of beauty will beguile you with their Oriental flowers

embroidered on gorgeous silks. You will not be able to resist one or two—a beautiful white one with fine embroidery, a soft blue one or a red one boldly embroidered in white, or the more usual one with red poppies and tiny trailing vines and butterflies that you only discover when you have it at home.

You can buy net or piña cloth frocks embroidered or combined with lace for daytime or evening in the well-ordered shops of Manila. And there you will find a great bargain that you must take advantage of—if you're not too fat or too thin!—charming hand-embroidered and smocked voile frocks in all colors. Everyone buys them, but unfortunately they are not suited to everyone. As soon as the ship sails from Manila you will see the short fat matron just about to burst out of her bright rose voile, and you'll see the thinnest of the maiden ladies with a pale blue frock that hangs off her shoulders and hips like an ill-fitting nightgown. Despite these misfits they are practical, delightful dresses for you to buy for tropical wear—if you see that they fit properly.

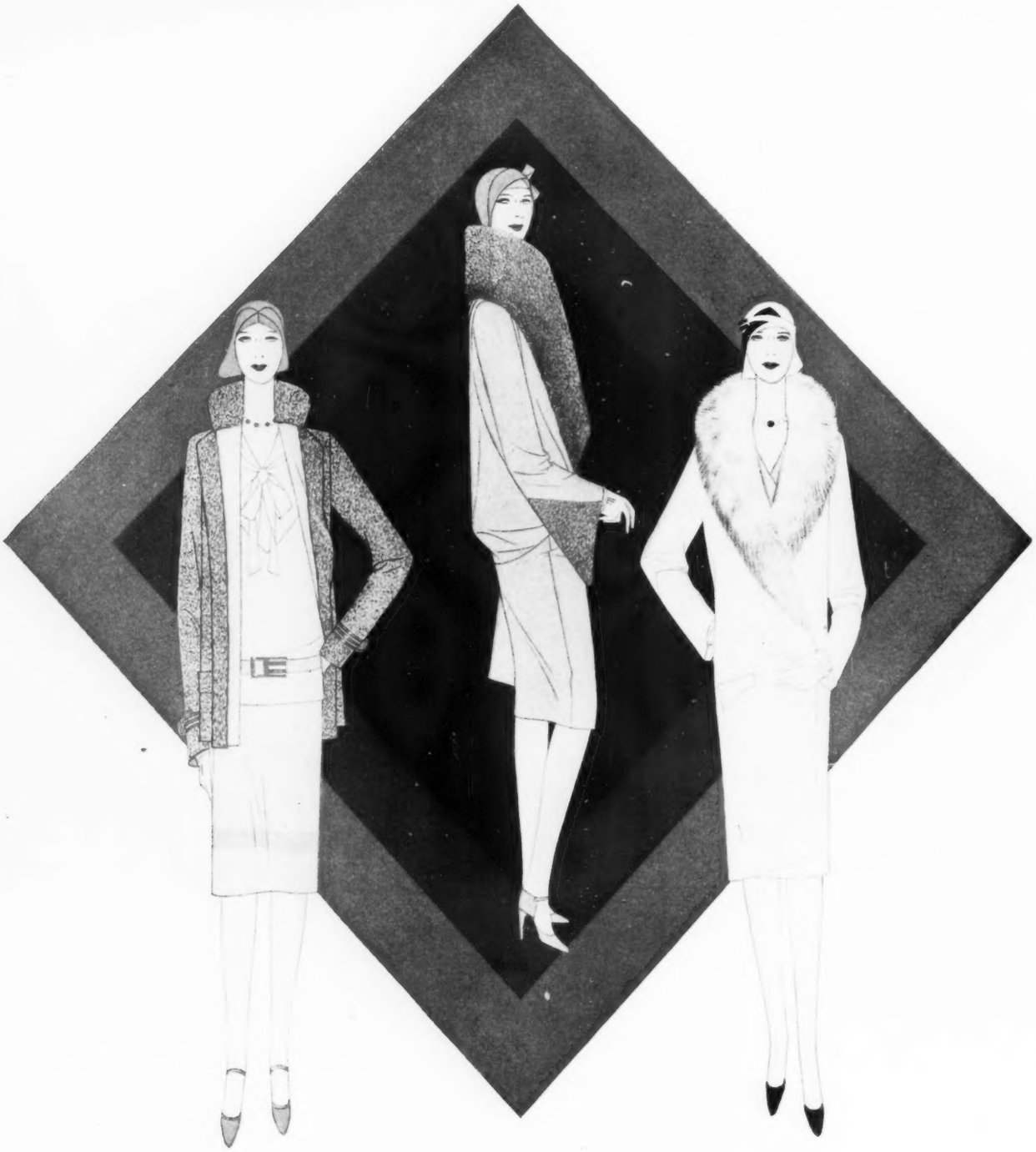
The bazaars of Singapore and Rangoon and India will tempt you with their beautiful silks, and you can have a native make you a dress overnight, provided you give him a model to copy. But beware that it has no flaws or holes in it, for they have been known to copy things so accurately that they will cut or burn holes to match those in the model if you are not watchful. Bags and beads and bracelets, and scarfs and hats and parasols will lure you from one shop to another and you will think them all fascinating and unusual and cheap. And so they are, but even at that, remember that when you are dealing with an Oriental he expects some argument about the price.

As you have planned your trip, so must you plan your wardrobe. If you're going to be in Japan and China in February or March, when there is apt to be snow on the ground, you'll need very warm clothes. Even your fur coat will not be amiss. (You can send it back home from Manila if you're not traveling on a cruise ship where they have cold storage for furs.) But if you're going to be in Japan when the cherry-blossoms turn the whole island into a fairy garden, then you will need only the usual warm spring clothing. The seasons in Peking are not unlike those in New York, so you can judge your necessities by that. Any month of the year is summer-like in the Philippines and Java, but Singapore and Penang, and Burma and India can be unbelievably hot. February and March are the most comfortable months. There you will wear sleeveless frocks of white, or pale colors if you prefer, whether on shore or on shipboard. If you're going to travel up the Nile during the winter months (a houseboat is a heavenly way to do it!) summer sports clothes will be the rule. But with this difference—sleeves are almost essential. The heat there is dry and burning, quite different from that of the tropical South Seas or India. By late April and May it is too hot for comfort, so you must travel northward. And if you want a sight to rival a Paris spring, you must be in Constantinople in May, when the chestnut trees are in bloom, adding their lacy whiteness to the other

(*Continued on page 136*)

A good traveling companion is such a frock as this from Dobbs, of green and white striped non-crushable crêpe.

The non-crushable quality of lace makes it the first choice of the wise traveler. A Jay Thorpe evening frock, of pale rose and dregs-of-wine silk lace, has tulle of the darker shade used as edging on both cape and skirt in a wide band.



FUR ALIKE FOR NORTH OR SOUTH

In this daytime ensemble from Franklin Simon a short coat of krimmer combines with a two-piece frock of gray ombré jersey. The mode for the short fur jacket and woolen dress is very important for sports and day wear. Krimmer is one of the best of the season's furs.

Gunther imports a charming Callot coat of light weight gray etamine, with huge collar and pointed cuffs of krimmer. This is an ideal coat for Southern wear both as to color and weight. The light woolen wrap is an essential for the South, where all the hours of the twenty-four are not of tropical temperature.

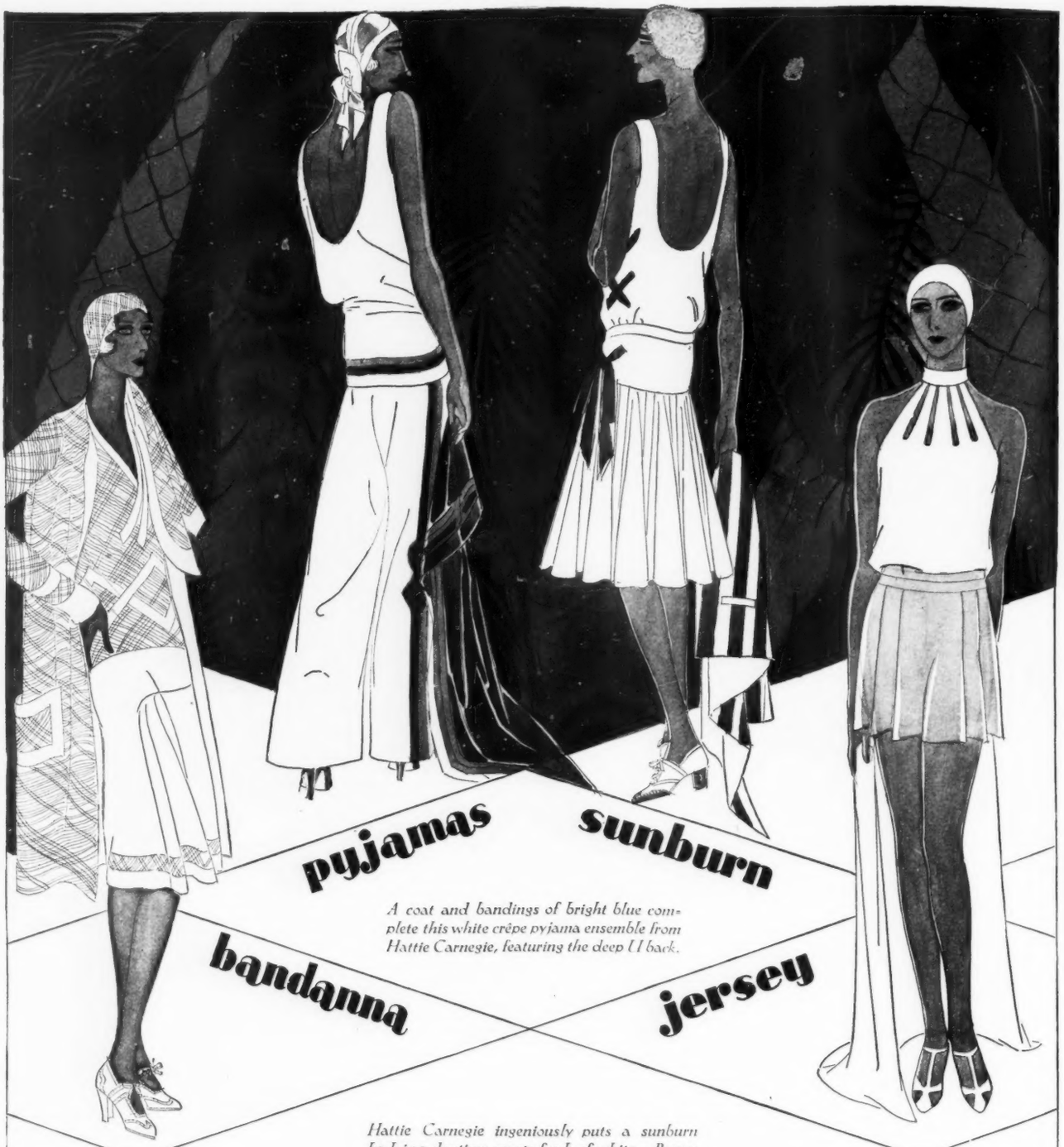
Straight lines and interesting details characterize this white coat of heavy tweed from De Pinna, which is collared in natural gray wolf. The white wool coat for the South combines warmth with a summery appearance and is good with light-colored sports clothes.

THE SOPHISTICATED BLACK COAT

The black coat trimmed with one of the flat black furs is extremely important this winter. This Vionnet model of duvetyn with Persian lamb collar and cuffs is imported by Bendel. The sleeve design and fabric manipulation are typical of this clever designer.

Another example of the good black coat is a Lanvin model of broadcloth from the Tailored Woman, with interesting collar and cuff trimming of Persian lamb, the fur cuffs reminiscent of mutton-leg sleeves. The plainness is relieved by circular tucks which culminate in a slenderizing V line at the center back.

Sleek black broadtail richly trims this street coat from Bergdorf Goodman, forming a scarf-like collar and tremendously deep cuffs which actually disappear into the armhole. This type of coat is undoubtedly the well-dressed woman's choice for the street.



pyjamas

A coat and bandings of bright blue complete this white crêpe pyjama ensemble from Hattie Carnegie, featuring the deep U back.

sunburn

Hattie Carnegie ingeniously puts a sunburn back in a daytime sports frock of white. Brown bands lace up the side and stripe the coat. White shoes, tan trimmed, from Frank Bros.

bandanna

Eldridge Manning combines cravatte silk in a red and blue irregular check design with white crêpe, for a three-piece sports outfit. Snake-trimmed pumps from Frank Bros.

jersey

A new neck-line makes this imported swimming suit from Altman interesting. Of lavender and purple, the collar unbuttons to enable the wearer to sunburn her back.

LOW BACKS FOR DAYTIME WEAR

gingham

sports

Best imports an amusing ensemble from London Trades, of brown and white checked Anderson gingham with white linen blouse.

calico

taffeta

In this imported sports costume from Wanamaker, black and fuchsia cubes enliven a frock of apricot crêpe, worn with a fuchsia wool cardigan. Pumps from Martin and Martin

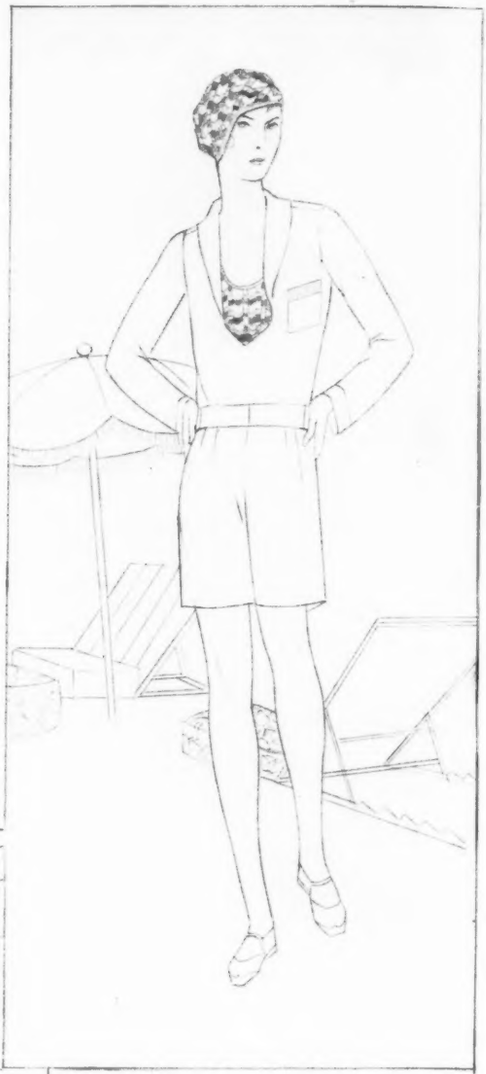
Quaint quilted calico in yellow and red makes a coat for Southern wear, worn over a severely tailored dress of white piqué. Coat, dress, and Fortmason Gillie shoes from Best.

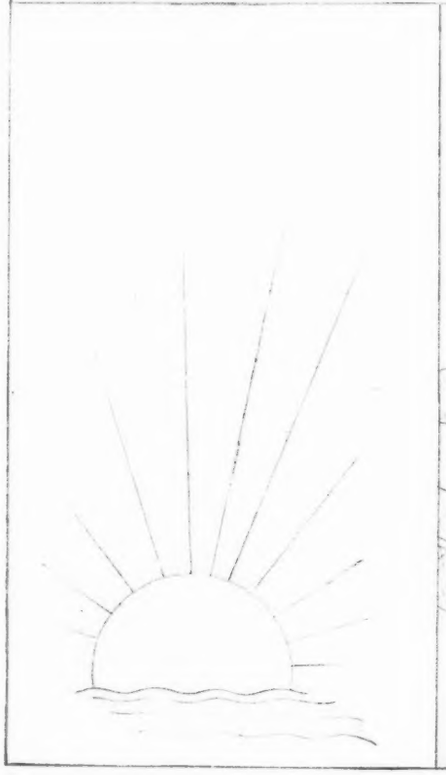
This very crisp Goupy frock from Jay Thorpe is of cinnamon-red silk taffeta faille. The gray-lined scarf may be used either round the neck or as a sash.

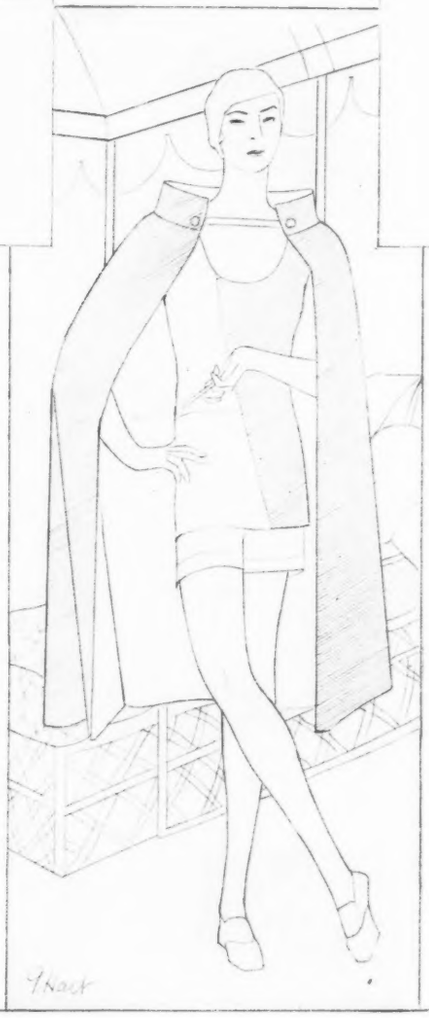
COTTON AND SILK SHARE HONORS

GAY ATTIRE FOR SUNNY BEACHES

Jay Thorpe imports a Mary Nowitzky beach ensemble in which a red and black jersey bathing suit combines with a coat of cream silk—red-lined. The large, flat beach hat ties under the chin with a jaunty marine blue ribbon.







In this bathing outfit from Saks-Fifth Avenue a jersey jumper of zigzag design in gay flag colors tucks into a pair of dark blue woolen shorts, with a white silk shirt to slip on at will.

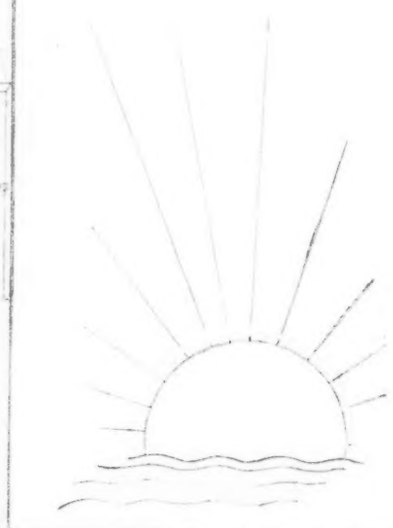
A bathing ensemble in blue and white from Franklin Simon shows an asymmetric line of the two contrasting colors. The blue and white reversible cape is held at the neck with a little white strap.

PALM BEACH DAYS AND NIGHTS

Joseph fashions a charming evening gown of Bianchini silk in large floral design, woven on the warp in the new way. Two huge taffeta flowers with wired petals are posed at the left on the slightly trailing skirt.

"Show your sunburned back!" is the decree of fashion and this frock with a deep U back facilitates such a procedure. The skirt has the new low front dip. Bergdorf Goodman.

This duvetyn ensemble of sulphur-green from Bergdorf Goodman shows itself in front of The Everglades. Its talking points are the quaint postilion cape and coat lining of small print.



LACE-TRIMMED LINGERIE THAT

A combination from Bergdorf-Goodman in peach-colored georgette and écru Alençon lace. It is cut low in the back, coming almost to the waist-line, and fits snugly. The same model may be obtained in sheer black maline over dainty flesh ninon.

Moments of relaxation may be enhanced by such a bed-jacket as this model from Bergdorf-Goodman. It is designed in a beautiful and unusual fashion, entirely covering the nightgown. Peach-beige in color, it is made of crêpe and Alençon lace.

A lovely ensemble of flesh crêpe pyjamas and negligée to match. Both are lavishly trimmed with deep borders of Alençon lace. In spite of the extremely luxurious appearance of the ensemble, it is washable and practical for general wear. Bonwit Teller.

A particularly charming two-piece set from Bonwit Teller in a delightful shade of Nile green. Alençon lace, applied in an unusual circular pattern, makes attractive trimming. The set is designed especially for the woman who prefers to wear separate panties.

From Jay Thorpe comes this beautiful combination in crêpe and lace. The top part fits the form while the skirt flares gracefully in vertical bands of crêpe and Alençon lace. The back is cut very low.

A yellow crêpe negligée from Jay Thorpe which achieves unusual grace with its long, flowing sleeves of Alençon lace. Under it may be worn either of two night-gowns, both in yellow crêpe trimmed with lace.

REFLECTS A LUXURIOUS SEASON

A bed-jacket from Daisy Garson of white velvet. It is lined with deep rose satin, showing a glowing pink through the velvet. The trimming is deep rose marabou. The nightgown is part of a wedding set of pure white, trimmed with real lace.

Also from Daisy Garson comes this set of pantie and matching bandeau. By an ingenious arrangement, it can be joined in front, thus forming a remarkable little garment that might be called a super-chemise. It is of white crêpe and écru Alençon lace.

A two-piece set of flowered crêpe in flesh with a design of rosebuds and green leaves, and with a piping of green. It is particularly practical because it is easy to wash and has great durability. Stein and Blaine.

Exceptionally beautiful is this Stein and Blaine negligée of heavily brocaded chiffon. Its most striking feature is the fact that it is cut with long panels in the back following the hem-line of the smart evening mode.

An unusually charming effect is achieved in this two-piece set from Arnold Constable by the combination of deep écru chiffon and black lace. The body of the garment is chiffon and the lace is applied in a decorative arrangement of rosettes and borders.

The ensemble occupies a place in boudoir fashions of almost equal importance to its place in more formal attire. This lovely one from Arnold Constable includes a corn-colored crêpe wrapper and a matching nightgown, both lavishly trimmed with lace.

"The flame of his dark eyes sought not Erda, but a slender glittering figure with lips over-red and parted. He came abreast of Daphne, pushed by the crowd. Her arm touched his. The orchestra in the lounge was playing. Before he knew it, she had swept him into the rhythm."

A Story by Elisabeth Finley Thomas.

ERDA

A Romance of the Snow-capped Alps at the Height of the Winter Carnival Season

Illustration by Henry Raleigh

MONSIEUR l'Abbé de Kérouac, seated alone at one of the small tables that edged the dancing-floor of the Hotel Winter Bellevue Grand, contemplated with amused philosophy the tangled mass of cosmopolitanism, gyrating and shaking in the epilepsy of the Charleston.

"Add tails," he reflected, a smile taking a humorous stitch in his shaven lip, "add tails and perhaps a pitchfork or two and you have the naïve conception of a Preraffaelite hell!" He dropped a second lump of sugar into his cup. An amethyst ring twinkled on his plump hand. Monsieur l'Abbé was an Abbé de luxe. Imported annually by the Hotel management for the purpose of shriving in the local chapel sensitive French and South American consciences in need of easing, he took the world as he found it, bringing, however, the chemical action of his own wits and Divine Grace to bear upon it as he saw fit. His keen glance, resting now on the scene before him with malicious wisdom, was not unkind.

Most of the dancers were in sports clothes, the women a bit disheveled from an afternoon of sledding and skating, the men frost-bitten and flushed after a long day on their skis, supplemented by cocktails. An East Indian princess, addicted chiefly to the indoor sports of the Occident, twinkled tiny silver-shod feet, fitting her lithe body draped in the silks of the Orient into the concavity of the Professional; an elderly Teuton, his shaven head the color of a raw oyster, shoved his bulbous frau in front of him like a perambulator; an undergraduate and a boisterous flapper jostled recklessly down the middle of the floor. The eyes of the Abbé, however, followed one particular couple, a tall young Englishman, of a type never negligible to ambitious mothers, and a girl dressed in the sort of ski trousers that made other women either repulsive or grotesque.

"A very Diana of the skis!" thought the Abbé, noting meanwhile how the passage of the pair held up the traffic, conversationally speaking, in the gossipy groups of the onlookers, whence, according to sex or status, shot glances of jealousy or admiration. "And," he continued his reflections, "as for beauty she but too evidently possesses its essential, the power to create emotion!"

The orchestra had ceased for a moment or two its blatant summons to the dancers.

"Who is she?" asked a man at the next table, in English, of his companion.

The Abbé, who had spent three years in Sussex, bent his ear for the reply.

"Daphne Abbingdon, Back Bay, *pur sang*," was the response.

"I didn't know you grew orchids on Plymouth Rock," commented the first speaker. ("Not so bad!" Monsieur l'Abbé chuckled appreciatively in his episcopal sleeve.)

"No more we do!" came the answer. "She is an exception. Some Puritan ancestress must have side-slipped before boarding the *Mayflower*. Anyhow Daphne went a bit too far even for Boston solidarity last winter. You see, she's been out only two seasons and—well, her sort of affair is preempted by the matrons of our chaste locality. After her adventure with Larry Woodstock—he married the Jarvis girl, you remember—there was talk of dropping her from the Assemblies. That's why her mother brought her over here. But, to continue your metaphor, she's finding it difficult to hide an orchid in a Swiss haystack. Daphne would kick up mischief in heaven! Well, see you later. I've a date for bridge."

The musicians were folding up their stands; the violinist cradled his fiddle after its last wail in the "Blues." Daphne Abbingdon and the Honorable Geoffrey Paulingham found a secluded corner. He held out a crested cigarette case. She curved toward him for a light, then leaned back, apparently watching her own skill at blowing rings. Chatter was an imaginary obligation she left to ugly girls. Her equipment obviated its necessity. She spread for her admirers ample spaces of silence to be filled by the only thing that she or they found interesting. In this case she did not greatly care if they remained empty.

"I'm leaving in an hour," announced Paulingham, looking down sulkily at his lean knuckles. "You've treated me rather rottenly, you know!"

His failure to provide a thrill of the quality she craved had left her indifferent: "Throwing me to the lions, are you? Jews, Germans and Argentines?"

"And ski-masters!" he emphasized.

"Don't be absurd—and insulting!" She did not even bother to turn on him the flash of a momentary anger.

"Is it absurd to have divined your preference for primitive man?"

"You can scarcely deny having exemplified the fact that all men are primitive!"

The rather boyish face of the Honorable Geoffrey flushed suddenly.

"Don't worry!" She spoke lightly. "I am that paragon, the woman who forgets. Remembering gives me indigestion! And that's that! It's finished. You're right to go. A quick curtain often compensates for a dull play!"

"Dull!" he groaned. "Credit me at least with having perceived that you fear the boredom of an epilogue!"

She leaned toward him, her lure as tangible as if she had touched him. "But not perhaps of a new play . . . you'll come back."

"Not if I can help it." He got up abruptly.

"You can't," she challenged. "*Auf wiedersehen.* More in sorrow than in anger, I trust!" She held out her hand.

He took it only for a moment, then turning, he hurried out.

She did not even look after him, but moved instead toward a broad window at the end of the room and parted the curtains. Across the darkening valley she could just see the white streak of the track where the great ski-jumping contest would take place to-morrow. Little black dots hopped about on the slope, the figures of boys and men (*Continued on page 140*)

SHIPS

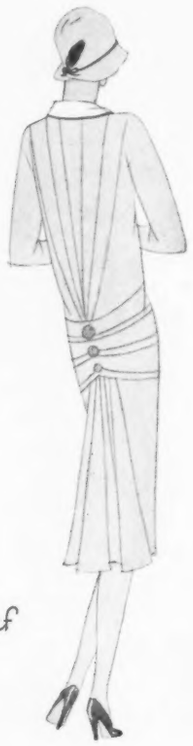
By NADEJDA DE BRAGANÇA

I WANT to lie, still as the sea at even,
And like the sea
To watch the ships, beneath a darkening heaven,
Sail over me.

Vessels of dream and hope and aspiration
Across the deep
Return, to anchor off a shadowy station
Whose port is sleep.

But there is one my wandering waves may boast of
The whole night through—
A spectral craft that bears the grieving ghost of
My love for you.

Last-Minute Sketches from the Mid-season Collections



Lenief

Heavy white crêpe de Chine edged with brown. Blouse and skirt are plain in front and complicated in back

Coat of shrimp pink woolen material with trimming of knotted tabs

Doeuillet Doucet

Yellow crêpe de Chine. Trimming of stitching in self color

Jenny

Mary Nowitzky

Sailor beach trousers in bright dark blue flannel with white silk shirt

Beach or pyjama slipper in blue-green leather with silver

Sandalari

Beach or pyjama sandal in pale green kid with feathers in gold and black antelope

Sandalari

Palm Beach shoe in white linen with colored piping and laces

Hellstern

Purple kid, lined with apple green veined with gold

Sandalari

Felt toque worn with triangle of lace edged chiffon

Reboux

Toque in shades of velvet with astrakhan top

Reboux

Agnès

Dark blue "parasisol" or linen straw hat

Agnès

Béret of new chenille jersey

Blue and white print chiffon with interesting back of flat bands finished in godets

Patou

Water green crêpe de Chine with hem-stitched bodice, the upper band a bolero, the lower a slanting belt

Chantal

Lelong

Gray marocain ensemble with cape back three-quarter coat. Frock has fullness in back only

Black broadcloth with gray astrakhan collar and black astrakhan cuffs

Drecoll Beer

A Novel by William J. Locke:

JOSHUA'S VISION

Concluding this stirring Novel of a Lonely Man's Struggle for Happiness

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

(Conclusion)

THE next afternoon Fontana delivered his verdict to Joshua, who had called on him by appointment. A voice of extraordinary quality; an individual voice; almost a tantalizing voice. He agreed with Lesueur. It wanted an undefinable, psychological something to make it an amazing organ. A touch of soul, to put it crudely, was lacking. He explained to his non-musical listener. The most God-gifted chorister with a voice that would stop his colleagues in heaven from quiring to the young-eyed cherubin, had he ever heard one? Had he ever heard the urchin give his rendering of no matter what aria of wonder with a note of passion, a quiver of emotion? Susan, in her way, resembled the blue-eyed boy in the white surplice. He recalled his Trilby and Svengali analogy. A bow at a venture. Nothing, of course, to do with the case. He was dealing with the real and not the fantastic. A prodigious organ signifying nothing. But, on the other hand, it was too rare an organ to be lost; one also perfectly trained up to a point by Lesueur. Lesueur frankly confessed the end of his achievement. In five years' time he would get no more out of her than she had given that morning.

"Then nothing more can be done, as far as I can see," said Joshua

"Ah! That's where I come in," said Fontana, with a rich exotic accent of authority. "As far as I can see, all sorts of things can be done. Everything can be done. Listen, my dear friend. I know nothing about the young lady. I don't ask—" He made a gesture of deprecation. "I only know that she was brought up in one of your little English country places, and, since Madame Robina Dale and yourself took an interest in her, that she has lived in charming retirement in Chelsea. . . . She is—I ask because I am interested—what the French call *jeune fille?*"

"Of course, she is," said Joshua. "As virtuous a girl as ever lived."

"Precisely. She knows, except intellectually, nothing of the things that rend the human soul and the human body with passion and joy and despair. How can she render in the most emotional of all arts, the emotions which she can only conceive as intellectual abstractions?"

"I see what you're getting at," said Joshua. "But I don't see Susan getting at it with you."

"It doesn't matter whether you see or not," said Fontana, with a disarming smile. "She will arrive there on her own account. There is a chaos of unawakened storms beneath those deep eyes that stare out of her tragic face. *Ah! Laissez-moi faire.* Let me have a free hand."

"What the devil do you want to do?" asked Joshua, in some alarm.

"Give her a free hand. Send her away to live her own life," replied Fontana.

"That be hanged!" cried Joshua. "She'll live in comfort while I'm alive, and after I'm dead."

"So much the better. All the more reason." Fontana smiled blandly. "I was not suggesting that you should throw her into the streets. Why? But you could allow a characterful young woman in her middle twenties to live untrammeled in Milan."

"Why Milan of all places?" asked Joshua.

"Because it is only in the Conservatoire of Milan that she could get the training she requires. Send her alone—oh, yes, alone—I insist, that is to say, if you find my counsel of any value, to Milan, financed according to your judgment and, of course apart from finance, it is best to be clear on these things, I will hold myself entirely responsible for the musical side of things."

Joshua rubbed his head and took a cigarette from his case.

"I've been trained as a business man," said he, "and can't be happy unless I get hold of the right end of the stick. Just tell me straight where you come in on all this."

"Your question is perfectly sound and justified," smiled Fontana. "I thought I told you my profession in life was the discovery and the exploitation of vocal talent. That means much knowledge and highly trained judgment. I stake much loyal and specialized work against the possibility of a future reward. I hope to be richer by Miss Keene's future earnings, in what degree fate only can decide. Tens of thousands of honorable men are doing the same as I in the commercial world. But, after all, there is more joy in pushing—that, I think, is your term—a beautiful voice or an artistic temperament than a sanitary appliance."

Joshua went away (*Continued on page 150*)

"Susan's voice suited the plaintive and tender melody and the accompaniment of minor chords, all expressive of the twilight of happiness."

MULLIGATAWNY ~ the Chicken Soup of the Orient

A dish with all the aromatic savoriness of the finest Oriental cooking!

No effort is spared by us to faithfully reproduce this famous delicacy of the Far East. Plump, tender chicken and the finest of Patna Head rice, grown in the fertile valley of the Ganges, are its base. The pick of the market in fresh vegetables; cocoanut from the tropics; a touch of coriander from the Mediterranean.

These are some of the many ingredients, but it's the subtle blending with curry, against a background of East India chutney that gives to Campbell's Mulligatawny the true Eastern tone and flavor. It is truly a soup with a world-wide appeal.

A soup no home kitchen could duplicate. 12 cents a can. Look for the Red-and-White Label.

These choice ingredients in the East India chutney are aged at least two years before using:

Fresh tamarind	Crushed dry ginger
Raisins	Dry English mustard
Currants	Italian garlic
Apples	Salt
Orange peel crystallized	Sugar
Citron crystallized	Cider vinegar
Fresh green ginger	Bermuda onions
Fresh red peppers	

They're all in this enticing Mulligatawny Soup

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

PARIS PREPARES FOR THE SOUTH

(*Concluded from page 67*)

used by her in unusual color combinations in the same gown, such as faint green, faint rose and ivory, or Madonna blue and white, as in the gown sketched by Luza on page 60; a little silver lamé. No stiff velvet, and little stiff satin.

As to the evening silhouette, the chiffon gowns show a tendency to flatten in the back, but to keep their long trailing panels. There is an example from Lelong on page 111 with interesting interlacing of broad bands, and another from Patou on the Last-Minute pages. In the medium materials, I find skirts at Worth's and others which are short back and front and symmetrically long at both sides, instead of in the back only. While many houses retain the long panels in the back, these are now apt to be transparent, as in the model worn by the Marquise de Casa Maury from Worth. The very long back panels in heavier materials are more suitable for formal winter evening occasions, than for the South or for spring.

There is a tendency to put the length back at the side, where it is becoming and in accordance with the universal vogue of uneven hems, without having the "elderizing" effect of a train. Lanvin does this and, as you see, Drécoll-Beer have done it in the model on page 63. Apropos of trains, Vionnet has suppressed them in her mid-season collection. I think women found them too difficult to fit into the conditions of modern life. Her hem-lines are very uneven, and she uses one important panel set rather back on one hip, and shirred at the top. The butterfly effect of a slim body, and wide wings of transparent material in dipping skirts is still very good, particularly in gauzy wing-like materials. While frills running up to the waist in the back are retained by several houses, only Louise-boulanger keeps her decided "poufs," and she replaces them in many models by full panels hung from a tight-fitting bodice.

NEW is the Egyptian feeling which Worth introduces in some evening gowns, the skirt short, rather tight, and lapped over in front, with the curved girdle-line, and the addition of long flat panels in the back. He takes this from men's dress, commenting upon how odd it is that when we return to an historic epoch for inspiration, we usually return to masculine dress, instead of to feminine. He continues to deplore the drab conventionality of men's evening dress by the side of women's colorful variety. Maurice de Waleffe would enthusiastically agree with him, for he has tried for years to bring in a sort of modified court dress for men in the evening, using rich dark colors instead of the invariable black. Mr. Worth also showed me a most interesting picture in a book on Egyptian costume, illustrating the progressive changes in the skirts worn by men, from the very short model, hardly more than a loin cloth, to the flaring ankle length, then short again, then long and tight, finally short and flared, and, as a crowning touch of sophistication, both long and short at the same time.

Suzanne Talbot, a student of Egyptology, has one of the most individual gowns of the season, based on Egyptian dress, but the dress of royalty, both for men and women. It is in white chiffon, with a curved girdle, circular collar and arm bands of oblong pieces of mirror set on a foundation of massed seed-pearls. Narrow hanging panels of chiffon in the front carry out the Egyptian design, and each one, together with all the edges of the gown, is sewn with a bordering row of fine pearls. The arm bands have long attached chiffon streamers, also bordered with pearls.

Evening wraps follow known lines, and use the same materials. Premet shows an interesting one, which is drawn on page 63. This has an upper part of sapphire blue panne velvet, to which are attached skirts of matching chiffon, the dress being of the chiffon. The effect is very pretty. Premet also makes a frilled black chiffon cape to complete a gown of black chiffon embroidered in jet. Jet is still being used for evening; Lanvin shows a gown in flounced black chiffon, with a little jacket with long chiffon weepers in the sleeves, the entire jacket being covered with rows of jet tubes. Several houses have offered that thin sort of evening wrap which is such a delightful addition to evening dress designed to be worn in casinos on the Riviera. There is a pretty example from Chantal on page 59, in one of her unusual color combinations, red and white check, yellow green and dark green. Worth is completing his chiffon evening frocks with fringed chiffon shawls. Vionnet and Paquin are making some evening capes instead of coats.

As to special beach costumes in these collections, they, of course, are designed more for our American Southern beaches than for Europe. It would be a bold bather who would dare the Mediterranean in February. On page 65 is a pyjama from Chantal in a new material called "astrakia," with a rough jersey-like silken surface. The one from Mary Nowitzky is as picturesque as the costume of the old-time southern planter. She shows it with a wide straw hat, as she does many of her beach costumes. Last fall at Biarritz in the season, big Mexican sombreros were worn by smart bathers on the Côte Basque.

Mary Nowitzky is distressed because she says that women do not know how to differentiate between beach suits and swimming suits. She says the true beach costume is fourfold. There is the little frock, easily slipped on over the swimming *maillot*, and worn from the hotel or villa down to the beach. Then there is the pyjama, which one wears for lounging, either with or without a suit underneath it. One takes off either frock or pyjama to go into the water in one's swimming suit, and coming out, one changes into a dry "bathing suit," which usually has a sort of little skirt, or wide "little boy" trouser arrangement, and which is meant for sitting about in, not for the water. At the Lido, you know, one is not admitted to the beach restaurant unless one is in bathing costume or pyjamas, and Madame Nowitzky rightly thinks that a suit which has been in the water is hardly appropriate for lunching. Her beach pyjamas, this year, are extraordinarily picturesque, wearable and charming. Schiaparelli is making real swimming suits of especially tested tweed, belted with pigskin that stands the water.

NOW for the important question of color. Red is strong in many houses, both for day and evening; I feel, however, that red is already a going, rather than a coming color. Just now I see a few red ensembles, usually trimmed with black astrakhan, worn by smart women; while in the evening a red frock or two lights up every smart assembly. Greens, in the opinion of many, are coming on strongly. They are certainly heavily represented in the new collections, especially the yellow and grayish greens, chartreuse, absinthe, tilleul, reséda. At luncheon time, I see a few women in dark green, sometimes trimmed with brown fur, sometimes with gray. The Comtesse de Vallombrosa wears the latter combination. In the evening, there is a good deal of Nile green, and pale leaf green, though no emerald. Yellow will be a good southern color. Worth's new pumpkin yellow is attractive. Madame Jean Charles Worth is wearing one of the short Persian lamb jackets mentioned above, with a plaited black skirt and a blouse of pumpkin yellow. She also wears the Reboux hat which lets the growing hair show in the nape of the neck.

Blue cannot be ignored. It does not seem reasonable to expect it to maintain the overwhelming popularity it has enjoyed for a year. Yet it is still so strong in many collections that one must continue to mention it high in the list. Patou shows more blue models than any other color, by actual count. He continues his own special grayed blues. Lelong also continues his range of blues. The blues known as horizon, recalling the uniform of the *poilu*, sometimes called "washed out" blues in French, are extremely strong in many houses. The shade described as deep sapphire is not only well represented in the best collections, but is extensively worn at the moment by smart women. In the evening I see a great many baby-blue gowns.

Madame Dubonnet, the former Mrs. Nash, is wearing Chanel's lace bolero gown with the skirt very long in the back in this color. Paquin is using a special blue, almost a Madonna shade. Louise-boulanger, as you learn by the drawing on page 60, is combining this Madonna blue with white in a new *pouf* gown.

AS TO browns, the only house to continue them strongly in the mid-season collection is Patou. I see them worn a good deal in the daytime by important people, in fur shades, trimmed with the furs they match. The Queen of Spain came into Worth's the day I was there, wearing a mink coat, and a gown, hat and pumps all matching the lighter shade of the fur.

Though red, dark blue, dark green, and fur browns are seen in the daytime on women of social importance, there is no doubt that black remains their first choice. Black is still preeminently smart. Mrs. Michael Arlen is wearing Vionnet's black suit, trimmed with Persian lamb, and one of the new close felt caps, revealing most of the forehead. Breitschwanz is extraordinarily smart. Madame Agnès lunched at the Ritz one day, wearing a slim breitschwanz coat, with cap of the same, a point running down at the side of her forehead. She wore a black satin Vionnet dress, and a scarf of string-colored tuslikasha, printed in a big open-line check of red and green, with a bunch of natural red and green-leaved roses of exactly the same shades pinned onto the small standing collar of her coat. Her shoes and gloves were both of black antelope, the shoes a three-eyelet oxford. Often I see a yellow flower pinned to a breitschwanz collar, but in general few flowers are worn either in the daytime or the evening. Fewer diamond pins in hats are also to be noted; also fewer diamond bracelets on the same arm in the evening.

To return to black. The Queen of Spain was lunching at the Ritz one day in a black crêpe frock, with a plain V décolleté, a black cloth coat with a large ermine collar, small close black felt hat, off the forehead, with a diamond arrow run through it, a choker necklace of large pearls, with earrings and one big ring of the same. Black and white, especially when the white is ermine, is extremely smart. I have seen some good effects when the blouse was of white satin, the rest of the costume being black, giving the new importance to blouses. Mrs. Julia Thompson is wearing Chanel's imitation broadtail coat, with a short cape in the back, and one long rever of lynx, for the light putty furs on black are still good. She also wears a red ensemble trimmed with Persian lamb. The Marquise de San Carlos often wears Chanel's tweed costume in bright brown and soft green, with a cravat collar of beaver tied once over in front. I see some very good-looking brown tweed costumes at the Ritz, at luncheon. When they are perfectly done and worn with all the proper accessories they hold their own even with velvet and fox ensembles.

THESE are the street colors most in vogue: For Southern wear, the collections give us a range of pale shades, washed-out blues, yellow and gray-greens, pale pinks, yellows, many "off-whites." At the present moment, there are few combinations of pale and strong colors; but these are so effective that they may easily come. Worth is showing an attractive combination of deepest blue and faint yellow for Southern wear. I have a feeling that some smart things will be done in black and white for the South. This combination may receive a touch of red artfully placed. Putty is strong, and gray well represented.

FOR evening, the new collections show us the same range of pale tertiary colors, white, off-whites, thin black, and a little violine, pink, and purple. Sapphire and midnight-blue continue good. Bright red is found everywhere. Some pale orange, in faded nasturtium tones, has been introduced. Molyneux has a new, very drab beige for evening. Worth has a new bright peach-pink. Crevette-pink is found at several houses in an occasional model. Lelong continues his vanilla shades, the darker tones for day and the very pale for evening.

As to accessories, hats are perhaps the most important. In spite of the efforts of the milliners to bring in a larger hat, the majority of women insist upon keeping their heads small. This is because it makes them look taller, and one must be as tall as possible to be smart. One of the most popular hats of the moment is Reboux's Pierrot toque of pieced-together bits of velvet, dragged to one side, with a round of astrakhan at the top. You will see it on the Last-Minute pages. This is made in shades of velvet, especially browns and beige, or in all black, with a play of different materials, satin, felt, and velvet. You will also see on the same pages, Reboux's new scarf, a chiffon triangle bordered with lace, worn in fur colors, inside a fur coat to keep the fur from rubbing the neck. Scarfs are still overwhelmingly represented, by the way.

Chez Agnès, the new combination of béret and turban in a chenille jersey is having a great success. It is drawn on the Last-Minute pages. There is also a sketch of her latest idea, which one might call the "one-ear" hat, instead of the "one-eye" hat we have had for so long. It is made of parasisol, a linen weave straw, oddly curved and cut away on one side to show the ear, or the lock of hair over the ear, and coming down almost to the shoulder on the other side. The profile is pretty against this long side as you see it in the sketch. Agnès is anxious for women to wear something on their heads for the theatre, and so she is making her béret-turban in silver, gold or coppery mesh for evening. They give almost the effect of a metal wig.

A new note on bags. At London Trades', they are showing tweed hats with bags to match mounted in polished wood mountings.

THERE is a new after-the-theatre resort in Paris, the new Bœuf sur le Toit, which has recently taken possession of much enlarged premises. As a matter of fact, the place begins to be jammed at the cocktail hour, and continues so all the evening. The decoration is very successful. Two small yellow rooms, with black woodwork and black furniture, upholstered, as are the wall benches, in thick citron yellow leather, lead to the main room, a large square apartment, decorated with corrugated cardboard which has been silvered with some glittering preparation. On each side of the room are mirrors, large, square, and cut into sections, with colored mercury lights set between the sections, dark blue, light blue, red, and green. These spaces between the sections of mirror also serve as ventilation very efficiently.

In this setting, one finds a truly Parisian crowd—artists, actors, "big business" men, socially known personalities—sitting on the citron yellow wall benches, or jammed at the center tables. The women come in either street or evening dress, black usually, often amusing little pulled down hats, and odd "arty" jewelry. Dancing goes happily on among the tables, that vertical sort of dancing which introduces all sorts of new "holds" adapted to the confined space. Drinks and refreshments are whirled over the heads of the guests; all are good, none are expensive, and champagne is optional. No wonder the place is crowded!

CARON CORP., 389 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

ACCENTING INDIVIDUALITY

(*Concluded from page 73*)

I should therefore not have had time to change"—is no excuse at all.

Traveling clothes — tweeds, jerseys, stripes and scarfs—can nowadays be so supremely chic as to be even smarter at the Ritz at 7 p. m. than any elaborate afternoon ensemble. Anyway, even quite ordinary traveling clothes at the Ritz at 7 p. m. would have been smarter than breitschwanz, a dressy hat, and high-heeled patent-leather shoes with steel buckles for traveling between London and Paris!

Barbara, after hurriedly greeting me, had flung both herself and her cigarette out of the room, exclaiming, "Back in a moment; start dinner without me."

"Isn't she adorable?" her mother said. "Even at Victoria station this morning, all ready, dressed for her cocktail party at the Ritz in Paris. I couldn't help admiring her."

To see her all dressed up for a journey seemed to me a catastrophe. I was positively aghast, but couldn't help it. Barbara considers all clothes to be suitable for any occasion, as long as she happens to fancy herself in them.

Though the young woman was a long time dressing, it was worth while having waited when she finally appeared. Her white satin pyjama suit, severely plain, almost tailored, was perfect, her trousers long and baggy and the comfortable cardigan-shaped red velvet jacket worn over it produced a very smart appearance. On both her wrists sparkled two-inch diamond bands. "Bracelets," she said, "given me by Jack, my fiancé. Aren't they beauties?"

During the evening heated discussions were indulged in as to which of the various dressmaking houses we should go to. Barbara had been very obstinate and decidedly fractious. Had I suggested Patou, she would have replied with Callot, and when I casually mentioned a house which specialized in wedding-gowns, she asserted Lanvin would make hers, and no one else.

"To start with, I must have a morning with Lucienne at Reboux's," she said, "to combine shapes and colors for new hats. I shall wear nothing but turbans this season. I am tired of everlasting felt. Why not go to Reboux's to-morrow morning?"

"Wouldn't it be preferable to order your clothes first? Why begin with accessories?"

"Don't be tiresome. I've ordered most of my clothes in England, and know exactly what I require. Anyhow, I am anxious to know what's worn. Let's meet there to-morrow. For the present I beg to be excused. I am worn out, I must have some rest. So good-night! Remember, Reboux's at 11.30, Callot's at 3. I've telegraphed Madame Irène to expect me. I need a few more evening gowns I can't get in London."

ON SENDING over to Reboux's in the morning, Lucienne replied that she'd not be free before twelve. Nevertheless, Barbara insisted on getting there half an hour earlier and had to wait. In the meantime there was much to amuse us.

Paraded on a pretty, newly-engaged mannequin we saw a wine-colored velvet cap, almost Shakespearian in character. It had a Florentine brim, from which it derives its name *le Florentin*. The girl showed this hat with a perfectly plain, knee-length cape of wine-colored velvet to match the hat, which was lined with velvet, almost scarlet in shade.

Scarfs and capes to harmonize with hats, fairylike incrustations of different textures forming geometrical patterns in velvet, metal tissues or transparent gauzes, often very daring in color, are the greatest novelties among what is very new at Reboux's this season.

Barbara suddenly discovered a hat, shown by the pretty mannequin. "This is the sort of thing to suit me," she said. "I must try it on at once."

What Barbara tried on proved to be an almost cone-shaped turban-like toque of sapphire-blue velvet, encircled by small incrusted squares of velvet shading from lavender to turquoise. The point of the turban was formed of black astrakhan. With it goes an upstanding astrakhan neckpiece, tied on in front with a large blue velvet bow.

"Isn't it smart? I shall have to get a fringe of tiny curls, for the back of such hats," Barbara remarked. "No, I would certainly not dream of letting my hair grow because of a hat. I'm already too old to imagine that long hair may ever again be considered chic. These are, nowadays, school-girl notions."

"Antoine shall make a fringe of curls to be sewn into hats! I know quite a number of women with boxes full of *postiches*. It is so easy to pin them on. False hair often *makes* a hat!"

LATER, the same day at Callot's. Lady Angleford and Barbara had watched *la Collection* from its very beginning.

Madame Irène and her *secondes*, each of them armed with a pencil, take down the names of the models Barbara seems to have fancied.

"*Voyez, Mademoiselle Barbara*. This very nice lace gown, black lace over white lace. *Très nouveau*. Not as yet sold to importers. This other, my special favorite, turquoise lace over beige. *Le mouvement est très gracieux*."

It is a pink crêpe gown, the skirt part being formed of four widening flounces in deepest mauve. Short both front and back, there are long points on each side.

"The unusual feature," I remark, "is the three large pink roses, one above the other in front, from low waist-line to skirt-hem. They look like three large buttons."

What I take special note of is that Callot is very faithful to the fashion of artificial flowers on evening gowns. This being my first visit since the early autumn, I am much interested in the collection, particularly in a stunning net ball gown of the kind *les sœurs Callot* invented and still do better than anyone else.

The one just passing is of turquoise net shading downward to deep violet in the low-hanging points of the skirt. There are turquoise, green and violet flowers down the front of the gown. A daring creation.

I overhear Barbara ordering *Metropolis*, an unmistakable Callot, of figured blue velvet, beautiful but slightly extreme on hobble-skirt lines, with a fish-tail train. Much too daring for anyone as young as Barbara.

In rapid succession five or six mannequins now pass before us, all together, in a ravishing bunch. I can't take in all the details. I have merely an impression of seeing yellow crêpe brocaded in gold and brown, and of a long train sweeping past me. I am not quite certain whether the train depends from the gown or is part of the wrap. The latter is trimmed with deep orange fox and dark red roses. All of it is one mass of trailing draperies.

A cerise velvet gown is noticeable because of its being devoid of sleeves, in spite of a high neck and what appears to be a ruby dog-collar. There seems to be a black net foundation peeping from underneath the velvet skirt part!

Barbara and Madame Irène are having a long and earnest conversation. Barbara seems to have placed a very good order. Madame Irène is all smiles.

Intent on being civil, Barbara wants to know if I approve of her selection. Whether I approve or not would make little difference. I therefore applaud her choice.

As a matter of fact, she selects well, even if not wisely, as I personally prefer young women to be dressed more simply than in *Goya*, for instance, or in *l'Oiseau bleu*, two magnificent gowns, the latter a vision of sapphire blue over a hooped petticoat, the skirt one solid mass of drooping lavender ostrich feathers, and *Goya* a black velvet robe de style combined with a circular white ermine cape lined in black and bordered by wide flounces of heavy gold lace. Very stunning, of course, but what will Barbara wear at fifty if this is what she selects at twenty? Childish muslin frocks, most likely, with pinafore skirts.

It's five o'clock. Barbara shows signs of impatience. "I don't intend ordering an evening coat at Callot's," she says to me, when Madame Irène left us to greet a client. "Let's go elsewhere, to a furrier. I need warmth, not mere brocade and roses. Where can we go?"

"Next door, to Max of course. Madame Leroy is supreme, a great artist. There is no one to beat her; she is a real wizard in furs."

Barbara seems to have heard of Madame Leroy before. "Very good," she says, "let's go at once."

A FEW moments later, at Fourrures Max, Madame Leroy, a bit of red ribbon in the buttonhole of her silver-gray coatgown (official recognition of her abilities), received us in an all silver-gray setting!

"Now, show us all this young lady may need," I tell her. "We have come to be tempted."

"Alice, Andrée, bring out our newest models *pour Mademoiselle*, and tell Léonie to show my last creation, *Le fourreau-Redingote*. This is merely a shape and can be carried out in any fur, even in texture."

Enters Léonie wrapped in Hudson Bay seal, trimmed with badger. A long coat with a narrow under-part. There are side pieces, flaring from the hips downward, cut all in one with the top, the basque part, however, left unattached both front and back.

"The last word in style," Madame Leroy tells us, "a true lady's coat."

Madame Leroy prides herself on using correct qualifications and is past-master in the knowledge of creating atmosphere. She has quite won over Barbara, who wishes to know the difference between blaireau and lynx.

"It looks like the same fur to me."

Madame Leroy explains that badger is smarter because the small dark brown patches on the light background "give it a more modern appearance. It's softer than lynx; it is unfortunately very costly."

"I am not surprised," Barbara says, "everything attractive invariably is."

"The collar on this other coat, however, is lynx," Madame Leroy tells us, "not blaireau. Don't you think it looks splendid on a red velvet wrap, for theatre parties or dinner in restaurants? The flare of the coat is all to one side, an original cut, isn't it? With it goes a lynx muff. I call muffs romantic, don't you? Women are clamoring for them this season. It's one of the features of my winter collection."

We are watching a spotless white ermine cape being shown to a client across the room. It has a widely scalloped border.

"Come over, Léonie, show Mademoiselle your cape. There is absolutely no collar. It is finished off by two wide scarfs which tie into a huge bow-knot on the left shoulder almost under the chin. Very new and very smart.

"I should think this peach-colored wrap, all peach satin and peach foxes, would suit Mademoiselle even better."

"Isn't it rather too delicate in color for winter wear?" Barbara inquires.

"It might be made in beige satin," Madame Leroy says, "or better still in a mellowed golden velvet with fox dyed to match. A harmony in gold would be beautiful."

"Did I hear you suggest blue fox to the lady sitting by the window?"

"Yes, blue fox is undoubtedly the most fashionable pelt just at present. It is even preferred to silver fox. The term blue merely indicates a tone of beige, the bluish tinge being almost imperceptible.

"Alas! you've guessed right, it's a very expensive fur. However, let me show you my *renards bleu lustre*, white fox dyed to imitate blue fox. An imitation, *inimitable* elsewhere. Half-price, almost as effective as fox really born blue."

Madame Leroy has the gift of knowing how to praise what she admires. She loves her furs. Her enthusiasm is contagious. She has persuaded Barbara to decide on a set of "near" blue foxes.

Result: Barbara has ordered an evening coat on the lines of the famous *fourreau-Redingote*.

NEXT afternoon we meet at Lanvin's. Sketches for wedding-gowns are to be shown us, actual gowns as well. On arriving, we find a bevy of young women expecting us. All of them in a flutter. The selection of a wedding-gown in any French dressmaking establishment always gives rise to much excitement.

Barbara has asked for plain white satin and on being shown a lovely model, with a bell-shaped skirt of many points, of which two form a train, has almost decided upon it.

"Let's have a look at some others before you finally make up your mind," I say. "Aren't you afraid of appearing short and stumpy in so wide a skirt?"

"You may be right. Let's see some others," Barbara replies.

The next model shown is a gown of white moire, shot with silver, long and medieval in line, with decorations of silver and rhinestone daisies hanging way down like a three-tiered necklace of flowers in front of the bodice.

Lady Angleford, however, in her best French declares this model to be "too theatrical for my daughter. I consider daisies, anyway, to be unsuited for a bride."

For once, Barbara agrees and a compromise is reached by keeping to the shape, perfect in style, but having it carried out in white velvet of that new transparent quality resembling a rather heavy kind of mousseline de soie. The very narrow-looking gown is to reach down to the feet in front, the line merely interrupted by a succession of horizontal gathers forming a wide band of tiny pin plaits around the waist. Tight sleeves of velvet are to end below the elbow, from there on becoming net, sparkling with embroidery, down to the wrist. The embroidery to resemble a succession of armlets. The neck-line Barbara wishes finished off by an embroidery, which is to give the impression of a three-strand necklace of rhinestone stars. The tight-fitting cap to be composed of diamond bands, from under which is to fall the net veil reaching to the end of the very long train.

Another feature of this lovely costume, a truly Lanvin touch, is to be an oval, capelike arrangement of net, lightly embroidered with sparkling stars, hanging from the shoulders like a mantle and forming a second much shorter net train rejoining the veil.

THE remainder of Barbara's stay in Paris was mostly given over to Reboux's, each hat having to be shaped on the girl's patient head.

"I rarely buy hats in London," Barbara said, "but I do most of my clothes."

Here, at last, was my chance of hearing a typically British point of view.

"Tell me about them, pray!"

"Clothes made in England suit English surroundings, are most appropriate to the kind of life we lead."

"Better than Paris clothes?" I interrupted.

"Not exactly, but one can't be expected to cross the Channel for every gown one needs, can one? You seem to think nothing exists outside of Paris. How surprised you'd be to find London much more up-to-date than you imagine. Dressmakers, for one, are excellent. Much, of course, is imported from Paris, but many of the best models shown are original British creations."

"Do you mean to say—actually designed by Englishmen?" I interrupted.

"Why, of course. Remember—Worth and Redfern were English! And what about Molyneux? Why not come over and form your own opinion?"

"I might possibly, but on one condition."

"Which is?"

"Your proving to me in London not the superiority, no, merely the excellence of British dressmaking. Make your demonstration sufficiently inspiring for me to find it worth while writing about for Harper's Bazar."

"It's a bargain. When will you be over?"

"Some time next week."

At sixteen Jane Kendall excelled in riding and every sport. "Beauty and the Beast" this portrait with her Great Dane was called.

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At eighteen came her Washington debut in this Lanvin frock. They called her "the prettiest girl that ever entered the White House."

At nineteen her marriage to a distinguished young New Yorker was the outstanding event of the smart Washington season.

At twenty Mrs. Mason is a radiant favorite among young society matrons. Here she is snapped at her father's Maryland estate.

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Mrs. George Grant Mason, Jr.

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This perfection of her pale anemone skin she owes to the four simple steps to beauty that so many lovely young moderns follow. "I've used Pond's Creams," she says, "ever since I can remember.

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FIFTH AVENUE AT 57TH ST.

BEAUTY

(Concluded from page 79)

that for me. My money gone. Everything I wrote was dead.

I had grown a little shabby. My hair was long and I was thin.

Lots of times I have thought of suicide when I cannot write. Every writer has such times.

Alice took me to a man in an office building. "You give this man a thousand dollars."

"What the devil, Alice? What for?"

"Because I say so. He can write, just as you can make money. He has talent. He is discouraged now, is on his uppers. He has lost his pride in life, in himself. Look at the poor fool's lips trembling."

It was quite true. I was in a bad state.

In me a great surge of love, for Alice. Such a woman! She became beautiful to me.

She was talking to the man.

"The only value I can be to you is now and then when I do something like this."

"Like what?"

"When I tell you where and how you can use a thousand dollars and use it sensibly.

"To give it to a man who is as good as yourself, who is better. When he is down—when his pride is low."

ALICE came from the mountains of East Tennessee. You would not believe it. When she was twenty-four, at the height of her power as a singer, she had seemed tall. The reason I speak of it was that when I knew her she appeared short—and thick.

Once I saw a photograph of her when she was young.

She was half vulgar, half lovely.

She was a mountain woman who could sing. An older man, who had been her lover, told me that at twenty-four and until she was thirty, she was like a queen.

"She walked like a queen," he said. To see her walk across a room or across the stage was something not to be forgotten.

She had lovers, a dozen of them in her time.

Then she had a bad period—for two years she drank and gambled.

Her life had apparently become useless to her and she tried to throw it away.

But people who believe in themselves make others believe. Men who had been lovers of Alice never forgot her. They never went back on her.

They said she gave them something. She was sixty when I knew her.

Once she took me up to the Adirondacks. We went together in a big car with a negro driver to a house that was half a palace. It took us two days to get up there.

The whole outfit belonged to some rich man.

It was a time when Alice said she was flat. "I gave you something once when you were flat, now come with me," she had said when she saw me in New York.

She did not mean flat as regards money. She was spiritually flat.

So we went and stayed alone together in a big house. There were servants there. That had been provided for. I don't know how.

We had been there a week and Alice had been silent. One evening we went to walk.

It was in a wild country. There was a lake before the house and a mountain at the back.

It was a chilly night with a clear sky and a moon, and we walked in a country road.

Then we began to climb the mountain. I can remember Alice's thick legs and her stockings coming down.

She was short-winded, too. She kept stopping to puff and blow.

We plowed on silently like that. Alice, at herself, was seldom silent.

We got clear to the top of the mountain before she spoke.

She talked about what flatness is, how it hits people—floors them. Houses gone all flat, people all flat, life flat. "You think I'm courageous," she said. "The devil with that. I haven't the courage of a mouse."

We sat down on a stone and she began to tell me of her life. It was an odd, complex story, told in that way, in little jerks by an old woman.

There it was, the whole thing. She had come down out of the Tennessee mountains as a young girl to the city of Nashville, in Tennessee.

She got in with a singing master there who knew she could sing. "Well, I took him as a lover. He wasn't so bad."

The man spent money on her, he interested some Nashville rich man.

That man also may have been her lover. Alice did not say. There were plenty of others.

One of them—he must have amounted to less than any of the others—she had loved.

She said he was a young poet. There was something crooked in him. He did sneaking things.

That was when she was past thirty and he was twenty-five. She lost her head, she said, and of course lost him.

It was then she went to drinking, gambled, went broke. She declared she lost him because she loved him too much.

"But why wasn't he any good? Why did you have to love that sort?"

She did not know why. It had happened.

It must have been an odd experience in the life of such a strong person. It may have been the experience that had tempered her.

BUT I was speaking of beauty in people, what an odd thing it is, how it appears, disappears, and reappears.

I got a glimpse of Alice that night.

It was when we were coming back to the house, from the mountain, down the road.

We were on a hillside and stout Alice was in front. There was a muddy stretch of road and then a wood and then an open space.

The moonlight was in the open space and I was in the woods, in the darkness of the wood, but a few steps behind.

She crossed the open space ahead of me and there it was.

The thing lasted but a fleeting second. I think that all of the rich powerful men Alice had known, who had given her money, helped her when she needed help, and who have got so much from her, must have seen what I saw then. It was what the man saw in the woman by the mountain cabin and what the other man saw in the horse-trader's woman in the road.

Alice when she said she was flat wasn't flat. Alice trying to shake off the memory of an unsuccessful love.

She was walking across the open moonlit stretch of road like a queen, as that man who was once her lover said she used to walk across a room or across a stage.

The mountains out of which she came as a child must have been in her at the moment and the moon and the night.

Myself in love with her, madly, for a moment.

Is any one in love longer than that?

Alice shaking her head slightly. There may have been a trick of the light. Her stride lengthened and she became tall, and young. I remember stopping in the woods and staring. I was like the two other men of whom I have spoken. I had a cane in my hand and it fell to the ground. I was like the man in the road and the other man in the field.

ULTIMATUM

THOUGH great his grief, who prays as sorrows bid,
"Ah, Love, forgive, I knew not what I did,"
Yet deeper far his agony who cries:
"Ah, Love, forgive. I sinned with open eyes!"

Charlotte Becker

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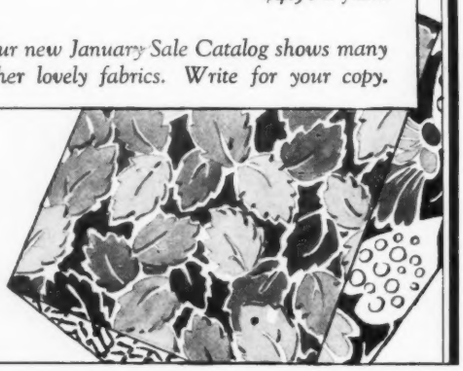

PILGRIMAGE

(*Continued from page 69*)

village and some desultory shouts across the harbor reminded me that it was the eve of the first Sunday in July, a date observed annually in Cassis-sur-Mer as the day for the fishermen's pilgrimage.

Heaven, perhaps, from years of this exuberant intercession, may know what it is all about, but there are different stories along the coast. A dilapidatedly new little chapel stands among the scrub pines a couple of kilometers away from the town, a trifle abashed in its complete disuse on every Sunday, save this one, on the calendar. It was put there, they say in the village, by a fisherman who promised in a fearful storm to do, if he were saved, some work to the glory of God. The chapel was his modest payment of the debt, and Cassis, living so stoically by that pagan sea, had wrought out of it, I suppose, some pagan temple of appeasement, worshiping probably whatever gods they thought could bend those waters most helpfully to their nets.

Surely I know there was none of the solemnity of Christian ritual about the preliminaries, but rather the festive spirit of older nature worships. Little detachments of pilgrims began to come up the hillside, singing and laughing and talking as they passed along the road below the hotel. Cassis's band, split into mournful sections, trickled by, and some were dancing the wide capers of the farandole. Others carried uncertain paper lanterns on the ends of poles, and the whole procession straggled past, an unkempt and rowdy pilgrimage, all having, as one suspects pilgrims have always had, the time of a life.

All, I should say, but one, for I noticed in the uneasy light of one of the lanterns the woman I had seen in the bus a few hours before. To be astonished at any number of things was inevitable; at her presence, for instance, as the only stranger, the only alien, in a strictly local ceremony, but most of all you would have been astonished—anyone, indeed, might have been dumbfounded, at the expression on her face, at the whole movement and gesture of her in that turbulent gang.

SHE was set and rigid, galvanized into a sort of jointed effigy, looking straight off and seeing, I suspected from the glaze of her stare, nothing whatever, not even the automobile which, swerving into the bottom of the road, raked the mob with its headlights, and struck from her eyeballs two swift and glittering flashes, dead white even in the ruby glow of the paper lanterns. She walked that way as far as my sight could follow, fascinated, until the marchers twisted around the curve of the beach, and went up the road beyond.

I sat on the balcony long after the band had drowned its foolish tootling in the distance and wondered, as one will in an obsession of the fantastic, over something incredible and spiritually wayward, for I had got from that merest glimpse, an indefinable sense of orgy, a suggestion akin, perhaps, to some elaborate ritual in the midst of a black mass. It all seemed, somehow, lewd and terrible, as if, in fact, an already corrupt ceremony had been doubly profaned by a grim and monstrous mockery.

For a while the temptation of following her presented itself, so acute was this natural curiosity in an event that seemed peculiarly baffling. But it seemed that such a brazen attempt might defeat its own purposes, and after thinking about it for a long time, remembering in fierce detail every second of that astonishing pilgrimage, I gave it up, with mental reservation. To-morrow, I thought, the town will have something to say, or George will know, or there will be gossip on the bathing beach.

Since no one mentioned the incident at the morning swim, when many of the pilgrims were then splashing about in a frankly secular manner, I said something about it to one of the young Frenchmen, and he said evasively that it was a very good pilgrimage.

"There were many people," I suggested, "and an *étrangère*."

"Oh, yes," he replied, "the American was here," and forthwith plunged overboard in that flat dive with which the French, early in life, strengthen their digestions.

Obviously the definite article told its own story. She had, as I had guessed, been there before, and it was easy enough to infer that it was for the same purpose.

Madame at the *tabac*, whose tongue was usually hung in the middle in two languages, declined enigmatically to add anything to my store of information, except the opinion that mademoiselle, the American, was without doubt, very droll.

"Why," I finally asked in desperate bluntness, "does she come here?" but the direct attack elicited simply the assurance that God knew, which was as little help to my curiosity as it was evidently intended to be.

SO I went and sat down in the Lieutaud's café, by the quai, and ordered a Pernod. I had been sitting there some time when the woman of the pilgrimage, looking still tense and haggard, sat down at a nearby table and began abstractedly to have her coffee, and to eat croissants.

Since she gave me an unsmiling and almost involuntary recognition with her eyes as I looked up, I nodded, though the result of the whole thing was to place us on a basis of frigid politeness, from which I despaired of attaining any nearer contact.

So we sat there, I prolonging my drink to what must have been a new world's record, and she, having finished her coffee and roll, fell to smoking in a sort of hurried frenzy, as if there was just so much time left on the clock for doing it. The others at the café dwindled away toward luncheon, and the drowsy feeling of siesta-time fell over the town with the tangible but invisible touch of a summer's mistral.

Finally we were left, the sole occupants of the terrace. She was sitting out near the edge, where the sycamores lined the curb, and I could see that the sun was pushing the white margin of its heat nearer and nearer her chair. She moved farther off, and ultimately to the next table, directly against my own. Such minor incidents can give, in a deserted café, a sudden sense of intimacy, and I felt that she felt it, too.

"You saw me, I suppose, last night," she said with an abrupt and slightly startling note of harshness in her voice, a note that seemed of itself to raise a barrier of defense and hostility.

"Yes," I said, shrugging to indicate that after all it was none of my business.

"And I suppose, too," she added, without apparently noticing the gesture, "that you ask questions."

"You will admit it is unusual," I replied, pulling my chair up to her table.

"I will tell you, then; not because I want to tell you particularly but because, somehow, I've got to tell somebody—somebody in Cassis, even a stranger like myself."

She threw her cigarette into the ashtray, already piled high with the butts of many others, some of them, I observed, pinked with the diminishing color of her lipstick.

The stub lay there a few seconds, still reeking with the dying fumes, which women, apparently, do not mind, so I leaned over and killed the coals with a match.

SHE smiled a little, at that, and began to talk, and her face, once it had lost in animation the set expression of sullen listlessness, took on a rather charming mobility, which gave its regular features certain fitful qualities of beauty. I was so fascinated at the evanescent changes wrought by her talking, that for a moment I did not hear exactly what she said, but had the impression that it was something about there being, usually, a good reason for most of the things people do.

"I assume," I said, "that you have done this before."

"Many times," she said, "every year, in fact, since I came here with him for the first time after the war. We had just been married, and Cassis was to be as much of a honeymoon as we could afford. He had come over toward the end and

(*Concluded on page 122*)

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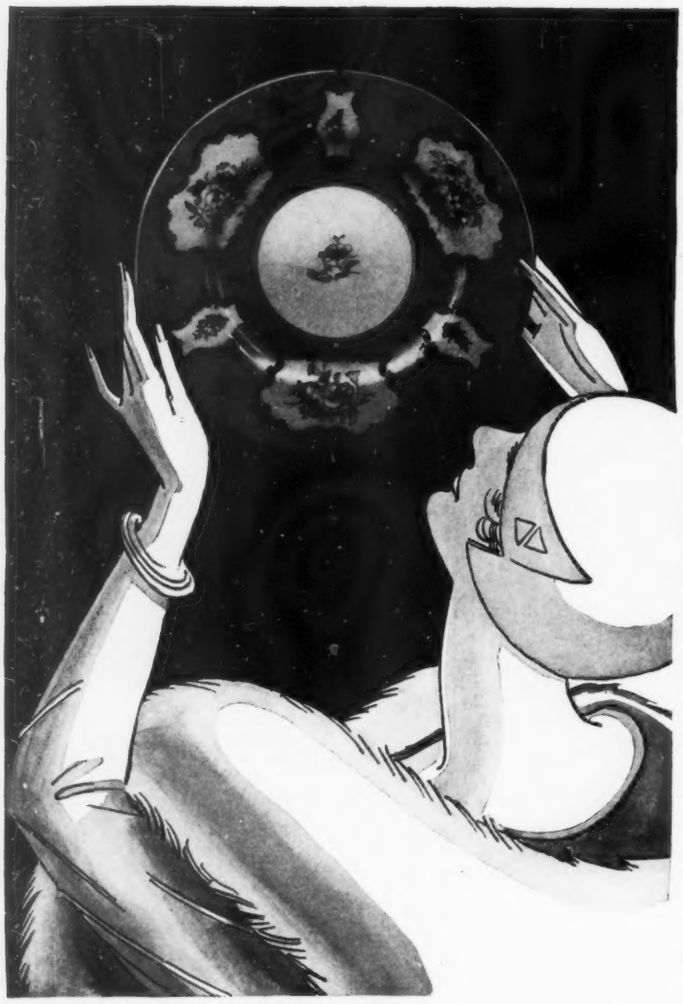

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PILGRIMAGE

(*Concluded from page 120*)

had just reached the front when the Armistice came, while I had been in one of the American offices in Paris, for—I don't know—nearly a year. He wangled some sort of transfer to Paris, which was likely to keep him here on office duty and then enrolled for study in the army classes at Poitiers. The next spring we were married in Lyons and took a morning train for Marseilles. There is only an afternoon train down the coast, at least I think there is. Anyway, we came in the same train we were in yesterday, and came down, probably, in that same bus.

"God knows why we came to Cassis. I think he had been here once with a detachment of German prisoners. You know they had prisoners here working in that limestone quarry behind the first *calangue*. I believe they were taking out stone for some sort of canal along the Rhone, but it doesn't matter. He thought it was a nice, quiet, cheap place to go, and so we came.

"For a day or so we had a swell time, you know, swimming and all that. He was a marvelous swimmer, and even taught me to get along a little bit, and I could manage when he was right beside me. He had an absolute obsession about sailing one of those crazy fishing boats, but the French have a funny law about licenses, or something, and nobody would rent him a boat. He finally nagged some Italian, you know there are lots of them here, though they don't admit it much now that anti-Fascist agitators have taken to skipping over the border—he nagged this fellow into taking us out, and agreeing to let him handle the boat.

"I wasn't much for it, but it seemed amusing, and anyway he would have kicked up an awful row if I had let him down at the last minute. So we went out. It was sort of roughish, and once beyond the mole the little tub rocked all over the bay. I didn't like it very well, but he was having the time of his life.

"The Italian sneaked the boat along the wind over there by the cape, and when we got beyond the shelter of the headland, the sea was all over the place. It seemed to me to be getting worse, and I said I wanted to go back, but the fisherman had told him he could sail it with the wind, and so we turned around pretty soon, and he took control. By that time she was lying over on her side and going like the devil, shipping a lot of wet, but riding pretty much anything that came along."

HER voice seemed to be going very fast and her hands, which had been lying in her lap, clutched the sides of a flat leather hand-bag, until it was bent almost double.

"You'd better have a drink," I said, but apparently she didn't hear.

"Maybe this kept up a long time," she said, "I don't remember; sometimes it seems to have been most of my life. And I don't know exactly when it dawned on me that he was scared to death. Probably the fisherman had been for some time, though God knows he must have seen worse days than that in that same water and in that same boat. But not, apparently, with somebody else at the rudder. He stumbled back from where he was sitting to take control and I saw him crumple suddenly as the boat heaved up over a wave. I tried to help him up, but his leg was broken, and his nerve had gone in that sudden way it does sometimes among Latins when they are faced by the unexpected. He was practically in a panic and, I guess, considerable pain.

"I yanked and hauled at him for a while, and got him propped up in the little cage affair they have on those boats for steering, and he tried to swing her around out of the wind, yelling all the time for the other man to get at the engine.

"Do you know," she asked, then, in an oddly quieter voice, "where Port Miau is?"

"Yes," I answered, for I, along with everyone else who went to Cassis, had been out to see that majestic gully which the sea had made in the limestone coast, a sort of jagged and precipitous fjord, called locally a *calangue*. And Port Miau is the name of the most beautiful and most desolate of the *calangues*.

"Yes, of course," I said.

"Well," she went on, "we were heading straight for it, on some weird notion that we could find shelter behind its promontory. That Italian was moaning and cursing and praying all in the same breath. I remember something about a chapel and a half-insane promise to make a pilgrimage to it, and I remember how foolishly it occurred to me then that I didn't know there was a chapel up on the cliff—as if it made any difference.

"A minute or two after that the sail went over, and there seemed to be a rather staggering silence, and a feeling of a lull, broken at once by the insane chattering of the Italian. He wanted us to promise something, but I couldn't make out, in his mixture of French and Italian dialect, what it was.

"From the engine pit the other man, furious, I could see, with the anger fear sometimes arouses in men, yelled, 'Go to hell, you damn fool, and shut up. I'll promise anything to get out of this mess.'

"Obviously the Italian couldn't understand, for he kept up his moans and curses and prayers. I had got down under one of those boards that run across the middle of boats like that, and could see the fisherman lift himself up by the arm, out of the rudder place, and start clambering along the edge of the boat, and I saw, too, in a sort of trance, the other man plunge overboard. Somehow, at that moment, it seemed incredibly irrelevant, and I remember wondering in a kind of mental vacuum, if he could swim. It is, as a matter of fact, the last thing I remember about being in the boat, for it must have been hours afterwards when I discovered that it was night, and that I was lying on something jagged and slippery and soaking wet.

"You know that big flat rock that lies at the mouth of Port Miau; that was it. We had smashed on its slimy edge and the sea had flung, I guessed, at least me up to the level top of it. I doubt if I even wondered where the others were, or whether I remembered that there were any others until I noticed in the moaning of the wind and sea, a thinner and more penetrating moan. I tried to creep toward it, and it was so dark I came near falling off the rock. You couldn't see anything, except now and then a sheet of spray crashing up from the sea.

"I clung there all night, or what was left of it, for I don't suppose it was many hours before there was a glimmering in the hills behind Cassis. I know that after a long while the moaning stopped, and that I could begin to make out the bulk of the mainland and the outlines of the rock. But it was some time before I could see the Italian. He was wedged between two sharp jutting rocks, and it was easy to tell, even from where I was lying, that he was dead, possibly from the leg, the fall, or perhaps drowning. Perhaps all three. I don't know. I never saw him again. They took me off the rock when the sea went down."

"So you come here," I said, as she stopped, "to carry out that promise you didn't make, and to mourn for them both."

"There was," she said, with all that glaring hardness back in her face, "only one that died."

AND it dawned on me in stunning impact why she made that crazy journey and that mocking tramp to the chapel. I thought of her grim jubilation, a sort of empty jeer at the fates which long ago shook the three out of that boat, and saved her life only to make her lose it slowly and tediously in this hankering vengeance, a fate that had snatched her out of quick death, only to give her the mortal agony of living it. I'm afraid I shuddered, perhaps perceptibly, at the horrid stare in her eyes, and knew why it is they close the eyes of the dead.

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The new Country Club Beauty Box from Marie Earle has a clever detachable rubber apron for protecting one's clothes.

THE COSMETIC URGE

Sunburn—For and Against

By REBECCA STICKNEY

THE Palm Beach season looms in sight, which in the language of cosmetics means—don't forget to change your make-up. Old Sol will have a lot to say about it, anyhow, so you might as well go prepared, for nothing is more unattractive than a pink-and-white look about the face when the arms and neck have become a decided *café au lait*.

The clever woman knows from experience just what shade of tan is the most becoming, and accordingly visits her favorite beauty salon for the purpose of buying aids or protectives and, most important, the right powder, rouge and lip salve to blend most perfectly with her new appearance.

There's a lot of art behind a good brown, whether it is faked or real. Some women with very sensitive, thin skins can not stand long exposure to the sun, no matter how assiduously they apply oil. The net result is over-weathering—which adds unwanted years! To avoid this, yet at the same time wishing to acquire a harmonious, healthy tan, they use a sunburn make-up. There are a number of awfully good ones. Helena Rubinstein has a splendid cream called Sun Tan, which is sunproof and waterproof and may be applied to the face, neck and arms. Moisten the surface of the skin and you will be delighted to see how evenly this cream goes on, producing a grand golden hue. There's also a dark powder that goes with it. If you are silly enough to get an ugly red burn, her Sunburn Cream is miraculously soothing, and to prevent this deplorable condition she has brought back from France a new oil which you rub well into the skin before putting yourself in the sun to toast! For the benefit of those few stray souls who prefer the rôle of a languid lily, you can keep your porcelain skin by staying out of the sun and using Madame Rubinstein's Eau d'Or, a fragrant lemon lotion which bleaches sunburn and freckles, and her Complexion Bleach, a cream to be applied at night.

Marie Earle has a splendid artificial tan make-up. Blanc Gras, her finishing-cream in the sunburn shade, is worked into the face, a touch of light paste rouge for the cheeks and lips, and a finishing coat of her new powder—which is smoother in texture and slightly heavier than the old. Incidentally, if you are headed South, you will be enchanted with Miss Earle's Country Club Beauty Box, which is a perfect size to keep in your locker. It has a large mirror in the top and the most unique pink rubber apron attached to the front of the box, which ties at the back of the neck—thereby protecting the clothes from creams and powder. In the kit are the Essential Cream and Cucumber Lotion (which are always used together), a bottle of the soothing Freshener Lotion to remove all traces of cream, a bottle of special lotion for irritations such as mosquito or fly bites, and a box of powder—everything the fastidious woman could need to care for her skin quickly after exercise. Another novelty of this house is the make-up head-band of pink rubberized material which has an elastic inset, and snaps securely in the back, completely protecting the hair.

Dorothy Gray is bringing out a new Sunburn Cream, in liquid form, which prevents the skin from burning, but allows it to tan gradually. This is quite different from the oils, and has somewhat the same consistency as a liquid powder. It has a strong floral odor, which is very pleasant, and is supposed to be rubbed all over the exposed parts of the body. Elizabeth Arden's Protecta Cream, which is for the same purpose, is most popular and comes in a convenient large tube, also in an attractive pink jar.

Saks-Fifth Avenue is importing a wonderful oil from France for the South. It is redolent of verbena, and may be had in liquid form—or more perfect, to my mind, in paste form in a metal container that looks for all the world like a large shaving-stick, and is most handy to carry around in the pocket of one's beach robe. When this paste is rubbed over the skin it changes to a liquid oil which the tissues and the sun gradually absorb. By the way, any time you are in that store and don't particularly care for the sudden reflection of yourself in one of their numerous mirrors, stop by the tiny salon of Custom Made Cosmetics on the third floor behind the French Millinery Salon and have the deficiency remedied. Here the art of make-up, according to your special type, is demonstrated on you by Mademoiselle Nanette, who was trained by Mme. Carrier Belleuse to take her place when she returned recently to Paris. In five minutes she will make you over, jot down in her large book your exact prescriptions, so that if you are pleased you may telephone in at any time and simply re-order by number. Quite a unique service—and what flattering results!

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SOCIETY FOLLOWS THE SUN

(Concluded from page 83)

largely responsible for this change, because women here have the leisure, the money and the perfect places to wear every type of clothes.

Do not misunderstand me. Fitness is, and always will be, the first art quality. Over-dressing could never be good dressing. Tweed is one of the high favorites for practical wear. French genius has made this English virtue charming. For instance, Miss Melissa Yuille wears a short skirt and long coat and a small cloche hat, all of tawny tweed. The accompanying blouse was of creamy-beige jersey that harmonized most happily with the suit. The coat had a straight standing collar, and was furless, an unusual note which added to its chic.

Mrs. George F. Baker has a simple suit of smooth gray tweed like a man's material, with it a matching gray crêpe blouse and gray felt hat with a slight brim and trimmed with many bands of narrow gray and violet velvet ribbons.

One Sunday on Long Island, I noticed a beautiful young woman who wore a most unusual color scheme—a brown and gray mixed tweed suit, trimmed with brown fur, with brown shoes and all gray accessories. This is not a flattering color combination, but it was immensely chic.

I have seen two unusual and outstanding fur coats worthy of complete description. One is worn by Lady Mendl. It is from Louiseboulanger and is of beige breitschwanz. A great bow of printed crêpe, brown dots on a beige ground, holds the rolled collar at the neck in front, and cuffs of this same crêpe come up almost to the elbow. With this she wears a double hat, chocolate brown on beige from Alex and a simple chocolate-brown marocain frock that includes a tiny coat from Molyneux.

Mrs. Gurnee Munn wears the second coat. As she is in mourning, it is entirely in black, of finest breitschwanz, made like a man's ulster, with a black leather belt.

All black this year is much less charming than black with a touch of color. Mrs. Cole Porter, when she was here, wore an entirely black ensemble, black crêpe frock, cloth coat trimmed with baby lamb, and a Reboux felt hat, but the simple dress had an olive green scarf that she tied in a huge bow just to one side in front.

Mrs. John Munroe with a black coat and daring black felt hat, wears a brilliant lipstick-red crêpe dress.

Mrs. Somerset Maugham has a tight-fitting Louiseboulanger dress with a wide red silk scarf that she ties tight around her throat.

There have been many enchanting ensembles in such deep tones that they seem almost black. On page 83 you will see a sketch of the Countess de St. Phalle wearing a deepest blue wool dress, coat and hat, the coat luxuriously trimmed with gray fox.

Blue in all shades has been an outstanding favorite this season. One of the more elaborate costumes is worn by Miss Nadejda de Bragança, a lovely débutante of the winter. It is a dress of bright blue and white printed velvet, a coat of deep blue wool trimmed with creamy fox and a matching felt hat, exaggeratedly long on the right side.

Beige is not new, but still smart. One of the best winter ensembles I have seen was a soft wool check dress of two tones of beige, so light it looked like crêpe, and a beige breitschwanz coat simply made. With this was worn a felt hat, made like a modified béret, matching the deep shade in the dress. A large beige suède envelope bag with a jade and ruby clasp completed the ensemble. It was exceptionally flattering and exceedingly chic. I have mentioned breitschwanz so often I feel I must add that the epidemic of mink coats still continues; however, in subtle colors the former is wonderfully smart.

The hat of the highest favor this winter has been of plain felt in some daring design. Turbans, though less seen, have also been popular and unusually flattering.

The smart evening colors are white, red in all shades, the new bronze, the even newer chocolate, yellow, a little flesh, and blues in many tones. Of course, there is always black. A handful of very smart dresses have been in violets and also a few of absinthe-green. This is in reality the twin sister of yellow.

ONE of the most marvelous costumes this winter was worn by Mrs. William Goadby Loew at Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt's party for the Infante Don Alfonso and Infanta Dona Beatriz of Spain. It was a dress entirely untrimmed, of softest pure white chiffon velvet, almost on princess lines. It was very slightly draped on the left hip, and in the back of the skirt two circular panels just escaped the floor. With this she wore a necklace of enormous square-cut emeralds set with baton diamonds that fell to her waist. Nothing could have been more elegant, more simple, or more beautiful. The Infanta herself at this same party wore a white satin dress embroidered in diamonds, rather tight-fitting, and the skirt flared slightly all around. It seemed charmingly, even if slightly, reminiscent of a Spanish costume. She wore very simple silver sandals. Her jewels were four strings of evenly matched pearls, and a fifth smaller string of pearls held two huge pear-shaped cabochon emeralds set with diamonds. Her earrings were diamonds and cabochon emeralds. Two pear-shaped emeralds hung from each ear. Her tiara was one of the most exquisite I have ever seen. It was molded flat to her head and reached only across her brow. It formed three circles, the center the highest, and was made of delicate diamond leaves that held large square emeralds.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney has a very smart white dress with a plaited flaring ruffle at the bottom of the skirt and a very narrow belt at the hips. This low flaring silhouette seems to accentuate the slim silhouette that is so popular this season.

Red, as I have said, is an enormous favorite. Mrs. Edwin M. Post, Jr., has another most unusual red dress. It is brocaded moire shot with gold. It has a simple waist and large petal-shaped skirt, to the knees in front and to the floor in back. With it, to create a daring effect, Mrs. Post wears very long jade-green earrings.

Mrs. Harrison Williams has a yellow moire Augusta Bernard dress that has an entwined girdle and two circular panels that fall to the floor in the back. It is a marvelous, simple background for her emerald necklace of three strands of large cabochon emeralds. With this ensemble, she wears a huge diamond and emerald pin to hold the belt in front.

Mrs. David Bruce, before she left for Europe, wore several times a lovely gown of lightest yellow moire, similar to the popular model of Mrs. Whitney's mentioned before, a straight dress with the low flare in the skirt.

I have spoken of brown. Mrs. William Randolph Hearst has a brown tulle Boulanger dress, the skirt lavishly trimmed with long plumes shaded from chocolate-brown to beige.

One of the most enchanting absinthe-green dresses I have seen is worn by Mrs. Miller, the former Flora Whitney. This dress has an immensely full skirt of green net, the green net waist is embroidered in gold and with it she wears a scarf of the matching tulle and long large emerald earrings.

Many conservative black dresses have been seen. One of the more important ones is worn by Mrs. Milton Holden, from Worth, in modernistic design of straight lines entirely made in bands of black and white beads.

The most entrancing evening coat I have seen is worn by Mrs. Richard Hall, of green and gold brocade with blue fox trimming a deep circular collar. The evening wraps this winter have allowed fashion its highest point of successful magnificence.

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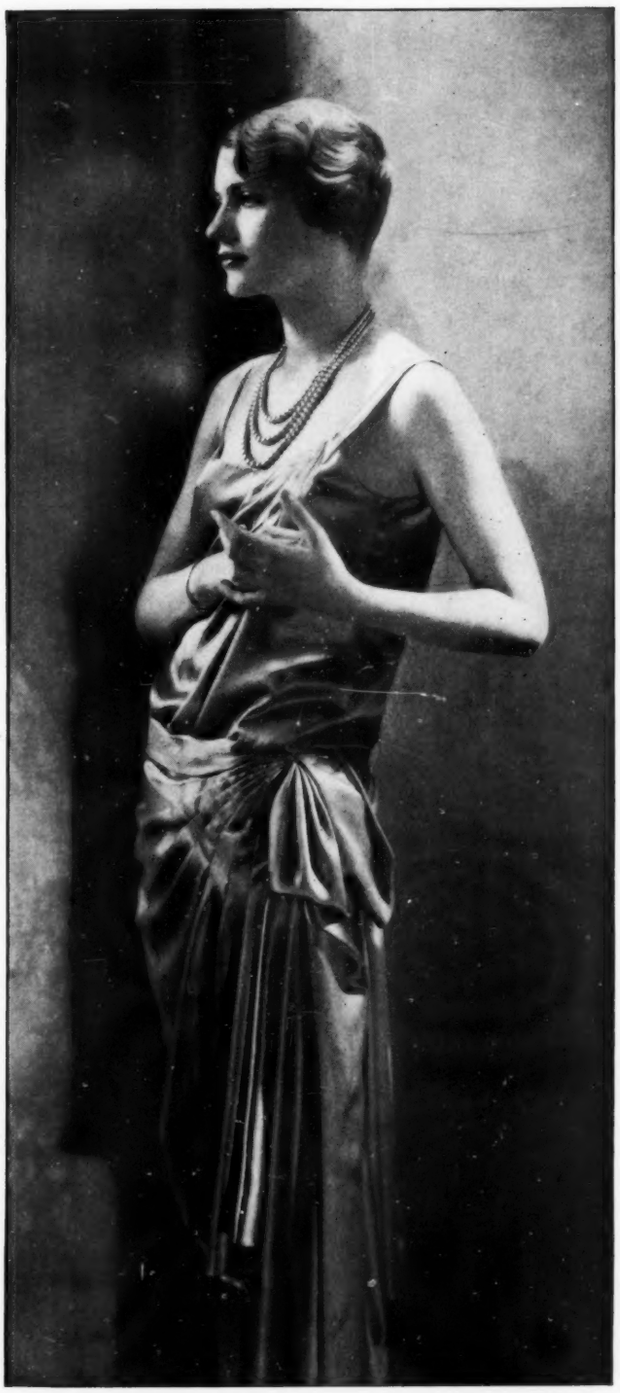

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HIGH WALLS

(*Continued from page 86*)

Greta will enjoy it thoroughly. It isn't that. I was merely thinking of the hullabaloo her mother will make—"

"Isn't he sweet?" said May. "By the time Mrs. Cass-Evans returns from Boston, Greta will be settled at her job. And then Mamma won't dare say anything. It's only looking forward to innovations that makes parents worry. I had a tough time myself, until I decided to run my own life."

Listening to her as she prattled on, Alexander found himself liking May. She and Greta afforded a piquant contrast. Greta was the eternal woman. The Gretas of this world would never be wholly free, independent of men. And the Mays would go through life snapping their fingers at the mere male. May was still young in body and spirit, but there was wisdom in her eyes. He knew instinctively that she had not been like Greta, one of the sheltered ones. She had fought all the battles, poverty, loneliness, sex, and had conquered. She was now comfortable, independent, and in the comparative tranquillity of a firmly-established career. But he knew, nevertheless, that she must have struggled heroically. . . . She did not minimize her capabilities. There was nothing humble about May. She had a sharp wit and a blunt, likeable directness. A keen insight concerning human foibles. Somehow, he felt that Greta was in good hands.

Couin May's tea was bitter. Alexander tried to hide a half-empty cup but her sharp eyes detected the move. Once again he was pounced upon. He was becoming used to it by now.

"Oh, the poor man doesn't like his tea!" she cried, making little clicking noises with her tongue. "We must make some more for him. Greta, hand me the kettle—" Then, mercifully, the bell rang again.

"*Tiens! Des messieurs chez vous?*" Alexander heard a deep voice speaking the almost too-perfectly modulated French of the Europeanized American. That was the first time he heard Charles Winbridge's voice. One inevitably pictured Charles speaking in French. He was one of those young men who shine at their best ordering judicious dinners from foreign headwaiters. . . . He came into May's apartment smiling, twirling his soft, silky mustache, an ornate affair which at once gave him a quaintly old-fashioned appearance. One associated Charles' mustache with hansom cabs, Delmonico's, and the dignified social functions of Ward McAllister. A reporter, upon observing him, would have instantly dubbed him a "clubman" or a "man-about-town. . . ."

ENTERING the room that afternoon, he was the embodiment of self-satisfaction. He greeted the ladies with perfunctory bows; and toward Alexander, when introduced, he directed the vaguest of nods. Later on, Alexander learned that this was one of his best accomplishments. Essentially a snob, he was careful not to run the risk of voicing anything snobbish; anything that might be repeated against him. He would, instead, be crushingly vague to people he was not sure of. Alexander had never known a man who could administer a snub with such sheer delicacy.

"Greta, my dear, you're looking lovely."

It was the accentless voice of the cosmopolitan. Alexander understood from May that he had been in Europe half his life. The result was, as in the case of most American young men, unsatisfactory. He had lost that particular virtue which so distinguishes our young men from others, that innate and rather fine modesty in the presence of women. . . . His code of success was easy to comprehend: to treat most men as his inferiors, and most women as his ideal. Of course he had some attributes. He possessed a kind of lazy, sarcastic wit, and a fine command of languages (which he displayed on every possible occasion). He was the kind of man who became thoroughly annoyed when a French waiter answered him in English.

"I love Europe," he told Alexander. As soon as he discovered that Alexander had been born on the Atlantic seaboard, that he knew something of the Continent, his vagueness toward him dissolved. "I intend to make my home on the Riviera some day. I have my eye on a rather lovely little villa, near Beaulieu. . . ." He glanced at Greta, who pretended not to notice. May said loudly: "Now, Charles. Don't let's get sentimental." He frowned at her, pulling his mustache, staring at the tips of his patent-leather shoes. He had a round, pink, vacant countenance, and black hair most beautifully parted in the middle. He remained quiet for a while, until May mentioned her plan to take Greta into business with her. At this he became surprisingly vehement, and grew scarlet above the line of his excessively high, stiff collar.

"I don't want to see Greta mixed up in trade," he declared.

Greta replied in her gentle, even voice: "I think you had better leave me to decide what's best for me, Charles."

"But—but look here," he stammered. "You simply can't. It's impossible."

"Why?" she asked meekly.

"Ladies of your position—"

May flew at him like an infuriated little bird.

"Stuff and nonsense! Do you dare to sit there and tell me that mine isn't a ladies' business? You're positively insulting, Charles Winbridge!"

HE glared at her, realizing that she had him fairly cornered.

"Your position is different," he said vaguely. "You're an independent woman. On your own hook. You can do whatever you please. But Greta—"

"Because I made myself independent, Charles. That's the way I want Greta to be. And I know you don't want her to be, because you believe that a woman should always be subordinate, first to her family and then to some wretched egoist of a man."

"I cannot agree with you," he said. "I shall write to Mrs. Cass-Evans about this, and ask her opinion—"

"Oh, Charles, don't be a fool!" Greta cried. She was really angry now.

"But Charles will do it," May put in. "It's just the kind of thing he would do." It suddenly dawned upon Alexander what she was striving for. A deliberate break between those two. But Charles Winbridge, perhaps sensing this, cleverly retreated from his position.

"You might try it for a while, Greta," he drawled, "if it amuses you. On second thought, I won't mention it to your mother. Let her find out for herself."

The situation was becoming untenable for Alexander. He disliked bickering intensely. He pleaded an excuse, and left. To his surprise Winbridge followed, joining him on the doorstep. "An impossible woman," he muttered. "Greta's mother should never have left her with such a person. An interfering busybody . . . ." He drew himself up sharply, as if recalling that he had, in an incautious moment, confided too much to a comparative stranger. He extended his hand.

"We must lunch together . . . some time," he said vaguely, in the New York manner. Alexander murmured an assent to the polite fiction, and they parted.

THE weather grew steadily colder. Snow came; piled high in the New York streets. Taxis bounced painfully over ribbed glaciers. Street-cleaners worked all night in shivering groups about blazing fires. People talked of possible coal strikes. . . . Health officers strenuously denied an influenza epidemic, while a hundred cases a day were being carried to the hospitals. . . . Alexander found a frozen dog upon his doorstep. . . . One morning he received a note from Greta.

"Dear Toddy," he read. "The job didn't last long, because mother found out. I can't go into details, but perhaps May will tell you. Anyway, mother has taken tickets for a cruise to the West Indies, to get away from this dreadful weather, and I believe Charles Winbridge is coming with us. Why don't you

(*Continued on page 129*)

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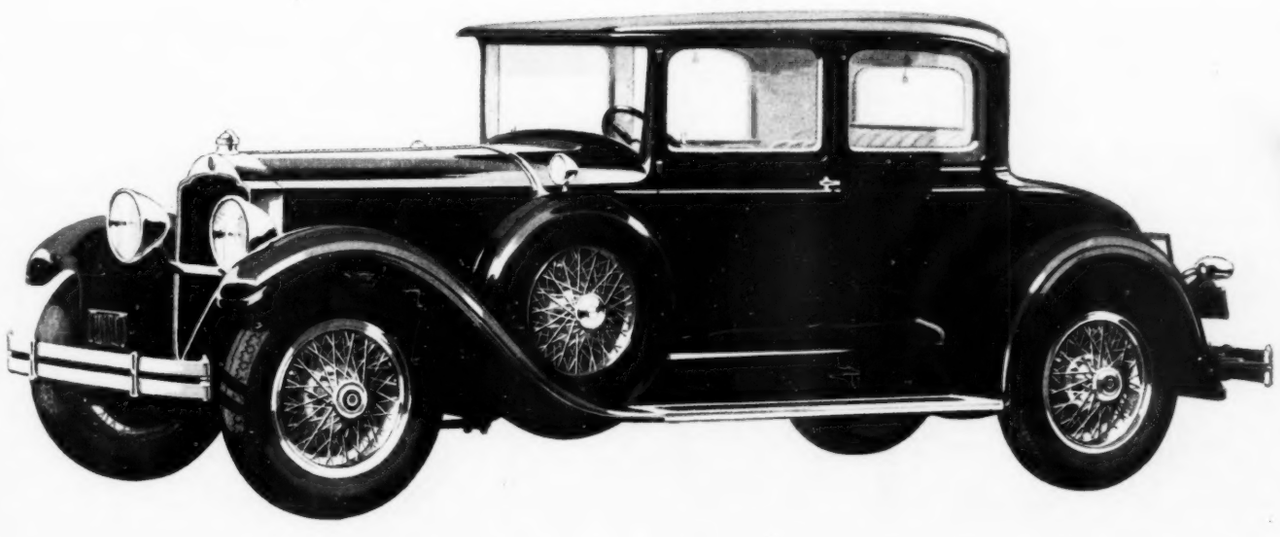

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HIGH WALLS

(*Continued from page 128*)

come along, too? It would do you good. The boat is called the *Orinoco,* and sails on the twentieth. I wish you could come. Devotedly, GRETA."

"P. S. Mother doesn't know I'm writing this."

Alexander pondered for a while over the note; then telephoned May Tenby and made an appointment for luncheon that day. From her he obtained a picturesque account of what had occurred when Mrs. Cass-Evans returned from Boston to find her daughter a dressmaker's assistant. It appeared that Mrs. Cass-Evans had arrived a day or two earlier than had been expected, so that the news could not be broken to her diplomatically. She had gone straight to May's establishment just as Greta was parading up and down before five pairs of lorgnettes, in a black and white gown by the famous Monsieur Lucien. "She almost had a stroke," May said. "I never saw a woman so furious. Mrs. Cass-Evans said that Greta was a fool, and that I was degrading her, and that I ought to be thoroughly ashamed of myself. Greta became slightly red, but remained silent and dignified. She changed her dress, and went away obediently with her mother. And outside in the street I saw Charles Winbridge join them with a grin of triumph on his silly face. I could have wrung his neck then and there.

"Greta was doing wonderfully. Everybody loved her, and she seemed to please customers. She was on the way to earning a great many commissions."

"Have you seen her since?" Alexander asked.

She nodded.

"Um. Mrs. Cass-Evans made up. She almost apologized. You see, she has need of me now and again. She didn't want to lose me, so she had me to luncheon a week after she took Greta away, and she was agreeable as possible. There's another reason, too. She's planning a trip south, an ocean cruise, and she thinks I'll be useful, so she's invited me along. I've accepted. I need the change and the rest. We're sailing on the *Orinoco,* leaving New York on the twentieth—"

"That," said Alexander, "is excellent. I booked my own passage on the *Orinoco* this morning."

"Splendid." She clapped her hands. "I felt you would do it, as soon as you received Greta's note."

"You're a scheming woman," he told her.

"You're needed as much as I am," she assured him. "This is going to be far from a dull trip. Charles Winbridge, you must remember, is coming along. That's the real reason why I signed up: to keep Greta out of the tropical moonlight. And you can help a lot."

"Then you really believe that this is a final effort on Mrs. Cass-Evans' part to make Greta give in?" he asked her.

She nodded triumphantly.

"Exactly. It's rather an expensive form of experiment, isn't it? But you don't know that woman as I do, Mr. Todd. She has a will of iron. With a month to work in, and a tropical setting, I think she and Charlie might win."

Alexander looked at her dubiously, rubbing his chin.

"You don't give Greta much credit for initiative," he said. "And it seems to me that this isn't playing fair with her. She should be left alone to work out her own destiny. At present she's just a tool for everybody's experiments."

"Then, why did you decide to sail with them?" she countered.

He flushed slightly.

"Fair play, I suppose. Advice—if she needs it. Unbiased advice. I don't want to see her wasted, through an impulse—well, to please her mother."

Again May Tenby smiled triumphantly.

"It all sounds like a dreadful plot—but, actually, it's sheer altruism. Our motives are identical. Don't misunderstand me. I wouldn't think of trying to influence her. If she really loves Charles I wouldn't say a word. I just want to be in the background, like a referee, to see that everyone plays fair, as you say. Tropic moonlight, for instance. Even Charles might seem glamourous under that. He may have picked up a little exotic technique in his foreign capitals. You never know . . . I'll just be there—in the background."

"You're accepting Mrs. Cass-Evans' invitation under false pretences," Alexander pointed out, as severely as he could.

She only shrugged her shoulders.

"The end justifies the means. She knows my opinion of Charles Winbridge. She brings me along at her own risk. This is going to be an interesting trip, Alexander Todd."

BY NOON Sandy Hook had dropped astern, a faint smudge upon the misty horizon. The sea, olive-green under the thin wintry sunlight, raced past the deck rails in a morose, heaving swell, and the ship began slowly to rise, shudder, and fall with a ponderous creaking of woodwork. On the promenade deck the chairs, the rugs, everything one touched, had become damp and sticky; from the main companionway the rubber-tiled floor gave forth a strong, peculiarly nautical odor; and when the bugler appeared, and announced luncheon with a brisk fanfare, the passengers failed to display any signal enthusiasm. A mood of caution seemed to prevail. They straggled below in a solemn procession, as if embarking on some necessary but uninviting duty.

It wasn't until after luncheon on the promenade deck that he came across Greta. She was wrapping her mother in a plaid rug, and adjusting the little extension at the end of her deck chair. Mrs. Cass-Evans, catching sight of Alexander, gave a smile of relief, as if she had discovered a compatriot upon an island of cannibals. She beckoned in her regal way.

"Aren't the people impossible?" she said, probably unaware that the same remark was being made by everyone else on board. Greta smiled cheerfully and lay back in her deck chair, closing her eyes. At that moment Cousin May appeared, hatless, in a vivid Fair Isle jersey, her short gray hair flying in the wind. Charles Winbridge, too, in tweeds and an English steamer cap, a book under his arm.

"What do you think of the passengers?" he drawled.

"I think they're all dentists," Mrs. Cass-Evans replied. "You should have seen our table companions," she confided. "One gave me his card the moment we sat down. He's a dairyman at Meriden, Connecticut."

May said the dairyman was a darling. "He calls this a ride," she explained delightedly. I have a date with him at four o'clock—to walk a mile. Personally, I think you're a lot of horrible snobs."

She proceeded to give them all a severe lecture. Alexander realized that she, among them, was the born traveler. "If you're going to adopt that attitude," she explained, "you might as well sit at home. You can learn a lot from other people. I know ten passengers already." She counted them on her fingers.

Mrs. Cass-Evans said: "May! Please!" Greta giggled. Charles twirled his mustache and gazed at Greta with a devotion in his eyes that Alexander had not seen before. And presently the two of them went off down the deck together.

AS SOON as they had left Jamaica astern, four days later, and had seen the blue hills and red roofs of Kingston drop beneath a horizon as sharply bright as a knife's blade, the definite conviction settled upon them that they were, at last, in the tropics. A spirit of languor crept over them, and an unabated desire to accomplish nothing.

Even Mrs. Cass-Evans seemed to have banished her worries. Dressed in white now, she was actually seen conversing with two or three of her fellow passengers. Entering upon a new and novel existence, they had discarded their personal cares along with the dark, drab paraphernalia of winter and the north. The band performed cheerfully upon those sunlit decks. Greta played deck tennis with a fine vigor; came to Alexander one morning, flushed and hot, to announce that she had reached the finals. Her golden head

(*Continued on page 130*)

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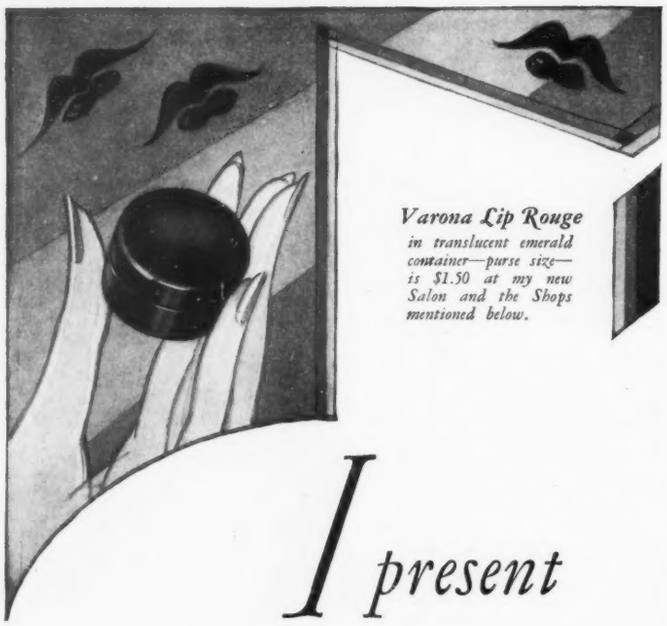

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Rub well into the skin—it gives a *rose glow* that is exquisitely natural. Waterproof and lasting. $2.

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HIGH WALLS

(Continued from page 129)

in that white, tropic glare made him blink a little. . . . Charles Winbridge lounged gracefully in his chair, alternately dozing and reading, while May accomplished daily two miles around the deck with anyone who had the energy to join her. Those were happy days. Days of bright skies and gentian seas and wide horizons. Once in a while there would be a little stampede to the rail to witness a silvery arc of flying-fish curving over the waves. . . .

WHEN Charles wasn't idling in his chair he was following Greta about the decks. The whole ship took it for granted that they were engaged. But Greta's attitude toward him was still neutral. Agreeable, but nothing more than that.

"You're not in love with Charles," Alexander said to her, on the evening when they approached the Canal Zone. They were alone together on the forward deck. She shook her head, gazing out to sea.

"No. I know that I'm not." She colored slightly. "You see, Toddy, in some ways I've changed since we had those talks at Aix. Then I didn't know if I really could care for anyone. Now I know that I can. That's how I've changed. It's one of those things you just can't explain. . . ." She made a gesture toward the bright sweep of sea and sky. "All this . . . so tremendously big. So near to nature, and truth, that it puts you near—to yourself. You have time to think. Things are clearer, and you begin to understand—Life. . . . Last night, long after you had all gone to bed, I walked the deck for an hour under these thousands and thousands of stars. It was utterly quiet. You couldn't hear a sound but the swishing of the little waves up forward against the bow of the ship. And suddenly I felt that I was very near to God. . . . And God seemed to whisper to me something that father had whispered to me years and years ago: Above all be true to yourself, for that is the only way you can be true to the rest of the world, to other people. . . ."

Alexander nodded. It was too precious, too real to interrupt. But Charles, appearing suddenly, put an end to the conversation.

"There's land ahead," Charles said. He gazed on Greta with a proprietary expression. He was in one of his fussy moods; and he began immediately to make plans. "We're due at Cristobal in an hour. But we'd better stay on board to-night, and go over the Canal to-morrow. We'll meet at nine A.M., and go ashore comfortably after the crowd has gone. . . . Greta, you shouldn't be here without a coat. There'll be a chill in the air when the sun goes down—"

"Toddy and May and I are going ashore for dinner," Greta retorted surprisingly. It was the first Alexander had heard of it. He was sure that she invented it on the spur of the moment. Looking at her he realized that she was all at once rebellious, weary of having plans made for her. "There's a feeling of adventure down here," she murmured. "I can hardly wait to go ashore. But you needn't come if you don't want to, Charles."

THAT was Charles' cue. But he was a man who took no account of moods, feminine moods, if they failed to coincide with his own. He replied without graciousness that he might as well go ashore, if they had decided to do so. He, personally, was of the opinion that they should rest aboard the ship in preparation for the hard day ahead. He knew Cristobal. There wasn't much to be seen. . . . Greta suddenly cried out in an exasperated tone: "Oh, Charles. Do stop! You're always taking the joy out of life with your prosaic, cautious little plans!"

Then and there it appeared that Charles was perilously near to permanent defeat, although he himself failed to realize it. Lighting his pipe, he took the rebuke in silence, managing to convey a slight air of injury. If he had gone away, Greta, in the warmth of her heart, might have regretted the occurrence. But he didn't go away, for he was one of those men who had not learned the inestimable value of leaving a woman alone at the right moment.

Already on the horizon they could see a strip of low-lying shore, a row of cocoa-palms like so many black stars silhouetted, motionless, against the violet evening sky. The day had come to an end with a great stillness. A flight of sea-gulls came whirring over the deck in a swift white pattern. The color of the sea merged from blue to a dull ocher. A buoy drifted past, clanging mournfully, and on the ship's bridge the engine-room telegraph rang out a short, sharp summons for half-speed. The yellow harbor waters slapped lazily against the bows. . . . Out of the lavender dusk a fragile city loomed up; a city of green oases sprouting up between the cubes and domes of white Oriental houses. "Adventure. . . ." Greta repeated softly. Charles looked at her in a worried kind of way, as if he had a fleeting premonition of fear. A fear of something vague and beyond his comprehension.

WHAT happened to them all in Panama City the following night, and their meeting with Ramon O'Reilly, was May Tenby's doing. If May hadn't suggested that mad evening excursion. . . . But then May was always suggesting things.

They had dined at the Tivoli Hotel in a vast, cool dining-room, and were sitting upon the terrace overlooking the town, the harbor, watching the play of lights upon the tranquil mirror of the Pacific. They were in a quiet mood. Mrs. Cass-Evans had retired to her room to interview the maid concerning mosquito-netting. May walked over to the railing of the terrace and stood there, looking down upon the wavering yellow lights of Panama City. "Fascinating . . ." she murmured. "Cities at night. So much more mysterious. . . ." Charles grunted something unintelligible in his chair. "A bold, bad city," May continued. "I'm going down to see it. I want to see where men get shanghaied, and where East meets West. I only hope I see somebody pulling a knife on somebody else."

"Rot!" Charles said. "What have you been reading?"

"Nevertheless," May insisted, "I'm going. Who wants to come along?"

"Go with her, Charles," Greta put in. "Be nice to her."

Charles rose resignedly, threw his cigar over the terrace rail. "Wait till I get my hat. But I warn you, May, there won't be any place lurid enough to satisfy your vicious curiosity. One of the great drawbacks to traveling with ladies is that as soon as they arrive in a foreign country they seem to think they're wasting time if they don't do all the things they daren't do at home."

May, ignoring him, turned to Alexander. "Will you come?"

He nodded.

"How about you, Greta?" She glanced significantly at Mrs. Cass-Evans' lighted bedroom window.

"I'll come," Greta said. "But I'll have to tell her, of course, in the morning."

And so, when Charles had returned with his new white Panama hat of which he was extremely proud, they all started down the hill, through the hotel grounds, toward the lights of Ancon. And presently they left the bright, clean, open concrete spaces of the American Zone, crossed the invisible frontier, passed a lonely-looking M. P. in faded khaki, and entered the dark, narrow, cobbled lanes of Panama City.

"Why, it's nothing but barrooms," Greta exclaimed.

Charles Winbridge laughed disagreeably.

"I'm not responsible for bringing you here," he reminded her. Alexander gathered from his frame of mind that he had proposed again that afternoon. Greta took a quick step away from him and linked her arm in May's.

"We're going to the wildest place we can find," May prattled. "I asked the opinion of an American drummer in the

(Continued on page 132)

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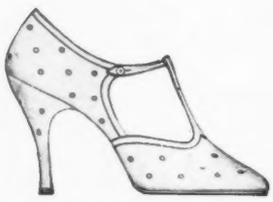
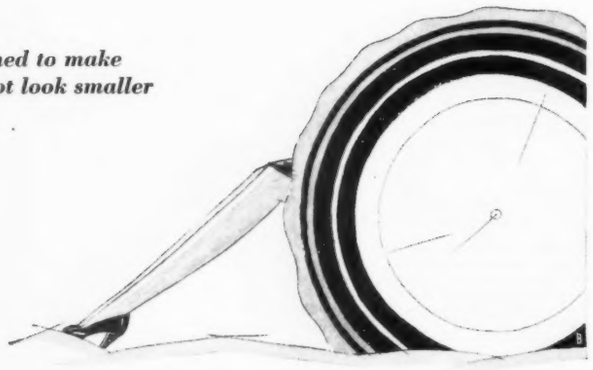


We believe that those charming people who go South every year should be shod as befits their taste . . . that their sport shoes should be just a bit snootier . . . their afternoon shoes just a bit swankier and their evening shoes just a bit gayer. We board no shoe that has not a queenly look; truly only a veritable Bourbon has a chance of passing our critical eye. Smart women for years have recognized this fact, and ere they turned southward stopped at our shop to buy their beautiful footwear. Now once again we display our special models. They must be seen. . .

Designed to make the foot look smaller



SOMMERS INC.
27 WEST 50th STREET
NEW YORK

HIGH WALLS

(*Continued from page 130*)

train this afternoon. I found him in the baggage car. He recommended a resort known as Spotted Mike's. A big, polite South American overheard us and looked extremely shocked. He whispered to me that it was no place for ladies. That, of course, decided it. . . ."

BUT Spotted Mike's, when they at last discovered it in a dark and unclean alley, was disappointing. It was poorly lighted and smelled of stale beer. The most spectacular feature of the place was, without doubt, the bar itself, an ornate structure of oak and brass rails and mirrors, lining the whole length of the room. With its white-coated crew it was as enormous, as imposing as a Spanish galleon. But the atmosphere was both somnolent and depressing. There was no laughter, no gaiety. Only a subdued hum of voices broke the stillness, and the occasional *h-r-r-umph, ding-dong* of the cash register.

A few sailors with their chance companions sat at the tables about the dance floor, waiting for the negro orchestra, huddled about an illuminated bass drum, to come to life; and a dozen or more Central American youths, with pallid features and drooping cigarets, who rolled dice for drinks. One had the peculiar impression that they had all been impelled there by some vague and mysterious force, against their wills, the victims of a habit as powerful and unrelenting as a craving for narcotics. . . . May was all at once reduced to silence, with the obvious embarrassment and regrets of one who had uselessly lured her friends to a wholly unattractive rendezvous.

The music began, a brassy and thumping cadence, a blare of sound without melody or sense.

Their table at the edge of the dance floor was wedged closely between two others. On their left a man sat alone. A tall, dark man reading a newspaper printed in Spanish. One had, glancing at him, an immediate impression of great physical strength. . . . To their surprise he looked up, directed toward May a grave, unsmiling inclination of the head. "My acquaintance of the baggage car," she whispered. "He thoroughly disapproves of our being here, and comes here himself. What frauds men are!"

They proceeded to forget him. But the occupants of the table to their right were not so easy to dismiss. Gradually, unpleasantly, they intruded, projecting the fact of their presence upon May's party by fixed and prolonged stares. And especially they stared at Greta. A pair of natives they were, of muddy and obscure origin, with soiled clothes and soiled yellow complexions. They were, each of them, slightly drunk, unsteady in their chairs. And always their eyes were upon Greta.

And then, suddenly, one of them rose, came swaying over to May's table, bowed to Greta, and asked in broken English for a dance.

They were too astonished to speak. They merely looked at one another stupidly. It was one of those situations for which, after it was all over, one could think of the most magnificently crushing solutions which would have put the man in his place. As it was, they only stared. Except Greta, who surprised everyone by replying in a calm, pleasant voice: "No, thank you. I am not dancing to-night."

She managed it, Alexander thought, exceedingly well. The man, slightly abashed but not angry, returned to his table, where he and his companion continued to gaze at her and to converse about her in low voices. A sigh of relief arose from May's table. Greta smiled nervously, and May whispered a hurried congratulation upon her handling of the situation. And then, before anyone could utter a protest, Charles Winbridge jumped up from his chair, seized Greta, and began whirling her about the room to the mournful strains of some time-worn waltz. Something of the man's innate shallowness, his fondness for petty triumphs, became appallingly clear to Alexander at that moment. Upon his pinkish, plump face there appeared a fatuous grin as he proceeded to demonstrate his complete contempt for the scum of Latin America. . .

At the same time Alexander was aware of a grave, low voice directly behind him.

"You will pardon me, sir . . . but that was extremely imprudent of your friend. I saw the incident, myself. These people here are sensitive . . . and that man, particularly, who has been offended, looks like a bad character. I would suggest that you all depart—as soon as possible, if you wish to avoid unpleasantness."

Alexander turned around. The big, dark man, alone at the adjacent table, was addressing him. A tremendous creature, over six feet, rangy, loose-limbed, with a great muscular frame. He wore the inevitable white, carried the inevitable cigar. But he was different from the rest. Clean, well-shaven, with long, slender hands, a dark, aquiline Latin countenance, there was an aura of quiet, well-bred confidence about him. A man accustomed to some sort of leadership, and to the respect of his fellow-men. He spoke English fluently with the faintest perceptible American accent.

His gravity was disturbing. May and Alexander instinctively followed the direction of his brooding, thoughtful gaze, toward that other table. And then they understood. The man who had asked Greta to dance had turned white. Never, in Alexander's experience, had a human creature so vividly portrayed the repercussion of an insult. His hands, his entire body, quivered as he watched Greta and Charles dancing; his lower lip protruded in an inchoate, senseless fury. . . . May gripped Alexander's arm. Alexander called the waiter; paid the bill; silently handed May's cloak to her. They stood up, waiting for the others.

The music abruptly ceased.

Charles and Greta came strolling back to the table. Alexander said hurriedly: "We're leaving now. Come along." Charles started to voice a protest, but May seized his arm and hurried him toward the door. Alexander and Greta followed. At the door he glanced back over his shoulder; saw the two men rising from their table, lurching across the dance floor toward him, talking excitedly. A few feet behind came the tall, dark man, walking slowly, unconcernedly, smoking his long, thin cigar.

THEY stood in the street, waiting for a carriage which a small negro boy had volunteered to find. No one spoke. The two men emerged from the dance room just as the cab drove up. Charles, taking Greta's arm, went forward toward it. The men came jostling, swaying past Alexander and May; swept Greta aside with sharp, swift, visible thrusts of their elbows, and climbed into the cab. Greta, almost thrown off her feet, staggered back to the pavement. Charles Winbridge, white and trembling, his hat knocked off, stood there open-mouthed. And then he turned to May and Alexander: "What shall I do? . . ." And to the others, the men in the cab with their feet planted on the front seat, smiling insolently at him, he cried feebly: "Here. I say . . .! That's my cab, you know. . . ."

He wanted to be told what to do! Alexander, scarlet with anger, spluttered; couldn't speak. The negro coachman cracked his whip; the cab moved slowly forward, its movement accompanied by a loud, derisive yelp of laughter. At the same moment a white bulk shot past Alexander purposefully, silently, on rubber soles; pushed Charles aside; leaped onto the step of the cab. The coachman drew up with a terrified jerk. The two passengers came tumbling out, a human avalanche of arms and legs. One fell to the pavement; picked himself up, whimpering. For a moment they stood there, cringing, before that huge white figure; then turned and fled down the darkened street.

A sharp and satisfactory realization came to Alexander that precisely the correct measures had been taken, swiftly, quietly, and with decision.

The stranger turned to him; said:

(*Continued on page 134*)

Helena Rubinstein Cosmetics Proclaim the Artist!

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN
World-Famed Beauty Scientist

THE secret of a successful facial ensemble? . . . Make-up that is as perfect in texture as in color . . . lipstick that lends satin smoothness as well as luscious tone . . . rouge you can blend with ease . . . powder so gossamer it becomes one with the skin . . .

Such are the cosmetics of Helena Rubinstein. For they are the creation of one who is artist as well as scientist . . . one who for years has divided her life between laboratory and atelier . . . studying constantly to bless all women with the wondrous coloring of immortal beauties.

When you touch the new Cubist Lipstick to your lips, when you bring the glow of Red Raspberry Rouge to your cheeks, when you clothe your skin with the gentle fragrant radiance that is Valaze Powder, then you realize the magic that lies in make-up.

For color, for texture, for staying quality, for wholesomeness, the cosmetic creations of Helena Rubinstein are unquestionably the finest in the world.

The Basis of a Chic Make-up

Before you apply your finishing touches, cleanse the skin with Water Lily Cleansing Cream—the exquisite youthifying cleanser, designed for the fastidious (2.50, 4.00, 7.50). Water Lily Foundation lends the skin a soft, alluring creaminess, makes rouge and powder doubly adherent, doubly flattering. An ideal powder foundation. 2.00. Now your skin is ready for—

A Powder Masterpiece

Valaze Powder. Clinging, exquisitely textured, subtly fragrant. In a rich variety of smart and enhancing shades. Novena for dry skin. Valaze for average and oily skin. 1.50, 3.00, 5.50.

Ravishing Rouges

Valaze Rouges (compact or en creme) impart a luscious bloom that actually protects the skin! For daytime you will choose gay, piquant, youthful Red Raspberry, and for evening, Red Geranium, the vivid, the provocative. For the conservative woman there is the subtle Crushed Rose Leaves. 1.00 to 5.00.

The Magic Lipstick

Cubist Lipstick—Helena Rubinstein's newest cosmetic creation. Brings to the lips a softness, lustre and beauty rivalled only by the rare loveliness of its coloring. In two enchanting shades, Red Raspberry for day and Red Geranium for evening. To be chic one must have both. Smart enameled cases, Golden or Black. 1.00.

Water Lily Vanities

are masterpieces of the jeweler's craft! Enameled in Jet Black, Chinese Red, Jade Green or Golden. Double Compact 2.50, Golden 3.00. Single Compact 2.00, Golden 2.50.

Beautiful Eyes

Accent the Beauty of Your Eyes with Valaze Persian Eye-Black (Mascara)—instantly darkens the eyelashes, giving them an effect of silky, soft luxuriance. Wonderfully adherent, yet does not leave the lashes stiff or brittle. 1.00, 1.50.

Valaze Eye Shadow (Compact or Cream, in black, brown, green or blue). 1.00.

Valaze Eyelash Grower and Darkener promotes luxuriant growth of lashes and brows. 1.00, 1.50.

The Smart Woman's Beauty Treatment

Cleanse the skin with the luxurious Valaze Water Lily Cleansing Cream. Contains youth-renewing essences of water-lily buds (2.50). Revivify the face and eyes with the rare anti-wrinkle lotion, Valaze Extrait (2.50, 5.00, 10.00). Then wake the tissues with the unique rejuvenating stimulant, Valaze Eau Verte (3.00, 5.00, 10.00), and while the skin is tingling and responsive, pat in Valaze Emailline (1.75, 3.50, 6.00, 11.00), the bracing astringent massage cream. If muscles of face and throat droop, revitalize them with Valaze Georgine Lactee (3.00, 6.00, 11.00), a muscle tightener vital to sagging faces. A complete beauty treatment for the smart woman.

It is essential that you visit Helena Rubinstein's Salons at this trying time of year, so that your beauty may present a harmony of perfection—skin, contour, eyes, hands and hair all exquisite. Here you will receive the last word in scientific beauty treatments and expert guidance on home treatments and make-up.

LONDON *Helena Rubinstein* PARIS

8 East 57th Street, New York

Philadelphia, 254 South 16th Street
Boston, 234 Boylston Street
951 Broad Street, Newark
670 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Cosmetic and home-treatment creations of Helena Rubinstein are obtainable at the better shops, or direct from the Salons

MODEL BY

Mangone

NEW YORK

MANGONE MODELS ARE FEATURED BY THE BETTER STORES IN OVER TWO HUNDRED CITIES.

HIGH WALLS

(*Continued from page 132*)

"You had better take the ladies home now, sir. They should never have been brought to this quarter of the town."

Alexander accepted the rebuke in silence; proceeded to help May into the cab. Crestfallen, bewildered, he kept asking himself why had the stranger come to their rescue. An innate Latin chivalry, perhaps, combined with the fact that he had spoken a few words to May on the Ancon express that afternoon. A quixotic desire to assist a group of harmless, foolish *gringos* who were utterly helpless in the face of obvious insult. . . . But even this wasn't an altogether satisfactory solution. Alexander was puzzled. He turned to help Greta into the cab. She was standing under an old, yellow street lamp, a Chinese shawl thrown protectingly about her shoulders. Lacquer red upon white marble. Her pose there was an imprisoned moment of beauty, so sharp that it stabbed at Alexander's heart. . . . She clutched the shawl closely, tightly, and it seemed to him that she was trembling, wide-eyed, as if she feared something unseen. . . .

The stranger was staring at her, motionless. He drew a deep breath, as a man might do when suddenly stumbling upon some miracle of nature, some overwhelmingly lovely scene. . . . Never had Alexander witnessed admiration so transparently honest, so beautifully candid. An emotion without shame, without attempt at concealment or dissimulation.

"*Mire! Que linda. . . .*" Alexander heard him whisper. And then, with a curt nod, a doffing of his hat to the ladies, he strode away into the night. But he didn't hurry, actually. It was only the immensity of his strides which carried him so swiftly out of view.

THE drive back to the hotel was silent, unhappy. May's evening had been a failure. She was furious with herself for her mistake, and furious because the others knew that she had made it. Charles didn't say a word. Once Alexander looked at Greta. Her eyes were closed, her lips a trifle parted, showing the white gleam of her teeth. He spoke to her. She aroused herself with a little start.

"I don't know whether I liked that man, Toddy."

He answered grimly: "I don't know what we'd have done without him. Stood the insult, I suppose."

"Spectacular sort of bounder," Charles put in nervously.

Greta turned on him with a cold, angry light in her eyes.

"One can hardly say that your behavior was spectacular, Charles."

It was so utterly unlike her. . . . Alexander was amazed. After that they drove along more silently than ever. But, seated beside Greta, Alexander became gradually aware of the faint, quick pulsations of her heart. . . .

BY TWO o'clock the next afternoon they were back on board the *Orinoco*, seated in their deck chairs, displaying their shore-purchased souvenirs. The afternoon glared and throbbed with an immense, lifeless heat. In a species of drowsy trance Alexander lounged in his chair, and watched the long line of white-clad passengers filing up the ramp from the Colon dock. At three, promptly, the ship's whistle throbbed out its familiar and melancholy warning. They heard once again that cool, delicious swishing sound of waves against the bows, and felt a sudden breeze caused by the ship's progress toward the open sea. A steward came down the deck with a trayful of lemonades. . . .

"And so that's the end of Panama," said May. She gave Greta and Alexander a meaning glance. Mrs. Cass-Evans hadn't heard the story of the night before. They had agreed that the history of that violent hour at Spotted Mike's might prove too strong meat for her to swallow. And yet, in spite of their attempts to dismiss it, the incident had left a profound impression. It had shaken their mutual confidence, and had destroyed that pleasing sense of being a compact unit. There were unspoken thoughts now in the air. . . . And Charles, it was clear to Alexander, was fully aware of this. He remained taciturn in his chair, silent, an aggrieved look upon his hot, red face, refusing even to respond to May's banter.

"Now, Charles," May said, "get out your little guide-book and tell us some interesting facts about our next port of call."

(*To be continued*)

ANTOINE, FRENCH COIFFEUR

(*Concluded from page 97*)

"It is such a mistake to think one cannot give short hair the appearance of long hair, at will, quite apart from the clever pieces one may pin on in the evening, if madame so desires. Short hair is so much easier to manage and arrange than long hair.

"Of course, a permanent, the new, soft permanent, is necessary to the quick, novel coiffure. With this the woman can achieve results herself if she so desires. A marcel wave cannot lend itself to change and inspiration, as a water-wet permanent does.

"Look, I show you."

A not particularly inspiring girl seated herself before the mirror. A small crowd of white-coated men gathered. Antoine was creating; it was worth watching.

He rolled the girl's hair in a coronet over the right side of her brow, and rolled a repetition of this line behind the first one. He pinned and coaxed and combed a while, and he had given her, when all was done, the nobility of a Roman matron.

A blonde came at his call, of the kitten type of face one sees so much in our country. He swirled her soft, "permanented" hair over her forehead, did dexterous things at the sides of her head, licked the hair at her nape flat with the palm of his wet hand: the result was charming.

Again he turned to the first girl, and changed her into a Madonna with an uplifted, *éclairée* appearance. He smoothed flat one flange of hair on the right side straight up from her ear to her brow, swirling the short crisp waves at the back of the head into a chrysanthemum whirl. All this he did in three or four minutes.

"There is no such thing as an ugly woman," he said. "One must understand them, must study them. One must make an art of studying them and they must cooperate with the artist, understand him and his art, in return, if they desire to be beautiful.

"Madame, those who understand in life have a god. Those who do not understand have *no* god. It is true!

"When I return home at night my wife says, 'If I did not know you do not drink, I should think you were drunk.' And I *am* drunk; my work intoxicates me. I adore it, I live on the stimulation of it."

MIDAS

WHAT to me my pot of gold!
Money can not raise the dead,
Time was never bought and sold,
What to me my pot of gold?
The only thing I cared to hold
Died for lack of bread.

Kathleen Millay

EUGÈNEOL
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
PERFORATED SACHET
PATENT NO. 1,449,874
The patented perforated front and impervious back of this sachet concentrate tiny pressure jets of clean white steam directly upon the hair.
The efficiency of this construction makes possible the use of the mildest ingredients in permanent waving. It is the safeguard of the hair.
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
EUGÈNE
Permanent Waving

This Sachet is the secret!

This, as a clever Frenchwoman has said, is what goes on behind your back when you get a Eugène Permanent Wave.

It is the Eugène Sachet. Your permanent waver uses 26 to 40 of them for each genuine Eugène permanent wave or re-wave.

Note the partially perforated tab of the Eugène Sachet, illustrated. It is from these perforations that countless tiny jets of steam issue forth and gently wave your new straight hair, while protecting the waved hair remaining from your last permanent. There is no other sachet with this exclusive patented feature of selectivity. That is why your conscientious permanent waver gladly pays more for Eugène Sachets—for the waves' sake and for yours!

* * * * *

Make sure that your hair is waved with the genuine Eugène Perforated Sachets. Look for the famous Eugène trade-mark symbol on each Sachet.

* * * * *

We will gladly send you a sample sachet for your inspection, together with our interesting booklet, "The Eugène Method" and a list of genuine Eugène Wavers located in your vicinity.

EUGÈNE, LTD., 565 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
London - Paris - Berlin - Sydney

EUGÈNE PERMANENT WAVES

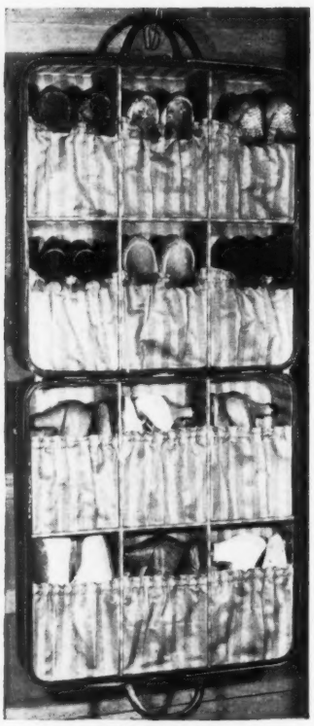
...ARRIVED

• a smart •

WARDROBE SHOE CASE

for travelers

The newest accessory to the modern woman's luggage—created with an understanding of the importance of shoes to her ensemble . . . the Bradka Bag meets an important need of the fashionable traveler who must carry many pairs of shoes to complete her costumes. The Bradka Bag is of leather and designed to hold twelve pairs of shoes. Once packed—no matter how long the trip—it need never be repacked. Opened, Bradka Bag is hung on a closet door—with shoes conveniently ready for selection. Slender enough to slide under seats or berths, dustproof, firmly made to guard shoes and daintily lined to protect them—Bradka Bag is the perfect complement to the modern women's luggage equipment.



The 1929 model patented Bradka Bags are now ready. Adjustable partitions for various sized spaces to accommodate riding and hunting boots, etc.

Schmickl-Bryon Inc.
New York City

Wheary Trunk Company
Racine, Wis.

Licensed Manufacturers and Distributors

Bradka Bags are sold by the leading shoe and department stores in the principal cities of the United States and Canada.

Pat. applied for

BRADKA BAGS

YOUR WARDROBE ROUND THE WORLD

(*Continued from page 99*)

fragile beauties of that city of minarets.

On a cruise, ship life is not so different from that at home, though there must be times when you long to escape from some of your ever-present companions. You will need more clothes and greater variety, but you will have more space to care for them in your cabin. If you are traveling independently, the same sort of clothes are necessary, but the quantity of frocks for formal and informal wear will depend on whether you are staying in hotels or with friends. The number of formal functions that you attend, aside from those on shipboard, will be governed by the number and importance of the letters of introduction that you carry with you. These letters are customary in the East, and if you have a friend who is a friend, or even a relative, of our ambassador to this, or our minister to that, or to the consul-general of the other, by all means get a letter of introduction. You will find all these delightful people eager to prove to you that life in the tropics or the Orient is truly a desirable thing. They give beautiful parties and you will see smart frocks, the like of which you haven't seen since you were last in Paris. So be prepared! Remember that dressing for dinner—formal or informal, at home or in a hotel, on shore or on shipboard—is the custom of the East.

Properly, one's wardrobe list should begin with hats and coats, but the item of greatest importance, first and last, is shoes. Without comfortable shoes there is no joy in seeing the ruins of the Borabadur in Java or the glories of the Taj Mahal in India. There is little fun to be had anywhere without proper shoes for sports or walking. Just as essential are the frivolous, but comfortable, slippers for dancing. Shoes may seem to take up the greater part of your luggage, but you will not regret it. Foreign-made shoes are not adapted to American feet and you must carry with you all that you will need.

Hosiery of supposedly American manufacture can be purchased the world around, if you do not care how big a price you pay. By the way, if you have friends in the East, to whom you wish to take a present, hosiery of the newest shades will be appreciated more than rubies. For your own wear get all that you need before you start—and then get just a few more. It is such a desperate feeling when you see the stocking supply rapidly diminishing when you are miles from anywhere where you can get hosiery of the kind you like best. It almost makes you wish that you were a native of the South Seas, so you need never be bothered by shoes or hose.

NOW, a word about hats. Those who live in the tropics say that the back of your neck must always be protected when you are out in the sun. Therefore, a large summer hat with a wide brim is essential. A thin black one with changeable bows of colors to harmonize with your gowns is an excellent idea. When your hat is short in the back, a scarf will help, but the large hat will be your greatest joy. You do not need to buy a solar topee unless you want to look like old Mrs. Devil herself. They look rather well on the men, but if there is anything more unbecoming to the average woman it has not yet been discovered. All along your way you will see quaint and unusual parasols. Buy one or two, for you will need them, and they do add a colorful touch to a costume.

Laundry is another vital problem. Of course, you can have things laundered either on shore or on ship, but you must not expect the same type of work you are used to at home. Also, it is expensive. The economical woman can save enough pennies to buy those longed-for jade earrings, if she washes her own hose and handkerchiefs. It is quite possible, too, to do your own glove-silk underthings. You must not be too trusting in sending your new sports silks to the laundry, for they are probably better at doing cotton and linen. Incidentally, cotton frocks are much cooler for the hot countries than silk. Don't be surprised if some of your new silk frocks go to pieces, for the salt air and heavy moisture of the tropics spell ruin to any silk that is weighted. If you want silk and are having dresses made, buy Burmese or Chinese silks by preference, for they will stand any amount of hard washing and are unaffected by atmospheric conditions.

HERE is a minimum list, to which you can add such things as your own trip demands. It is wise to take as few things as possible, for, as you buy things, you will find that space is one valuable thing you have not allowed for.

COATS: A fur coat is not essential. If you are crossing either ocean during the winter months it will be needed and can be returned to America from Honolulu or Manila.

Heavy cloth coat, with fur collar or separate fur piece.

Light coat for wear with light dresses.

An extra sports coat will prove useful.

An ensemble suit is not essential, but is practical and will be useful for travel in Europe.

Rain-coat and umbrella to match.

EVENING COATS: One warm coat and a shawl or lighter wrap. (You can buy these en route, if you like.)

DRESSES: Cloth—one heavy tweed or twill.

Washable, thin, and white or light-colored—at least six, all or part sleeveless. Sleeves are necessary for Egyptian heat, while sleeveless frocks are more comfortable in the tropics (two or more of these you can buy in Manila).

Washable, thin, and dark—one of dotted swiss or voile for train wear in the tropics.

Sports outfits—two or more of jersey or knitted silk or heavy silk.

Dark silk dresses—two of georgette or crêpe or foulard for train wear and travel in Europe.

Afternoon gowns—one or two of net or lace or piña cloth, which will also do for informal dinner wear. Two of flowered chiffon or georgette which may be used the same way. (Georgette, chiffon, lace and net are better for traveling than materials which crease or crush easily.)

Evening gowns—one warm evening gown—possibly velvet. Four or more light, simple evening frocks of chiffon, lace or georgette (beware of taffetas, for they usually crack in the salt air).

One or two light evening gowns for formal wear.

HATS: One large shade hat to cover back of neck (solar topee not necessary).

Two or more hats for sports wear—one with wide brim.

One small hat for general wear—to match suit.

One small or large hat for formal wear.

SHOES: How hard are you on shoes?

Three pairs of walking shoes (more if you are hard on them).

One pair of white shoes.

Two pairs of sports shoes—including white ones.

Two pairs of evening slippers—be sure they go with your evening frocks.

One pair of black satin slippers is indispensable.

One or two pairs of slippers for bedroom and bath.

(The most beguiling mules and bath slippers can be found in the bazaars of the East.)

Rubbers—examine them occasionally and moisten them, so you will not find them rotted when you most need them.

HOSE: How hard are you on hose?

Eighteen to twenty-four pairs at least. (Do buy two, or better three, pairs of the same shade for replacement.)

UNDERWEAR: Glove silk and rayon are practical for laundering and packing, but batiste and linen are cooler for the warm countries.

Slips—five or six in colors to match special frocks, if necessary.

Nightgowns or pajamas—four to six,

(*Concluded on page 138*)

MIRACLE

The wild melody of thy scents has played upon my heart as play the fingers of Pan upon his magic pipes" And I am as Pan himself to whom no ecstasy is forbidden.

A *Miracle* has blossomed . . . from the souls of sun-loved flowers has sprung an ecstatic mood in perfume! . . . For *Miracle* is ardent . . . glowing as wine . . . poetic with scented emotions. She who wears *Miracle* wears an invisible chaplet born in a lover's spring . . . *Miracle* is cherished by one lovely queen of Europe as a radiant inflection of her charm. Other patricians of the continent have made it their perfume also, for *Miracle* is the chosen fragrance of her who prizes true femininity . . . Like all odeurs created by Lenthéric,

Miracle possesses a delicate vitality. Not for a fleeting moment, but as an imperishable garden, it gives a fragrant echo to the breath of living flowers—an unchanging background for feminine loveliness . . . Now, Parfums Lenthéric can be secured not only in the lovely new Lenthéric Salon and fine New York shops, but also in the smart shops of other leading cities.

Lenthéric, *Paris*

Parfums · FIFTH AVE. AND 58TH ST., NEW YORK
245 RUE SAINT-HONORÉ, PARIS, FRANCE

Not only for the famed women of the world . . .

LEADERS OF SOCIETY, STARS, NOTABLE WOMEN
FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD HAVE COME
TO NEW YORK FOR THE ART OF R. LOUIS
NOW THIS ART HAS COME TO YOU!

By Agnes Cortelyou

The art of one man—a man who women say knows more about women's beauty than any woman! the miraculous art of this man has created the world's largest salon of beauty. Here, to the salon of R. Louis, have come notable women from all parts of the world for consultation and treatment of the skin and the artistry of the hair.

What these fashionable women have sought in the famous salon across from the Plaza, is now available to you, wherever you are. The beauty preparations evolved by R. Louis and his staff of skilled experts are being eagerly sought by informed women in smart shops the country over.

Each preparation is not only of such meticulous purity that it can bear the name of R. Louis, but it makes a definite contribution in its own field.

In the R. Louis cleansing crême and the R. Louis skin tonic, the basic principles of facial beauty and skin health are superbly cared for. The skin is kept free from impurities and exquisitely stimulated. These two preparations used morning and night are the first steps to beauty, supplanting soap and water.

Begin your discovery of the many unique R. Louis preparations today. At the more distinguished places ask for the R. Louis preparations.

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Cleansing Crême Skin Tonic Muscle Oil Pore Crême Circulation Ointment Tissue Crême Special Astringent Bleach Crême Autour des yeux Hand Crême Basic Crême Liquid Rouge Crême Rouge Compact Rouge Lip Stick Cleansing Tissue Face Powder Dusting Powder

YOUR WARDROBE ROUND THE WORLD

(*Concluded from page 136*)

including at least two of mull or batiste or linen for tropical nights.

Undergarments—at least six sets of your favorite style, whether it is combinations or brassieres and panties or bloomers.

DRESSING GOWNS: One light washable.

One dark silk (even though you buy those beguiling ones in Japan).

BATHING COSTUMES: Suit, cap, slippers and wrap.

(All of the ships have pools and there are wonderful bathing places en route. You can buy these accessories on board ship, if necessary.)

ACCESSORIES: Purses—one large bag with pockets for passports, letter of credit, travelers' checks, et cetera. Have at least two compartments for change and a separate one for bills. Have it large enough to carry all these essentials without bulging. Have it smart enough so that you will not mind carrying it day after day, for it will be your most constant companion.

One smaller bag of fair size to carry with light frocks.

One evening bag.

(You will pick up fascinating bags in each country you visit, so take a minimum with you.)

Gloves—the number must be governed by your fondness for wearing them. They are never an essential part of your costume in the tropics. Washable gloves are the most practical. You can buy lovely gloves in Italy and France, as you probably know.

Handkerchiefs — two dozen — mostly colored linen, for they stand laundering better than white ones. Those with flat hand-hemmed hems are recommended for that personal laundering which is so often necessary. You will buy lovely ones in China and the Philippines.

Toilet articles—tooth brushes and paste, et cetera, can be purchased on shipboard or on shore at slightly higher prices than you pay at home.

Coat-hangers—take at least a dozen flat ones with you that will pack in your suit-case easily.

Electric curling-iron—you may find it against the rule to use it on some of the ships, but take it anyway. You will discover the most amazing hair-dressing shops scattered around the world. Some of them use only cold water, others use strange-smelling soaps, very few know how to put in a finger-wave. You may be wise to do your own shampooing, if you can, and resort to your own waves—for even if you are a rank amateur they will probably be better than those you can get in the shops.

Medicine kit—only the few necessities that you must have—disinfectant, cotton, adhesive tape, et cetera. On shipboard there is always a good doctor available and on shore one can usually be found who speaks your own tongue.

LUGGAGE: One wardrobe trunk, steamer size preferable. Larger trunks can be placed in the storage room, to which you have easy access. The size of your trunk must be determined by the length of your trip and the size of your wardrobe. Two small trunks are better than one large one, for then you can pack the light summer clothing in one and the heavy warm clothing in the other.

One large suit-case—you will need this even if you travel on a cruise ship, for there are inland trips to be taken, when the boat is no longer your home.

One small bag for toilet articles and night wear.

With this wardrobe you should be able to uphold the reputation of the American woman for being the best dressed of women travelers, and, in this instance, best dressed also means most suitably dressed.

BLUE GLAMOUR

(*Concluded from page 91*)

Bosphorus flowing under the battlements of Roumeli Hissar one afternoon on the edge of spring.

And that blue, in turn, became a wavering vision when we hung over our window-sill one dawn and gazed down into the astounding fathomless blue of a little bay on the Gulf of Rapallo.

Wherever you adventure on that lake, which washes the shores of Europe and Africa and Asia, there is blue and there is glamour. These blues of water, the blue of sky, the blue of islands whose brittle, fantastic silhouettes startle the morning. The glamour of ancient civilizations, whose pylons and colonnades lift inscrutably out of gray deserts and the force of whose custom and art persists across the centuries, determining the design and color of the life you see pass on wharf and in bazaar and on mountain road. The glamour of the pleasure cities with their luxe and swank and *lambinage*.

This afternoon a *rivano*, with tall lateen sail and hull piled with great white blocks of Carrara marble, is drifting down the blue coast of Tuscany.

This afternoon a fisherman on the sand at Anatoli Kavak is busy painting the carven prow of his boat a gorgeous vermilion and blue.

This afternoon Suzanne and the King of Sweden are pinging a little white ball back and forth across a net in the warm Riviera sunshine.

This afternoon a Greek galley is loading baskets of golden oranges as big as muskmelons in Jaffa roadstead, five hundred yards from the rock where Perseus performed his polite service for Andromeda, and at Beirut a snub-nosed American freighter is unloading a magnificent blue limousine built in Detroit for the King of Iraq.

This afternoon two Bedouins in blue turbans are dragging the plump, short-legged lady in blue from South Bend at breakneck speed up the steps of the Great Pyramid, warning her at every moment: "Sla-aw-ly! Sla-aw-ly!"

And to-night a tense-eyed crowd will gather around the roulette wheels in the gaudy ballroom of Yildiz Kiosk. . . .

And there will be a *bal masqué* at the Semiramis. . . .

Blue glamour!

A FRIEND AT THE DOOR

I HEARD a strange rapping
Above the back door,
A low, gentle tapping
Not heard there before.

Ghosts harm not, they tell us,
My heart knew no foes;
I opened! The trellis
Had brought me a rose!

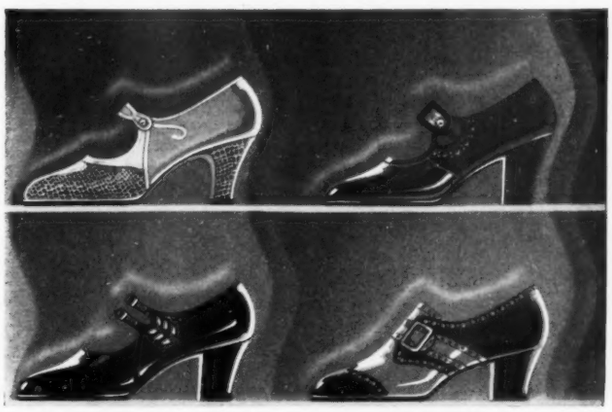
William Herschell

THE gifted women who *set* the mode, for others to follow, are drawn unerringly to the new Arch Preserver Shoes.

For in them alone are coupled the advance style notes that forecast the authentic trends of Paris and New York modes, and the unbounded comfort that is essential today in a smart shoe for active women.

Although Arch Preserver Shoe heels are raised as high as the mode demands, there can be no painful sagging of the foot, no discomfort anywhere. The famous hidden arch bridge takes all strain off the arch and preserves the foot's chief beauty — the lovely curve of the instep. The flat inner sole prevents pinching. The metatarsal support puts new life into every step.

And the final touch of smartness that the woman of fashion demands is conferred by the exclusive Arch Preserver method of fitting by measuring the foot from heel to ball, so that every Arch Preserver Shoe appears to be custom tailored just for the foot it adorns!



THE JOAN — Vamp of ivory genuine watersnake; Lido sand kid quarter; beige kid trim.

THE ASTRAL — Patent leather in a smart two-strap buckle model; dull kid trim.

THE MANHATTAN — Marron glace kid vamp and trim; beige suede quarter; wide strap button.

THE SARATOGA — Wide strap sport Oxford of sunburn calf, with trotteur tan calf trim.

Let us send you the new booklet telling the complete Arch Preserver story of smartness and comfort in footwear; also pictures of the advance Spring shoe modes that have just come out of the Arch Preserver studios in Paris and New York. The coupon is for your convenience.

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Please send me, postpaid, your new booklet No. B-70, and advance pictures of the new shoe styles from your Paris and New York studios.

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"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

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ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

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A 38 FOOT CRUISER

Boating Folk—Mark this startling announcement—"Thirty joyful miles an hour in a luxurious 38 foot vee-bottom cruiser". Three generations of leadership in fine boat building have reached a pinnacle in this—the world's first, really fast, seaworthy, streamline cruiser.

Nowhere in boating history or experience is there a parallel to this new cruiser either in design or performance. Long, low, racy, nimble, easily maneuvered; its gleaming mahogany encases the cosiest, smartest cabin and cockpits ever built into a craft.

Eating, sleeping and lounging quarters are superb. Equipment is designed to compliment your most distinguished guests.

Fourteen advance orders greeted its first announcement before the craft was built. Two passengers on its first trial trip bought at once without asking its cost. This craft will, beyond the shadow of a doubt, be the focus of all eyes at smart water-front gatherings throughout the whole world just as it will carry its party smoothly, swiftly, comfortably on the world's water highways.

Beyond price—yet fairly priced, this craft will make its bow at New York and following boat shows. See it. If you wish one, order early. Catalog is free.

14 Models—22 to 38 feet
82 to 200 horsepower
30 to 45 miles per hour
$2235 to $15,000.

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Chris-Craft

WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF ALL-MAHOGANY MOTOR BOATS

ERDA

(*Continued from page 109*)

treading down the powdery snow into the necessary hardness for the principal sporting event of the winter season. Something in the sight made her quiver. Talone had cleared sixty meters the year before. He had told her this morning that he would beat his record to-morrow by six.

From the first he had revealed himself more fluently than the average man of his class. She had learned soon after she had begun her ski lessons with him that he was a painter of sorts. With a naive pride he had shown her the altar-piece in the village church. "In the summer leisure I am artist," he had said.

IT HAD been a few days later that she and Geoffrey, wrapped in the fur rugs of a sleigh, had passed Talone and his sweetheart walking down the road to Château d'Oex.

"Talone's girl looks like Tusnelda in Piloty's picture in Munich," commented Geoffrey. "She is as majestic as Mother Earth."

"How acute you are!" Daphne had answered. "He tells me her name is Erda. Rather gallumping, isn't she?"

But it was not of Erda that Daphne was thinking to-night as the lights from the châlets pricked bright holes in the blue of the valley. She found women neither entertaining nor obstructive and took small account of them. Her mind turned instead to the little hut high up in the Hornberg where . . .

The strokes of a clock reminded her that it was time to dress for dinner. The big lounge was empty.

"Paulingham most courteously sent me a note of good-by," called her mother half-an-hour later from the adjoining room, as Daphne added a quite unnecessary touch of powder to her cloudless skin. "He said he was leaving suddenly. I hope," Mrs. Abbingdon appeared in the doorway, an anxious gaze fixed upon her daughter, "I hope that *you* had nothing to do with it."

"My dear mother, even you can scarcely connect my aversion to marriage with the political duties of an Englishman, or accuse me of connivance with the time-table!"

"Then you refused him?" Mrs. Abbingdon collapsed into the nearest chair.

"Only a wedding is definite proof of a proposal *pour le bon motif*," tantalized her child.

"You are impossible!" the poor lady exclaimed as she retreated, closing the door upon her tears. Inadequate as usual, she ordered dinner in bed and tried to muffle in early sleep the sharp edge of her disappointment.

NIGHT having brought no counsel, Daphne found her mother only partially appeased as they drove on the following afternoon down the hill in the direction of the ski track.

The village street, wreathed in hemlock, fluttered a bannered welcome to the throngs swarming in sleighs and on foot from all directions.

Daphne's sleigh took its place at the side of the great track, whose white streak began far up on the edge of the forest. Battalions of pines guarded it on either side. The red-covered platform, whence the jumps were to be made, stood out sharply like a sacrificial altar. Through the crowds pressing against the barriers to right and left, circulated the name of Talone, the undoubted favorite.

Daphne shook off the embedding fur rugs and, standing up, raised her field-glass. Yes, there he was at the very top of the precipice-like slope, the center of a discursive group of contestants. The yellow spot of his sweater made its gay protest against Swiss dulness.

"The ski-jumper is to Switzerland what the gladiator was to Rome, what the matador is to Spain, is it not so, mesdames?" Monsieur l'Abbé de Kérouac, clad in a clerical version of sports clothes, had approached the Abbingdons' sleigh.

"You will pardon me if I take advantage of the privilege of my calling in addressing strangers." He smiled. "Have you a preference among the competitors?"

"They tell us," said Mrs. Abbingdon, "that the ski-master, Talone, has the best chance."

Monsieur l'Abbé leaned his elbow on the edge of the sleigh. "As an expert, mademoiselle, your daughter should be able to estimate the justice of the prediction. I have noticed her proficiency on some of my walks through the mountains." The little black diamonds between the narrow slits of the priest's eyes glinted in the sunlight as he turned toward Daphne.

She left it to her mother to answer him. Old people bored her.

"You speak of Talone: his number is, by the way, thirty-one on the program. If the biography of a local hero can amuse you, he is quite a simple rascal, of whom the women could easily make a fool, had he not had the good fortune, as well as the good sense, to engage himself to that pearl of the valley, Erda Subenberg, the girl in the Bernese costume, whom you see standing over there near the Tribunes. They are to be married at Easter!" The Abbé raised his voice with a certain insistence. "Erda is the daughter of Subenberg the builder, and child of a long and honorable line of peasantry. Talone, as a lodger in the house of her father, has had ample opportunity to discover her domestic virtues, devotion to her widowed father and small brothers, modesty and courage. A neat dowry adds to the prospect of happiness. He has chosen well."

"There is something rather magnificently maternal in the appearance of the girl." Mrs. Abbingdon felt it necessary to punctuate politely, with a remark, this uninteresting recital.

"*N'est-ce pas?*" he answered. "She should make a good mother. But forgive me, madame, for assuming that the simple romances of the people could . . ."

THE sharp sound of a whistle interrupted him. A number was hoisted on a big banner at the side of the track.

A tiny upright figure stood poised at the top of the steep slope. It slid forward. Crouching on its skis it hit the platform, waved its arms, rose again in the air, then clearing the track with a great spring it fell in a huddled heap and rolled ignominiously down the rest of the hill, a tangle of arms, legs and skis.

Mrs. Abbingdon gave a little cry. A woman in the crowd laughed nervously. The man got up, brushed off the snow, shook his head, swearing a little at his own clumsiness, none the worse for the tumble.

"Twenty-five meters," bellowed the announcer.

"A poor performance," remarked the Abbé, "but a brave man at that. Good afternoon, ladies." He moved away in the direction of Erda Subenberg. The group of sycophants surrounding her, as the betrothed of the prospective hero of the day, fell respectfully back to make room for him.

Meanwhile the numbers were being displayed in quick succession. Flying figures followed each other without intermission.

"No. 31!" The banner flung out the long-expected number at last.

"Talone!" murmured the crowd.

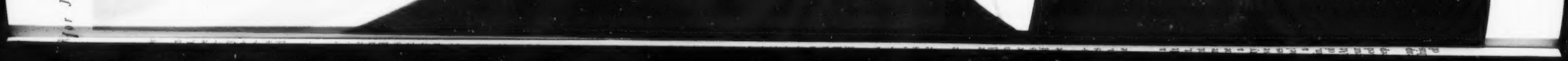
Way up at the edge of the wood, a touch of sun caught a yellow jacket. It moved forward, the legs beneath it taut, the skis lying before it like long straight shadows. Down it glided, swift and sure to the *schanze*, touched the platform. The arms, whirling like the thin wings of a windmill, seemed to raise it with a mighty effort, high, high above the stand, above the Tribunes, above the upturned faces of the crowd, a flying thing. Talone! Talone! There was the intaking of a great breath. He struck the track again, skis straight, balance perfect. A sigh of relief exhaled from the spectators. "At least sixty meters," estimated Monsieur l'Abbé. The color which had receded from Erda's cheeks rushed back in a deep wave.

With the final flourish of a joyous leap for extra measure, Talone perfected his Christiana, showing all the splendor of his gleaming teeth in a wide smile.

"Seventy meters."

A shout went up from the throng.

(*Continued on page 142*)



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Keep the foot small *in these* .....smart Drew Shoes

Smart...Drew Arch Rest Shoes! Fashionable women adore their beauty, their lustrous leathers, their swagger style...and above all, the gracious, graceful things they do to the foot...keeping it small by relieving all strain... keeping it from spreading, the arch from sagging...upholding the instep... strengthening the muscles of the foot. The secret? The famous hidden Drew Arch Rest Construction. Most of the styles are priced at $8.50, $10 and $12.50. Write for the Drew Folio of Fashion Footwear. The Irving Drew Co., Portsmouth, Ohio.

Rosamie

Celeste

DREW ARCH REST Shoes for Women

"keep the foot small"

ERDA

(*Continued from page 140*)

FLAME tipped the mountains as the Abbingdon's sleigh, garrulous with bells, pulled up the road toward the Winter Bellevue Grand. Daphne had lighted a cigarette. Her air of detachment suggested boredom. Her mother wondered if after all she repented having dismissed Paulingham.

"Shall we look in for a while to-night at the hotel ball-room?" she ventured. "I hear the prizes are to be awarded. All the village will be there."

"As you like," answered Daphne.

But that evening as they watched the sturdy heroes of the ski go forward for their rewards, her face was strangely eager. Erda Subenberg, as the chief heiress of the village and the betrothed of the winner, helped to distribute the prizes. Dressed in the costume of the Canton, her full breasts, swelling high and firm, constricted by her tight bodice, her flaxen hair laid flat above her broad forehead, she might have served as model for a Goddess of Plenty. For each contestant she had a smile or a word, but when Talone's turn had come, the apex of the evening, and he made his way, modest yet smiling, through the crowd of peasants toward the *estrade*, she took the big silver cup in her hands, lifting it for a moment with a gesture unconsciously magnificent as if praying heaven to fill and bless it. Then bending with an air of bestowal she gave it to him.

The simple, ruddy-faced audience shouted with joy. "Talone! Talone! The pride of the Oberland!" He was seized, hoisted on the shoulders of two sturdy comrades, held aloft, shy but half laughing, his black curls ruffled, his teeth gleaming, the cup still in his hands. Then he too raised it just a shade, but the flame of his dark eyes sought not Erda, and the wide calm gaze that rested on him, but a slender, glittering figure in the doorway with lips over-red and parted. They set him down, his friends crowded round. Over their heads he could see Daphne waiting. He came abreast of her, pushed by the crowd. Her arm touched his. The orchestra in the lounge was playing. Before he knew it, she had swept him into the rhythm. He was a good dancer. In the whirling apotheosis she had made for him, he did not realize that he was infringing on the "floor" of the Winter Bellevue Grand, all the rules that made the "village" keep its distance. Dimly he saw Erda, with whom he had promised to go to the ski ball at the humble "Rossli" waiting for him in the hall. Dimly he saw her go, after he had danced again with Daphne, and again.

IT WAS not until two or three days later that he came in upon Erda as she was tidying his room. He had purposely avoided her since the evening at the Winter Bellevue Grand, his engagements as a ski-master giving him pretexts enough for absences. Not that he had wanted any until now. He had found in her large faithfulness a sheltering warmth and his own simple nature had been happy in it. Nor, swept away and confused though he was, could he yet definitely conceive of life without her.

As she looked up at him now with a calm "*Grüzi*," it struck him that her rosiness had paled. "The snow holds well," she said. "Thou shouldst have another full month of work with the strangers."

"Yes," he answered and, suddenly conscious of obligation, he sidled up to her and implanted a kiss upon her cheek.

In the ordinary way she would have returned it, or held lovingly for a moment his face close to hers with her firm hand, but to-day she only said, averting her eyes: "By the way, where is thy cup? See, I have polished the others and made a place for it."

He blushed painfully. "It is too costly," he muttered. "I left it at the hotel . . . the safe there. . . ."

"Since when is aught of value in danger in the house of Subenberg?" she said proudly. With her head raised, she passed from the room.

Precisely at that moment the silver cup, standing on the table of Daphne Abbingdon, filled with the red roses Talone had brought, was the subject of a far more acrimonious discussion.

". . . The limit of vulgarity. A flirtation with a low peasant!" Mrs. Abbingdon was saying.

"He's a painter, as a matter of fact!" countered Daphne. "Didn't you know?"

"I did *not*, but what I do know is that you disgraced yourself by dancing in a public ball-room with a common ski-master and . . ."

"Laurels to the hero of the hour!" Daphne spoke lightly.

"And that you have accepted from him a gift of intrinsic value. Why, in my time a girl who received from a man of her own class more than a box of candy, or— You're simply incorrigible."

"My poor mother, I'm keeping the cup just to save poor Talone the expense of locking it in a bank. I may even buy it from him. These peasants," a puff at her cigarette emphasized casualness, "will sell anything." She glanced at her watch. "By the way, I'm late for my lesson already."

The door, closing behind her, did not, however, shut away for Daphne, a feeling of uneasiness. An expert dabbler on the edges of passion, it had not been, as a matter of fact, till the day after the ski contest that she had begun to realize that the elemental Talone threatened to sweep her into the current. She had always had a weakness for the spectacular, weaving herself habitually into a series of highly colored pictures. This Talone with his velvety Italian smoothness, was steel better sheathed, decorative, handsome with some obscure hint of race, neither effeminate nor crude. Tailored by a Poole, for instance, he would look, with his superb carriage, more like a prince than Paulingham did like an earl. One day she had questioned him as to his ancestry.

"La Nonna knitting in the village street use tell a story. Old women they weave a tale without reason."

"What did your grandmother say?" urged Daphne.

THEY had been climbing steadily and she was resting for a moment on a rustic bench near a shed. He leaned his skis against the wall and took off his cap.

"As the Signorina commands!" he answered. "With her needle the Nonna would point across the valley at the square tower of the castle on the hill. 'There,' she would say, 'lived the Duca and his wife, *gran signori*, not *proveracci* like us. The Duchessa was white and tall just as Giotto's campanile.' Bella, bellissima, the duchess must have been like—" Talone's gaze rested boldly on Daphne, though his words faltered.

"Like?" repeated Daphne.

"Like a great lady!" He bent toward her ever so slightly, though his tongue faltered. "Often the Duke was afar in bloody wars and his love for his duchess was rough and red with wine on his return, and so '*amor ch'a nul amato amor perdona*,' another love had its way with the Donna Beata. She loved a page. Then the Duke coming suddenly and finding the two together, called his soldiers and bade them wall the lovers deep behind stone and mortar in the tower that dying side by side they might hate love and each other. But their child, la Nonna told us, was saved by an old nurse, and because he had a mark upon his heel they called him Talone!" His rather wide mouth flashed a smile. "Magari!" he added, "the grandmother was a great dreamer and a liar *molto simpatica*. I believe nothing of the legend."

Talone's story, however, had pleased Daphne, decorating the path toward certain possibilities.

A scene enacted shortly after this recital rose before her eyes now, as she swung down the road to meet the ski-master.

She and Talone had stopped at an empty hut on the Hornberg for lunch and shelter from a high wind, and, as she was stooping over a fire they had lighted on the hearth, she turned suddenly to find

(*Continued on page 144*)

Youth *on thirty seconds a day!*

Impossible? But now it's true! Clogged pores, relaxed muscles, tired skin glands, sluggish circulation: these are the enemies that *age* you years too soon. Yet after even one lightning-swift application of PINAUD'S amazing New Cream you can see the first lovely sparkle of reviving Youth!

YOUTH means radiance—but if pores are clogged and stifled, if the blood flows sluggishly under the surface, you will look dull and *old.*

Youth means satiny softness, freedom from lines—but if muscles are relaxed, the surface dry, then the contours of your face will begin to droop, the skin grow rough and lined.

Now—the famous French House of Pinaud has perfected an amazing New Cream which dermatologists declare conquers these very conditions!

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IT TONES the whole fretwork of tiny blood vessels and skin glands to normal activity, till your whole face feels awakened, alive, young again!

And the whole amazing process takes only one brief half minute! Swiftly smooth it on, then as swiftly WASH it away! Do it regularly each day and soon your cheek will grow—*and stay*—silken, fresh, alive with vivid youth!

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You've come from Algiers—Cannes-in-Africa—the gayest, most cosmopolitan city in the world. You're going to Laghouat, green island in the Sahara sands—to El-Golcah, where the sun, the moon and the stars wheel forever over a solitary well ... You'll see the Roman ruins, the place where Carthage stood, catacombs, the Arabian Nights come to life... You're going back as far as Abraham—in a motor car!

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ERDA

(*Continued from page 142*)

him holding to his lips the woolen muffler that trailed behind her. He masked the gesture quickly by helping her to lay aside the scarf, but the flame in his eyes burst through their smouldering darkness and his hand shook while the current that passed from him to her, like electricity across a wire, made her sense adventure quite other than the anemic dalliance of Massachusetts.

Foolishly confident, in the insolence of her youth, of her ability to switch emotion on or off at will, she had continued to play upon him and herself, and though Paulingham's hints and her mother's reproaches had made her a bit uneasy, they stimulated her natural bravado. She had decided that she would not give him up—not quite yet, but it would be wiser, perhaps, to be cautious lest her mother become boring and insist upon a change of plan, a trip to the Riviera, or to Cairo. "What a nuisance never to have a free hand!" she reflected. as she saw him at the foot of the slope, his great warm eyes raised toward her.

HE LOADED her skis upon his shoulder for the long climb. Side by side they trudged upward through the deep snow. Sometimes he held her elbow for a moment, pushing her. Sometimes he bade her lean back resting on his free arm. Once her head fell against his shoulder and lay there for a moment. He threw in his chin and set his jaw grimly. Why did he not kiss her, she wondered?

They were to lunch in the hut. With a wide gesture, he pushed open the door and stepped back. From the threshold, she perceived the altered interior. On the wall was painted a circle of gold, a stool had been placed before it and a roughly made table upon which stood two candlesticks with unlighted tapers. Branches of red-berried ash were heaped between them, completing the resemblance to an altar.

"A shrine?" said Daphne. "To what god?"

He flushed. "To you," he said simply, as he drew a match from his pocket and lighted the tapers. The gold circle shone behind her dark hair and a flame brighter than that from the candle lighted his eyes. Then he knelt and at last words flowed from him with a sort of bold timidity. His love for her, his reverence, and then almost in a whisper, the hope that had come to him. Had she not singled him out for the dance that night at the Winter Bellevue Grand, accepted his trophy, shown only unresentful gentleness when he had kissed her scarf, and last of all, to-day, when for a moment her head had rested on his shoulder, she had let it lie there?

"I am nothing now," he spread his palms in deprecation, "but you shall see. *Ecco!* I have moneys, many *quatrini* in the bank. *Bene!* Next week I win the big prize in St. Moritz. "Then I be skimaster no more ever. I become great artist. You have see my Madonna, my bears, I go far, far. Giotto, Benvenuto, Raffael, plain men, peasants like me! Art and love can make any man king!" He rose to his full height, then falling to his knees again, he stretched his arms toward her and Daphne, bending low across the table, crushed the red berries of the ash, as she gave him her lips.

The afternoon sun, shining through the little window panes, had laid a tessellated pattern of light and shade upon the floor, before they started down.

Elated, exultant, freed by excitement for the moment from all thought, she stood straight as a young pine upon her skis. Fearlessly she slid forward, taking the hummocks with reckless joy, seeking the steeper places. Cutting through the cold, delicious air she was without reasonings or regrets. Twice Talone called to her to be careful.

"Catch me," she laughed over her shoulder. The track was fast and she gave a joyous cry as she swept furiously forward, gathering speed. Unaccountably her foot turned. She fell awkwardly with a groan of pain. Instantly he was beside her, his face pale as death, unbinding her skis, reassuring her with little caressing words.

"But it will be nothing, *Madonna mia*. See, I will cure it, I, Talone." Bending over her tenderly he drew off her shoe and sock with his neatly formed skilful hands. The sudden pain filled her eyes with tears.

"*Poverina!*" he said. Covering her slender ankle with his kisses, he bound her foot firmly with the bandages he carried always in his pocket. "Fear not! Lie against my shoulder so! It is thus that I will carry you!" He helped her to rise, putting his left arm around her so that no weight rested on her foot. "*Avanti!*" he smiled down at her, as she clung to him. They had made, however, but a dozen steps toward the highway now only a few meters distant when they heard a voice calling, "Talone! Talone!" There was a crunching of snow and Monsieur l'Abbé came plunging diagonally toward them across the mountain. A sled swung behind him at the end of a cord.

"An accident!" he commented. "Not so grave, I hope, but what I may be of assistance and after all one must pay toll for pleasure! Talone," he spoke with authority, "help me to install Mademoiselle upon my sled. I will do myself the honor of conducting her to the hotel. Meanwhile, since you are no longer needed you can take the short cut to the house of Subenberg." His manner precluded a refusal. Talone's eyes had scarcely time to seek Daphne's, as he obeyed. Monsieur l'Abbé, grasping the string of his *luge* in his mittened fingers, trudged down the road. A muffler encircled his throat and his white hair, hatless, glistened for a moment in the final rays of the sun.

"Are you at ease?" he threw over his shoulder. "The pain less?"

She nodded, biting her lip. Something in the tone of Monsieur l'Abbé preoccupied her as much as her aching foot.

PAUSING, he took a reef in the cord of his sled, shortening the distance between them. Then on a stretch of flat road he began walking backward facing her.

"Often," he said slowly, "I notice on my visits to the sick—it was returning from such an errand to-day that I had the good fortune to come upon you and Talone—that a legend or a tale beguiles a moment of suffering. May I relate to you, Mademoiselle, a little fable?"

The bland placidity of the old man angered her, but beneath her anger crouched fear. Her lips were stiff as she assented.

"*Voici!*" He smiled down upon her with his strange, wise smile. "Once upon a time there came journeying eastward from a far land into a hard mountain country, a Princess. The great hothouses of her life at home were full of roses over-red, of the sophisticated convolutions of orchids and other fantastic plants of a forced growth, yet as her roving eye fell quite by chance upon a modest flower before a cottage door, a tiny snowdrop which had pierced its way through the hard earth to be the sole ornament of a barren garden, the Princess of the fairy-tale (she was beautiful as all princesses are) coveted the white blossom. Was she careless or wanton? The legend does not tell, but she plucked the snowdrop with the light gesture of a passerby. Little did she guess that the flower—(are you listening? The curious part of the story is yet to come)—had the strange property of becoming poisonous in certain hands. Behold at the touch of the Princess it had flusned crimson and its hot venom spread through her veins like the slow death of mortal sin invading a soul. Then it fell withered from her grasp and from the cottage behind her the sounds of weeping fell like hot drops of molten lead or of remorse upon her agony. That is the end of the story! And I shall not weary you with a moral, satisfied if my fable has held your attention—" Monsieur l'Abbe's glance no longer rested on Daphne. "See, we are arriving! The baroque sophistry of the Winter Bellevue Grand makes its vulgar grimace in the face of Nature. Let me call the con-

(*Continued on page 146*)

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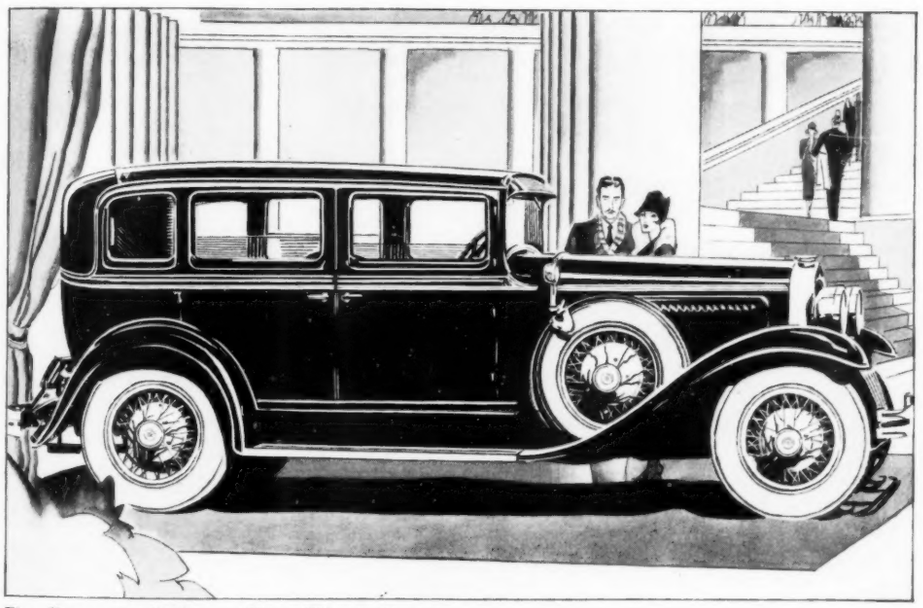
the largest, handsomest and finest product of Dodge Brothers craftsmanship



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ERDA

(*Continued from page 144*)

cierge to assist you. A speedy recovery to you! Perhaps a change of air. . . ." The lighted portal of the hotel received his retreating figure.

Half an hour later, Daphne, surrounded by hot water bottles, crouched shaking with pain, cold and a vague alarm beneath her bedcovers, as she listened to Mrs. Abbingdon's animadversions to winter sports in general and skiing in particular.

The doctor, having pronounced her injury unimportant, ordered absolute rest till the torn ligaments of her knee and ankle should be healed. For the first few days distracted notes kept coming from Talone, scrawled elaborately in an ignorant hand, and quite without the felicitous fluency of expression of his mobile face and flashing eye. They marked an abyss instead of bridging it. Besides, he assumed far too much.

When he left for St. Moritz on the third day after her accident, she was finally relieved from the boring necessity of prolonging her invalidism to avoid him.

Her bandaged foot made her the object of even more attention than usual when she emerged, still limping, into the hotel lounge, one afternoon a week later, at the tea hour. Two Argentines, with beautifully assorted linen and ties, black moiré hair, the single button of fashion on their coats smartly constricting their narrow chests, immediately rushed to her assistance. She was soon the center of a small ovation, as she fingered in her pocket a telegram from Paulingham who was more fluent on paper than with the spoken word. She had let out the line a long way while playing him, undecided whether she cared to land him, and he had struggled as strongly as a tarpon, but the bait was swallowed; his words proved it. There would be no difficulty about him unless the old Abbé or some other mischief maker. . . . After all he was a great catch.

It had always interested her to snitch other people's property. Spiritual kleptomania was quite in Daphne's line. It had been partly Erda's possession of Talone that had attracted her to him. But she had, before now, been known to return slightly damaged property to its rightful owner.

She was just fitting a new kind of Spanish cigarette into a spectacularly long holder, when, raising her eyes, she saw Monsieur l'Abbé navigating between the dancers in her direction. "That old bird of ill-omen!" she commented.

There was something dramatically emphatic in the Abbé's pause beside her table.

The Argentines sprang politely to their feet. "*Buenos dias, padre!*"

The Abbé placed his palms on the meager shoulders of his young parishioners. Then leaning toward Daphne, his sharp gaze took aim and he shot three words like bullets at her heart: "Talone is dead!"

For a second, her puerile soul staggered beneath the impact. She paled a little. Inadequate, brittle words came to her. "How terrible. . . . What happened. . . . An accident, of course! . . ." She was shocked, but in the shallows of her small, selfish nature, a slimy thought reared its head, a sense of relief from further complications and impending danger to herself. His last letter had breathed jealousy, possessiveness, the whole gamut of sincere passion.

"*Ricochet!*" thought the Abbé. "Harder even than I guessed. Scarcely a dent!"

"*Pobre muchacho! Disgraciado! Dios!*" Talone's South American pupils burst into lamentation.

The priest stood silent for a moment, his eyes still fixed on Daphne's face. Then he turned slowly.

His hand touched his forehead and his breast, as he reached the doorway: "*Le bon Dieu* approved the necessary lie," he justified himself, "even as he commands the use of the scalpel to probe rotten flesh."

THREE weeks later, when the first narcissi were struggling to pierce their way through the light snow of early spring, Monsieur l'Abbé de Kerouac and Erda Subenberg brought home Talone. Talone, alive as the priest had known him to be from the first telegram after his disaster, but dead to the white adventure of the Alps, dead to the exultations of leaping prowess, dead forever and forever to the wild free life of his beloved mountains. True the great doctor from Vienna had predicted a partial ultimate cure. "In these spinal cases, one can't quite hope for complete restoration in locomotion. He will, however, probably regain the use of his arms, and may be able to walk after a fashion," was the verdict.

But Talone, gritting his teeth with pain and determination, proposed to outwit Fate. He would never have fallen in the first place, but for that yellow skunk of a Varianese who had slyly split his skis before the start. Besides, he must get well, he must. . . . There was Daphne! Erda's broad, kind face, strangely paled and shadowed like snow in the twilight, had brought with it a certain comfort as she bent over him in the first hours of his agony. But soon her presence became an irritating suggestion of his obligation to her. He resented her goodness and affection. It would be all the harder to break with her. With every gesture of her careful nursing, she laid upon him an added chain. He hated even the sight of her calm smile. It came between him and his vision of full red lips, red as the berries of the ash, up there on the Hornberg.

Often in his delirium he would cry out to her to go away, calling in his hot torment for Daphne. Tortured, yet unswerving, Erda listened to his incoherences, found that through them ran, like a red thread, the persistency of his passion for Daphne. And, sometimes, mercifully, his hot head against her breast, she soothed him with speech of the other woman. It had never occurred to her that Daphne might not love him. Who could help loving Talone? *She* loved him, God knew! *Any* woman must love him! Once in a single moment of doubt, when his iron will and courage were weakened by suffering, he had asked her if she thought most women could love a maimed man, and her answer had rung out clear and reassuring, for, in those long watches that had spread an aging look of pain upon her whitened cheeks, she had come to a resolve.

IT WAS a Friday when they brought Talone home, and that afternoon, when the local doctor had recommended quiet and a sleeping potion, Erda made her way to the little church. The sharp glance of Monsieur l'Abbé, seated in the box of his confessional awaiting penitents, pierced the grating and fell, without surprise, upon the figure of Erda, her head bowed between her hands in an attitude of unmistakable sorrow, supplication and abnegation. His old heart, full of worldly wisdom and celestial pity, divined her prayers. She raised her face toward the altar and on it, the Abbé, still watching, saw not blank despair but the deep grief of reluctant but determined adjustment to a spiritual necessity. His white hand lying on the border of the confessional trembled a little as Erda dropped rather heavily to her knees.

"My father," she began haltingly, "I, poor sinner, accuse myself that since my last confession, I have. . . ."

The list of her misdoings would be pathetically venial in the sight of the Almighty, he thought, as he counseled the usual penance, the familiar devotions. Then suddenly her tone changed. It was no longer the conventional recital of habitual frailties. The voice at his elbow was shaken by passion. Out tumbled incoherently, but with an effort at sincerity which rent the veil of a naively constructed hypothetical case, the story of her jealousy, her hatred, her revulsion toward pity, and her generous determination to save Talone for Daphne and for happiness.

"The man is a good man, a fine man, a brave man. To us in the Oberland a

(*Concluded on page 148*)

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At the first sign of throat irritation, gargle with Listerine full strength. Keep it up systematically. If improvement is not rapid, call your physician. He will approve of your first-aid measures. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

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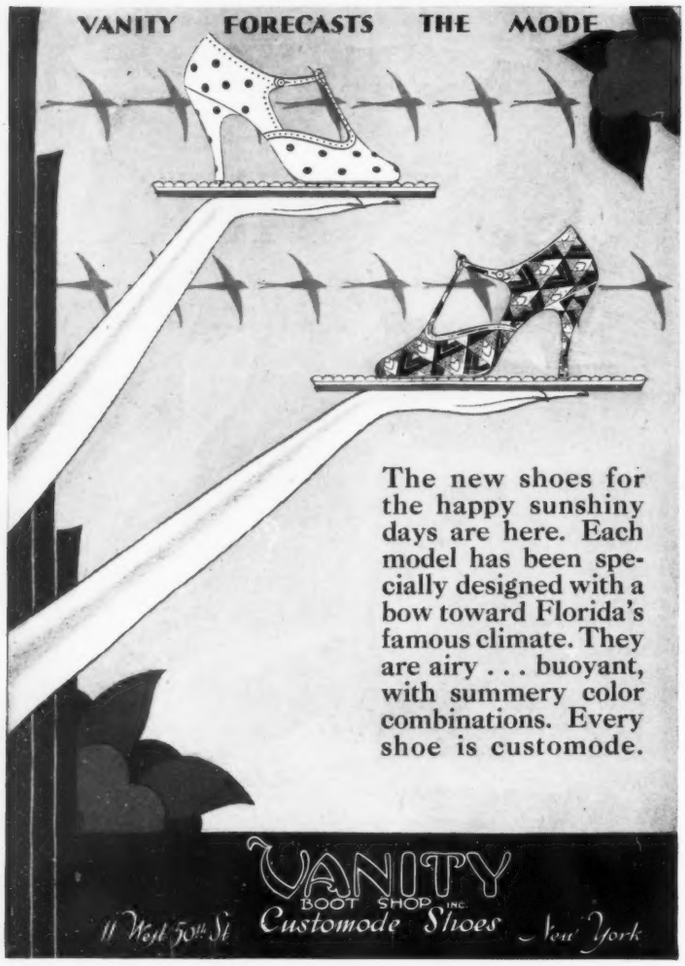
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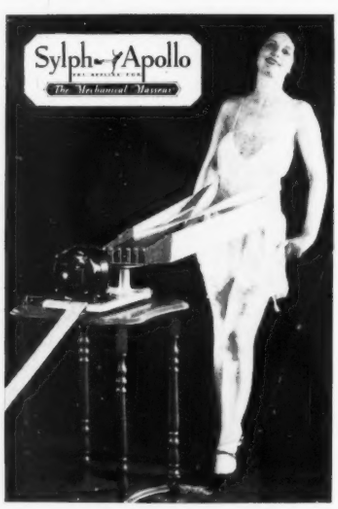

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ERDA

(*Concluded from page 146*)

promise of betrothal is a promise of marriage. He suffers under the yoke, yet he can not bear to break his troth to me. It is killing him, retarding his recovery. The other woman must be free to come to him, nurse him, give her life to him."

In the curtained darkness, Monsieur l'Abbé found himself repressing an ironic chuckle.

"Father," she hurried on, "the vow was my vow, too, my promise, but I know now that I must break it. Give him to her, wrecked and helpless as we know he is. It is she alone who can bring him joy. Even at her name, Father, you should see the old light brightening in his eyes." Her pitiful attempt at the concealment of her identity in the story had failed under her excitement and she almost apologized for her own sacrifice. "I must do it, I must." Then with a moment's wavering toward a possible reprieve, she besought him; "Must I? Must I?"

"Divine inspiration and the example of the Saints is with you, my daughter. Go and do as your heart tells you."

Was it from earth or heaven, with both of which Monsieur l'Abbé had such close affiliations, that he found joyous security in the foreknowledge which made him predict in complete sincerity: "And all things shall be added unto you."

Then Monsieur l'Abbé, gave her his blessing: "*Per omnia saecula saeculorum.*" His fingers made the sign of the Cross.

"Amen," said Erda Subenberg simply.

THE little brothers hanging over the fence like rosy apples, as they waited for Erda, stampeded toward her, in expectation of the usual sequel to her expeditions to the village in the form of a gingerbread bear or a cornucopia of chocolates. Pacified by the benediction of Monsieur l'Abbé, she had forestalled disappointment by stopping at the confectioner's. With cheeks bulging, the children danced before her into the house. She went about her tasks meticulously in an attempt to steel herself for the ordeal before her. Now that she had decided what to do, she would make the sacrifice complete. He must not leave her with a burdened conscience. What if she told him that it would be too hard for her to care for him, there were her brothers and father to look after. She rehearsed a string of phrases trying to make them convincing. A swift prayer and she was ready! Then she mounted to his room swiftly. The pause between her knock and her entrance was so brief that as she loomed large and fateful in the door, she saw that he sensed an impending crisis, but at the sight of him she forgot the carefully planned sequence of her words.

"Tito," she began stumbling, "I came to tell you . . . you are free. I have known all along how you felt, but I hoped if I were patient—waited—you'd see—you'd come back—and that finally. . . ."

"Erda," he murmured, a hot flush mounting to his cheek. Through the selfishness of unsatisfied desire, pierced the sense of her nobility. A sob rose in his throat. Then with a sort of heaven-born tact, groping for the resumption of her first idea of making it easier for him. "Besides you will get well quicker. You can have the greatest doctors, better care, better. . . ." The effort in the consummation of her sacrifice was too great, even for her. Before he could speak, she was gone from the room. Gone! For a second, he felt helpless, lonely, forsaken. What if, after all? . . . Then he went mad with joy. The splendid dream could come true. His queen, his princess! He was cured already. Visions of a love not hidden and intermittent in a rough hut high on a mountain, but open and richly set in scenes of beauty, rose before him. He thought of purple twilights at Villa d'Este; of silver nights on the Venetian lagoon, the artist in him spoke to the lover. In the jubilation of his soul, Erda was forgotten.

The late dawn had scarcely climbed over the high mountains after his sleepless night when he heard Erda moving in the room where she slept with her little brothers. Then her step sounded on the stair, and the noise of the telephone bell startled him as she called the number of the Winter Bellevue Grand.

IT WAS Erda who prepared him for the visit, placing the best pillow embroidered naively with Edelweiss and roses beneath his head, smoothed the crocheted counterpane and pinned the dressing gown neatly across his shoulders. She straightened the crude paper flowers in the vases on the mantel, and brought a red cover for the table.

At the sound of the sleighbells outside, he had a second of misgiving. Quite without vanity, he had never given his appearance a thought, but now the idea of Daphne seeing him in this state of physical weakness, temporary though he believed it to be, humiliated his pride as a man. A second later, Erda opened the door of his room to admit Daphne Abbingdon, and going out, closed them in together. Daphne stood stock still on the threshold, her reluctance in coming scarcely yet mastered. All at once he was miserable instead of happy. He could not lift his arms, but the gaze he raised to hers besought her more than any gesture. Then in her eyes he realized, as if he had seen it in a mirror, the distortion of his own face and there came to him, at the same time, the knowledge of her repulsion. There was a century of pain for him in the pause.

"How do you do, Talone?" she achieved, adding nothing more as she advanced across the uncarpeted floor and deposited rather gingerly a bunch of roses upon the coverlet. As she retreated to a chair several feet distant from the bed, silence lay heavy between them. The room was close and stuffy with its small windows and big stove. She had always hated the sight of illness even in the most favorable surroundings. This ugly peasant, with unshaven cheeks, and cropped head lying corpse-like under the hideous counterpane! She wanted to shriek. Could it be that one day long ago she had touched those fever-cracked lips with her own? His questioning, beseeching glance was still fixed upon her. He was speaking now. Even his voice was changed. What would he ask her? She looked toward the door, meditating flight. Words came hissing and lisping from the dark cavity between his two broken teeth. "Madonna. . . . Bella."

She could stand it no longer. He must not, should not go on. A wreck such as he should know better, should not dare . . . it was revolting. His hands seemed straining to reach a fold of her dress. With a ruthless motion, she pushed back her chair, and impelled by a veritable panic of disgust, she fairly ran from the room.

A wild cry burst from him, a name, but not Daphne's. "Erda, Erda," he called like a drowning child wailing for its mother. And on that shoulder, broad as the calm meadows of the everlasting hills, he wept out the agony of his disillusion.

MONSIEUR L'ABBÉ pronounced the epilogue ten days later when the suddenly consummated marriage of Miss Daphne Abbingdon to the Honorable Geoffrey Paulingham was the subject of all conversations in the Winter Bellevue Grand.

"Curious," he said to himself, "how the devil generally holds all the high cards except the ace, which the *bon Dieu* invariably keeps up his own sleeve. Monsieur," he addressed the Anglican clergyman who happened to be passing his table, "you are not the only one who will have a wedding fee to contribute to your charities. I, too, celebrate a nuptial mass at a bedside in the village to-morrow."

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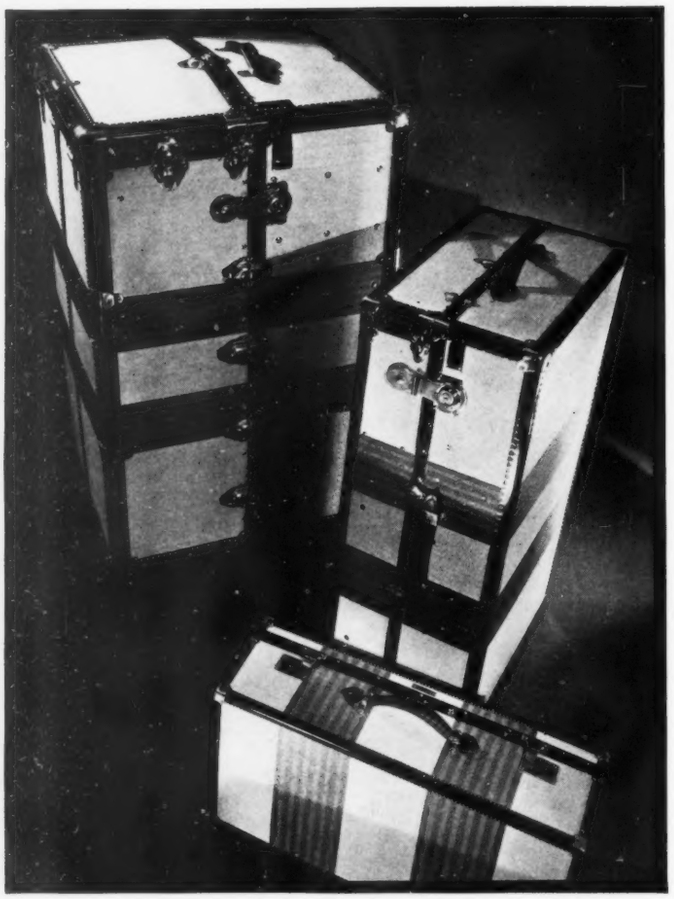

Advice to Aristocrats

WE might have labelled this picture "*The Minimum Travelling Equipment of a Gentleman.*"

We didn't, because we know as well as you do that many a perfect gentleman manages to scrape along with considerably less. We shall confine ourselves to the question, "Is it *worth while* to scrape along with less?"

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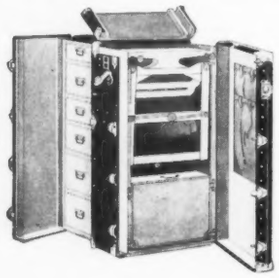

This Oshkosh Door-Opening Wardrobe opens from the sides. One of the doors gives access to the garment hanger section, the other to the chest of drawers. Both doors swing clear of the floor by a liberal allowance and both are bolted shut by turning *one* lock. It comes in a variety of models, some covered with fibre, some with Oshkosh-Cord duck. Priced accordingly from $125 to $250.

JOSHUA'S VISION

(*Continued from page 112*)

uplifted. He drove straight to Lady Evangeline Hill, who had conjured him to tell of the verdict. She raised his exhilaration by asserting the made future of Susan. A girl invited by Fontana to place herself unreservedly in his hands, why, it was not real life, but a fairy-tale. She went off into anecdotes of young men and women who had been at fabulous pains and expense to gain an hour's hearing from the great man. And here was this young woman arriving in Milan, financially unembarrassed, and Fontana only anxious to do the rest. Girl blessed of all girls by Fortune!

LADY EVANGELINE had friends in Milan, a distant American cousin and her Italian husband. She would tell them to hold out a welcoming hand to Susan. The girl must have her chance, socially as well as musically; besides, the Cafarellis themselves were musical people.

"What a good sort you are," said Joshua.

"Fond of horses and dogs and kind to children!"

"There's a lot more in that than you think," said he, by way of tribute.

He went away to Susan and Euphemia. Of the two, the latter was the more fluttered, looking on the day as one of miracle, the raising of the dead model to the living artist. Who would have thought it? Of course, she had heard Susan practicing and singing by herself; but, like a fool, she had not guessed the artistic value of the voice she heard. She was full of self-reproach and made her excuses to Joshua, who laughed at them. His fault, too, if it came to that. He must start then and there and mug up music, so that he could appreciate what was going on. The great thing, however, was settled. They were all artists together.

Susan, too, manifested a thrill of excitement. Hope had again returned to her dark eyes, exorcising ghosts. Before her lay a suddenly revealed vista of unexpected promise. A couple of years of vivifying struggle and then a career, possibly a great career.

"I can't believe it. It's too good to be true," she said.

"Nothing's too good to be true," Joshua declared. "Anybody who says the contrary can't have any faith in God."

Susan didn't follow him to these peaks of theology. She said: "The only thing I don't like about it is leaving you—being so far away. I couldn't bear to think I shouldn't see you again. It would be dreadful."

"But, good Lord," cried Joshua, who had armored himself in cold steel against foolish sentiment. "Milan isn't at the other end of the world. You get into a train at Victoria, and you're in Milan before you know where you are, and vice versa. Besides, you're not going to stick there the whole year round. Nobody does, especially when they've got a home in London."

There was a little silence. He looked from one to the other of the two women, who seemed embarrassed. At last he guessed.

"Why, of course you've got a home. This. Don't be silly. Euphemia will look after it until she runs away with a millionaire. Oh, let's talk sense."

SENSE was talked. Susan must begin in Milan as soon as Fontana's arrangements could be concluded. In ten days or a fortnight, if that interval were long enough for replenishment of wardrobe. He didn't know whether there was any special singing kit ordained by Mussolini for students at the Conservatoire. He made an effort to keep the talk light, within the bounds of sense.

"And now, my dear," said he, "I want to hear you sing."

Susan moved, a dark, lithe flower, to the piano, obedient to incontestable claim. She sang one of the songs in which Lesueur had coached her for Fontana's hearing—*Triste est le Steppe*, by Gretschanow. Her voice suited the plaintive and tender melody and the accompaniment of minor chords, all expressive of the Slav's nostalgia for the twilight of happiness. She sang it well; and, to a finer perception than Joshua's, would have betrayed something of the Slav in her own brooding and yet passionate temperament. He was moved both by the unexpectedness of her rich deep notes and by the simple song itself.

"Great! That's good," said he. "There was one part where you let yourself go; I should never have believed it."

"Shall I sing another?" she asked.

"Do you know," said he, "I think another would spoil it. Just like a picture that hits you in an exhibition, at least that's my way, you want to keep it and not have it blurred by others. Great, my child! Great!"

"So long as I've pleased you—"

"I don't see where I come in," said Joshua, with one of his queer reversions to roughness, "except that I've been an idiot not to recognize your wonderful gift and let you take advantage of it. Anyhow, better late than never."

A while later he left the flat, the rich notes still ringing in his ears, and felt himself to be the least important person in the world. Still, he walked homeward, a stocky, vigorous figure, with the stride of youth, alert and full of purpose. There was something to live for, Susan's career. He set aside Fontana's reservations. Susan only had to stand on a stage and fill the theatre with that glorious golden sound and the multitudes would listen enraptured. In the glamour of her success the infernal ghosts of the past must vanish forever. He was obsessed by Susan.

DURING the next few days before her projected departure he saw much of her. Lest she should pine in the closeness of a London spring, he took her for afternoon airings in the car. They stopped for tea in democratic wayside tea-gardens to the repressed disapproval of Manifold, who regarded with cold eyes the motor-cycle combinations that had brought the other chance guests.

"Much more cozy than those rotten fashionable places," said Joshua, breakfast-cup in hand.

"Much," agreed Susan.

"You'll have as much Fashion as you can stick in Milan—like me in London."

"Don't let us think of Milan while the laburnum is out here. Look at it."

"The English country takes a lot of beating," said Joshua, with a wave of the hand, as though he owned it, which he did in common with all other Englishmen.

These were happy hours. He did not realize how happy until the number before him was shrinking into a vanishing point. Then he stood dismayed. The time was soon coming when there would be no more Susan. Gone on her path of high endeavor, she would be lost. The flat always open for her return would be filled by her perpetual simulacrum. Her art would claim her ruthlessly. Of her loyalty, of her affection, of the spiritual bond that seemed to be established between them, he had no doubt. But there would be the break; the blank left in his life. He stared at the blank uncomprehendingly.

In spite of all the good friends and acquaintances he had made in recent years, he felt pathetically alone. Perhaps Robina was responsible. Until he met her, the need of relating himself to the mind or consciousness of another human being had never occurred to him. She it was who had originally elicited his shy confidences and had gradually created within him the necessity of self-revelation. Thus Robina had become a habit. He missed Robina more than he knew. . . .

THEN suddenly came a bombshell in the form of a cable from Nairobi:

"Find Humphrey recovered from injuries though crippled and blind. Am bringing him home with me immediately. Love. Robina."

He stared at the typed slips gummed to the flimsy paper. He had almost taken it for granted that the man would be dead by the time of her arrival. Other-

(*Continued on page 152*)

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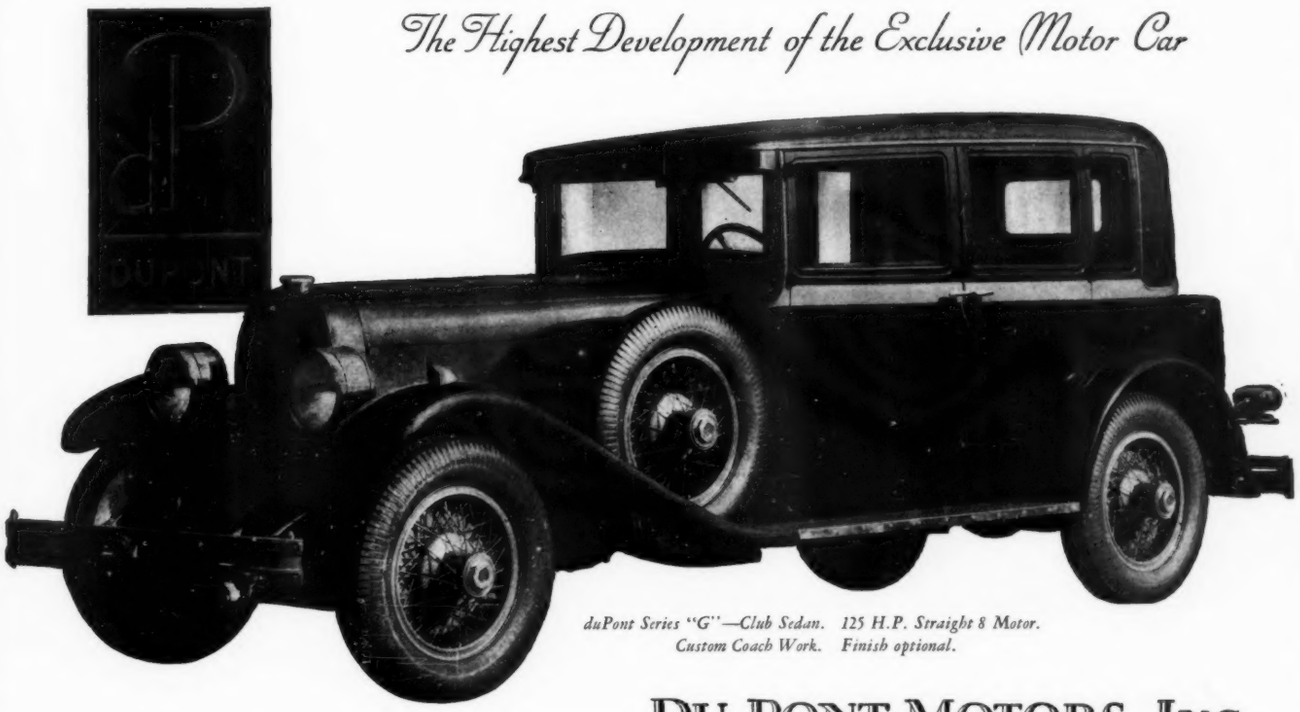

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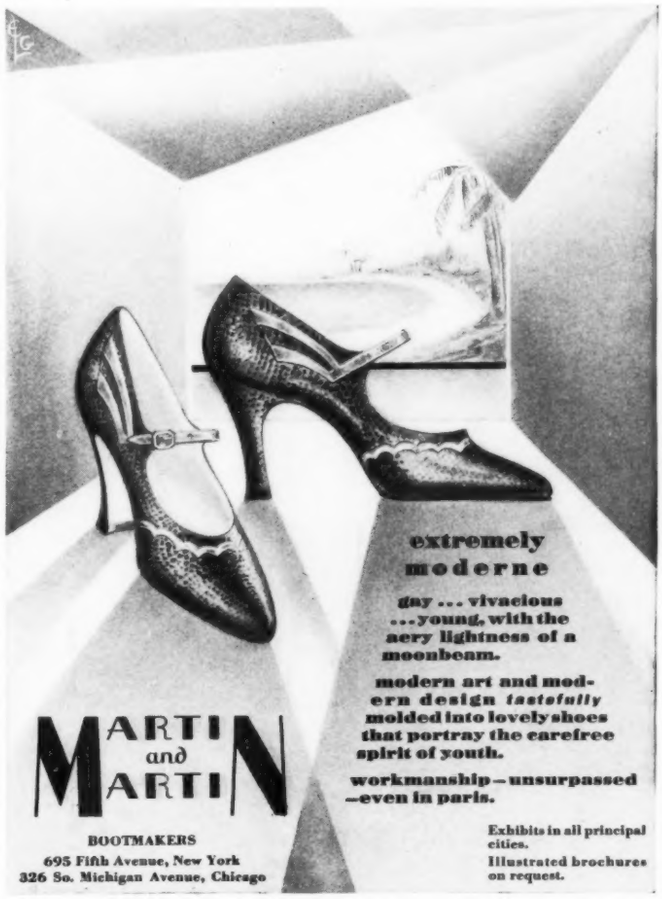

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JOSHUA'S VISION

(Continued from page 150)

wise, he had concerned himself little about him. Of course, he hadn't wanted the fellow to die. God forbid! Such would have been the sin of committing murder in his heart. He had merely counted him as a dying or dead wastrel on whom no one could lavish sentimental pity. And now he was alive; a real living entity coming to share Robina's home in London.

Since his trip around the world only four years had elapsed. It had seemed to him the longest period of his life. But only five years ago, before his breakdown, he had been content to live the dull and soulless Trenthampton routine. Only four years of ease and Dotleydom; of artistic awakening and artistic endeavor; of transplantation into an alien social environment. He had groped his way; he was indeed still groping.

He rubbed a rueful head, seeking to translate psychological phenomena into terms which he could understand. Robina was bringing back this useless poor devil that was her husband—to cherish him for the rest of his life. That was Robina's way. She had loved him all the time. She loved him when she started like a bullet from a gun to what she thought was his death-bed. She loved him, a blinded piteous wreck. She would love him all the more now that she had him, a helpless child, in her hands. And she had found her happiness at last.

TIME narrowed itself down to three days before Susan's departure for Milan. The stars had worked beneficently in her behalf. Professors at the Conservatoire were prepared for her preliminary reception. Rooms in a foreign student's hostel had been reserved by the Cafarellis, Lady Evangeline's friends. She had naught to do but step into her train at Victoria and be carried to the railway station at Milan, where she would find welcoming hands to guide her.

"It's all too wonderful for words!" cried Susan. "It's like being born again into a new world."

"Yes. It's splendid, isn't it?" said Joshua.

She seemed to dance before him, a newborn thing of feverish happiness. He had come in the morning to the flat, to announce some trivial detail of arrangement. The spring sunshine flooded the room of chintz and old oak. Vague tags of poetry and impressions of painting and sculpture floated through his mind, as she stood in the feathery poise of young gladness. The golden foot of May on the flowers—it had been quoted to him somewhere; the light motion of nymphs on a Greek frieze; the Primavera of Botticelli; and—half-mad thought—the suggestion of an elusive something in a Russian dancer he had seen last year. And, all the time she was there before him; simple, happy girl of four-and-twenty, exquisitely shaped, as he knew to his bitterness.

"If only I can make you proud of me, I want nothing more on earth."

It was then that the scales fell from Joshua's soul. He said gruffly:

"That's all right, my dear." But he turned away, so that he should not see her, for the pregnant moment; so that she should not see him. For he knew that he needed her and wanted her more than anything on earth. There was a loveliness in his desire that had not yet bloomed when he had sent her behind the screen in the studio. Or had it not been in bud all through the seasons, from the first revelation of her in Robina's studio?

He turned abruptly:

"This singing business is going to make you jolly happy, isn't it?"

A shadow fell across her face.

"I hope so."

"Hang it all!" he cried. "You mustn't hope, you must be sure."

"Then I'm sure," she replied.

He glanced at the grandfather clock in a corner of the room. He had come with the intention of taking her out to lunch, before the General Meeting of the shareholders of Swan & Co. But it were better not; better to see her in intimacy as little as possible before the final break. He invented an engagement and left her.

THE last day came. He gave Susan and Euphemia lunch in a quiet little restaurant in the West End where they had spent the morning over last purchases of feminine odds and ends. For Susan, about to be thrown solitary into the wilds of a continental city, must be equipped against all emergencies. What these latter might be, he knew not; but they were things one was always up against unexpectedly. Euphemia was granted a free hand; Susan an unrestrained imagination. They both enjoyed themselves prodigiously. Some time before Joshua had sent Susan a vast trunk. Its hangers could hold suspended hundreds of frocks, and in its system of drawers there was place for the lingerie of a royal trousseau. Euphemia, on seeing him shortly after the arrival of this piece of heavy furniture, had cried in dismay:

"But, my dear Mr. Fendick, we can't fill this!"

And he had stuck his hands in his pockets and laughed.

"You've got to. There's no knowing what you can do till you try."

So they had tried zealously, and had almost succeeded.

"Anything, my dear Euphemia," he had said in her ear, "to send her away happy and brimful of hope. It means more than even you can guess. It means her salvation."

On that chance he was staking his own happiness, odds on. She quivered before him as his life's significance. Apart from her, nothing mattered. It had taken a long time of blind groping through the spiritual wilderness for him to come at last on the light. And the light was a pure flame of love. When he beheld it, and knew it for what it was, he bowed down before it, making inevitable sacrifice. Here he obeyed unthinkingly, in queer psychological logic, the inexorable law of his puritan upbringing. He had wrestled with temptation during sleepless nights. In the way of flesh this beautiful thing in whom his soul was centered was his for the taking. Euphemia, in her old-maidish fashion, had practically told him so. So, frankly and desperately, had Susan herself. What stood in his path? The affair with Sutton was but a transient episode in a tormented girl's emotional life. It counted for nothing now. Except for the bonds in which she held herself bound, she was free. These bonds he could loosen. A great love could loosen the fetters of hell. So, in essence, had a hundred poets declared. What stood barring his path of rescue?

IT WAS not until after much tribulation that the light in its plenitude was vouchsafed to Joshua. In it he saw again the vision of the woman he loved. She still lay there cast up, jetsam, by the waves. But now she had the sure and certain grip on a great reality. A thing undreamed of, and now suddenly revealed. God's gift of song. That which would set her among those who could carry multitudes with them through the gamut of all emotion. A divine Art.

Once more in his life had the God of his fathers moved mysteriously; first awakening him to the sense of beauty in form, then of color; now—perhaps only as an intellectual concept—to the beauty of sound. He had not the philosophical equipment to entertain himself with esthetics. Enough for him to receive humbly the revelation that all the arts were one art, guiding mankind through Beauty to the Splendor of God.

The mental processes of Joshua whereby he arrived at this conclusion were vague, erratic, unformulated. But standing spiritually before the new vision of Susan, through such dim labyrinths of mental process must he pass, in order to arrive at the serene conclusion.

Susan had found and now clung to the Rock of her salvation. It was God's doing. Impossible to deny that certainty. It stood in his path.

The Rock to which Susan clung for the salvation of her tortured soul—the soul of one who had committed premeditated murder and, by tragic acci-

(Continued on page 153)

JOSHUA'S VISION

(*Continued from page 152*)

dent, had been guilty of matricide—was inviolate. Such was the serene conclusion arrived at in Joshua's honest mind, he knew not how, and expressed, as far as he was aware, in articulate terms of commonplace thought. They were terms direct and, to his mind, adequate.

"I'M AFRAID, Mr. Fendick, we've bought up half London," said Euphemia, with a mouse's show of bravery.

"Then your work is only half done," he declared, in his robust way. "There's not much time left."

"We haven't really been so dreadful," Susan assured him.

"Whatever you do is right, my dear," said he. "You know that."

The *maître d'hôtel* presented the card. He ordered lunch. The meal proceeded in outward pleasantness, even jocosity. It was to be their last together. More shopping, more packing would take up the remainder of the day. Susan must be in bed betimes, to prepare herself for the excitement of the morning's adventure. So had Joshua ordained. He would see her off at Victoria.

It was an unpretentious restaurant, three or four inter-communicating rooms on a ground floor, with a predominant theatrical and sunny clientele. No heteroclite music disturbed its quiet charm. It was well-filled, so that table-talk had a gracious background of human voices. Food was good. The Fullers had originally introduced Joshua to the place. He vaunted its excellences. It was intimate, like the good little restaurants in Italy. Did Susan remember Campari in Milan, where they had dined on their way through from Rome? Also Savini, under the dome of the Galeria, where they had lunched the next day? She must give him a thought when she visited them. She bent forward and said in a low voice:

"Do you think you'll ever be out of my thoughts?"

He patted her hand and laughed. "Let us hope so. Now and then. When you're having a good time. If you don't, I'll be miserable. That's what you're going for."

"I thought I was going to learn to sing," said Susan.

"Well, don't you call that a good time? In itself. Besides, you can't be singing all day and all night. Letting yourself go among people, developing your personality—I think that's what Fontana said—is part of your training. That's why you must go off on your own. It'll be all strange at first, of course—as in any adventure. And this is a Great Adventure."

"I know," said Susan. "God knows how great."

"Sort of thrilling, isn't it?" said he.

"Yes—thrilling—a little bit frightening."

"That's part of the thrill. Especially when you know, at the back of your mind, there's nothing to be frightened at."

"She's only afraid she mayn't do you justice," said Euphemia.

He waved an emphatic hand.

"Bosh!" said he.

That was the wrong end of the stick, he continued. The justice to be done by an artist was justice to himself. Shakespeare said it in relation to human life, generally. "To thyself be true," et cetera. But to the artist it was God's own message. . . .

"I'm boring you to death," he said, at last. "But that's how I look at it. Susan must do justice to herself. There's nothing more to it."

HE LAUGHED, filled up glasses, and they drank to Susan and to the great singer that she should become. Her face glowed and her eyes shone. Joshua thanked God that the ghosts had gone; also that he had played some part in their exorcism. He yielded for the moment to a sweet sense of ownership of this beautiful and gentle woman whose destinies he was molding. Supposing she was his daughter, he thought in a moment of self-discipline, wouldn't he be as proud as Punch of her and lavish on her all that his affection could suggest? That was the best idea yet. Let him attune himself to it, and all would be well. This last meeting was going splendidly. Euphemia made a sign and he inclined his head. She whispered in his ear:

"Isn't she looking lovely? I think everybody in the room is admiring her."

This pleased him. Whether it be the small schoolboy who parades an exquisite mother before his fellows, the youth a charming sweetheart, the man a handsome wife, the middle-aged financier a flashing mistress, or the old man a pretty granddaughter, every male suns himself in the reflected glory of the lovely woman over whom, in the eyes of a momentary world, he can claim, no matter how slender, a proprietary right. It is a matter of sex vanity, a text for unending disquisition. Joshua smiled and nodded and felt his tie with questioning fingers. Euphemia looked around the room at the various groups as though diagnosing their appreciation of Susan. She, too, in her old-maidish, vicarious way, enjoyed the success of the girl's fragile beauty.

Presently Susan drew Joshua's attention.

"It's all very well for you to preach to me about art and things, *cher maître*, but what about yourself?"

HE DID not answer for a minute or two. Something in her voice recalled a far-off impression of their first meeting when she had stood on the threshold of Robina's house faced by the pouring rain, and he had put his car at her disposal. Just the tone of the few words: "Oh, I couldn't—thank you so much," and the memory of the notes of the wood-pigeon he had cherished as a boy. Her voice lowered and tender had that dove quality of magical allurement. The line deepened across his forehead.

"Well, what about me?" he asked.

"You're going to carry on, aren't you?"

He put an elbow on the table. Euphemia was forgotten.

"What do you mean? Of course, I'm going to carry on."

She met his eyes. "I'm so glad. I've been worried to death about the Great Work. You know if you'd let me help you finish it, I would—it goes without saying. You won't. But I feel I've failed you. Somehow . . . You must finish it. At this stage any old model will do. Even I can see that. You must finish it," she repeated in her deep voice. "I've been wanting to tell you so for ever so long; but I haven't dared. This is the last time I can talk to you. I'd be miserable to go away thinking it wouldn't be finished."

"Why should you be miserable?" he asked.

Her lips twitched perilously.

"Do you still think I'm not human?"

The response was inevitable.

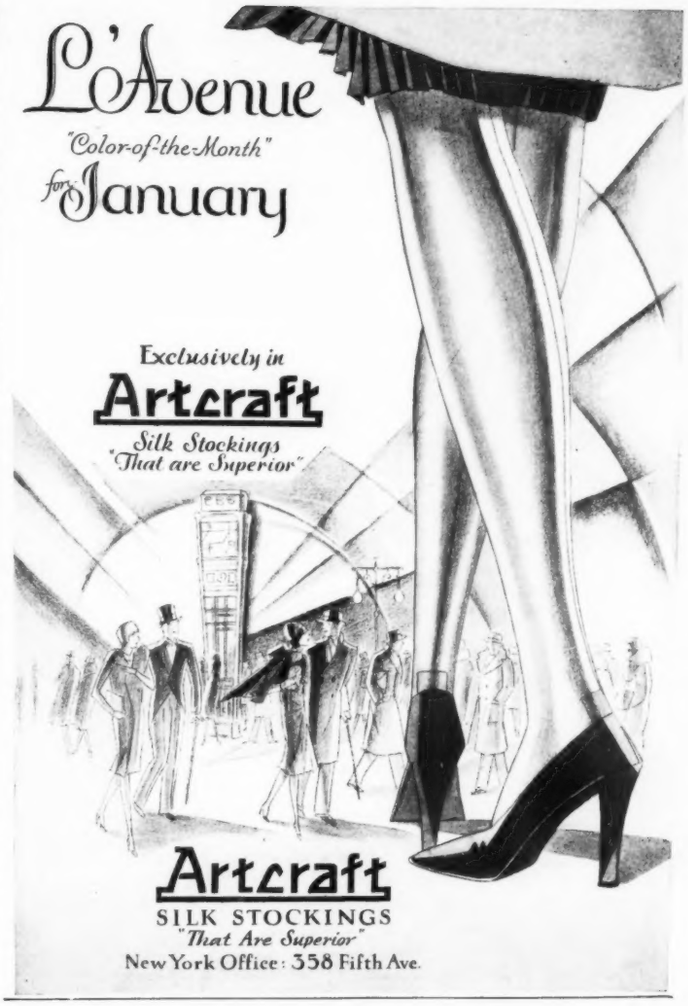
"You're too human, my child, and that's the devil of it."

He changed his attitude bruskly.

"I don't want you to be miserable. I want you to be as merry as a grig. As for the work, of course I understand. It's our job. You've done your bit—all you can do—the rest's mechanical. You're quite right, I must get on with it. Euphemia, help me. The child's looking for trouble, hunting for it. She has been asking herself: 'Where the devil can I find trouble?' She thinks she's found it. Because she's going away I sha'n't be able to finish our bit of statuary. I say I can—easily. Tell her I'm right and she's wrong. A lay-figure would do the trick."

Euphemia, divining in Joshua's pale blue eyes undercurrents of emotion, acquiesced with mendacious sagacity. Susan could go to Milan with a free conscience. She had served every conceivable purpose of the sculptor. Heaven forgive her for a liar, thought Euphemia. The waiter served her with crème de menthe. It was her idea of the last word in dissolute revelry permissible to a modest woman. She tasted, and the

(*Concluded on page 154*)



JOSHUA'S VISION

(*Concluded from page 153*)

lie dissolved in exquisite flavor on her lips.

Susan was convinced. "So long as you promise to carry on—" A smile completed the sentence.

The room thinned. They, too, must depart. Still a few things to be bought? Manifold would drive them round. He would take a taxi home. They argued, after the way of humans, for a few seconds on the pavement outside the restaurant door. Euphemia entered the car. Susan turned from the step and grasping both Joshua's hands, drew them instinctively against her bosom, and looked straight into his face.

"You are sure, sure, this is the best thing I can do?"

"Absolutely sure, my dear," said he sturdily. "God bless you."

He waved a cheery hand as she drove off.

What force drew him later in the day to the long deserted studio, he knew not. He scarcely questioned it. It was irresistible. . . . The dimness of blinds carefully pulled across skylights greeted his entrance. He handled the various cords and admitted the cold, clear North light of a May afternoon. He had the sense of a wanderer returning to the accusing intensity of familiar surroundings. There was little change since his last visit. He wandered round the studio.

It seemed very cold and forlorn, the place that henceforward would know not Susan. Yet something material of her still remained. Behind the screen, the gauze drapery hung over the back of a wooden chair. On a ledge below a small mirror against the wall lay her brush and comb and a cheap little open vanity-case which she had forgotten to take with her on that last day. He regarded these objects for a few seconds and then moved away impatiently.

WHY had he come? Subconsciously guided toward the fulfilment of his promise to carry on? He shrugged his shoulders. He supposed so. Hang it all, he must carry on. It was something to live for. The sooner he began, the better. Angry at his pusillanimity, he strode to the great platform where the figure lay, and removed the cloths. He turned it round slowly on its pivot and gazed at it at first hungrily and greedily. And as he gazed, his heart gradually grew cold within him, and a chill passed over his flesh. He had not seen it for many days, and he brought to bear on it now a clear and remorseless vision. The thing was dead. Not that the woman was a dead woman. As far as the lithe roundness of her body went, she was a live woman, all too alive. But as a work of art it was dead.

He remembered the mysterious reservation in Robina's praise the last time she had seen it. She had called it a study. She had had no suggestions to make. "Not now, at any rate." He understood the reserved criticism. It was a study. Just the study of a beautiful woman lying on her side. And the more the tortured girl had developed into the warm woman, the rounder and more flowing had become her curves under his unconscious hand. The figure which his eye still found charming conveyed no suggestion of despair. That shoulder-blade over which he had spent such intense and, as he thought, inspired labor, was but that of one happily asleep. The great conception had gradually lost itself in his love of Susan's loveliness.

As he gazed he saw that even the reproduction of that mere loveliness, that haunting exquisiteness of spinal contour, was little else but facile trickery. There were faults in modeling which, in another man's work, he could have pointed out at once. The thing was dead and meaningless. Never with all the most perfect models in the world, Susan herself, could he breathe into it the breath of life and meaning. It was as dead as his first crude copy of the majolica cat.

The Truth fell upon Joshua not as a light, but as enveloping darkness. He had failed in this great new purpose of his existence. Through no fault of his, no slackening of endeavor, no lukewarmness of enthusiasm; but, merely and humanly because the High Gods had denied him "the sorrowful great gift" of the artist.

He knew, in the quivering pain of his soul, that except as trivial pastime, he could never mold wax or clay again. This chapter of his life was closed.

Susan had begun it. Susan must end it.

HE STOOD for a moment in ghastly uncertainty, rubbing his graying red thatch with his maimed hand. Something ordained had to be done. It must be done not in sudden fury, not in anger of disappointment, not even in the cold self-critical mood of the artist who destroys only in order to rebuild; but reverentially, finally, as befits one who buries forever something dear.

It took him an hour to strip the beloved clay to its armature, so that scarcely a vestige of subtle curve remained visible. He covered up the wreckage tenderly, as one covers a dead body. And then he stood before it dripping cold sweat and shaking like a man in the throes of malaria. He threw himself down on the sofa, and, head in hands, remained there he knew not how long. When he recovered some kind of consciousness, he found himself staring almost unseeingly at the white casts of Susan's gripping hands, which now held no meaning. . . . There was nothing for them to grip at despairingly now. They were closed in soft young firmness around all that there was of comforting safety in the world. . . .

Nothing was left to him but the Susan henceforward remote from this dear haven of dreams. Not even the haven remained, for he knew that he would never seek it again. In a short while it must pass into alien hands; the alien hands of one more fortunate, whose dreams came true. Only Susan—this time to-morrow speeding further and further from him across the Continent. His frame shook with a deep sigh. Renunciation was the better part. He was getting old, nearing fifty, twice her age. He must live in the future. It was hard. But it was decreed. He bowed his head, as he had always done, before the Decree; this time, his face hidden in his hands, very sorrowful.

He heard the catch of a door behind him and a quick little cry. He rose and saw Susan. She said, nervously:

"Oh—I didn't know—I didn't expect to find you—"

He controlled his voice. "You came to have a last look round?"

"Yes. They opened the studio for me. They didn't tell me you were here."

"They didn't know."

"You don't mind?" She looked at him, rather frightened.

He smiled. "Why should I?"

"I don't know," she said. "I only felt I must come back and say good-by to it all. You don't know what it has meant to me."

"A haven of rest," said Joshua, quoting his recent thoughts.

She nodded. "And I wanted to see the work again. As it was when I left it—before you finish it—with somebody else." She crossed to the covered figure and glancing back at him—"May I?"

He stood for a moment stricken with a queer horror. Her hand was on the corner of a cloth. In another moment she would see what he had done. The mad consequences of revelation flashed through his brain. He rushed to her quickly.

"No, no, my dear. That and you have finished. You must each go your way. I don't think I could stand it."

She drew a little choking breath and hung her head and turned away. He realized that she had divined his suddenly inspired explanation. The danger was over. He breathed more freely.

"There's one thing, my dear, that's yours, which no one else must touch."

He fetched from behind the screen, the piece of gauze drapery, folding it up hurriedly as he returned.

"This is yours. A bit of the haven. Stick it in somewhere. It may remind you." He thrust it into her hands. Her eyes filled with helpless tears. "I'll never forget your coming to say good-by, my dear. Never. It means a lot to me." He caught up his hat. "Well, that's all there is to it," he said with forced heartiness. "I've got all kinds of things to do before dinner. I'll set you on your way. Come, my child."

The studio door closed behind him for the last time. They went into the street and he put her into the first taxicab he met, and went home.

In the solitude of his house in Eaton Terrace, so differently appointed during the years of awakening from the gentleman's town mansion flawlessly furnished by the experts of the Eminent Firm, Joshua listened to the Last Decree and yielded to it his almost fatalistic obedience. He must return whence he had come and carry on the work of his father before him. Of this Decree he had been dimly aware from the day of the General Meeting of Swan & Co. when the Director, in savage irony, had suggested that he should run the tottering concern himself. That was his duty; whether to himself, to his neighbor, or to some holy spirit of boot-making, he could not determine. The psychology of the matter, in face of practical necessity, was not worth consideration. He must go back to Trenthampton, and take up the ordained business of his life where he had left it. There would be fighting. So much the better. He was growing soft. There would be sacrifice of years of ease free from financial anxiety. Capital soundly invested must be reinvested in Swan & Co. if he were to be the master, the sole position possible. He must live near the factory. That, in itself, was no hardship. A comfortable house would be easy to find.

The more he considered the Decree, the more irrefragable did it appear. Man was born to do to the utmost of his powers that which he could do well; to neglect the talent was subversive not only of divine teaching, but of human ethics. So much of sound philosophy had his grim father beaten into his mind. He could make boots by the million as few other men in England could make them. He knew everything about them from the stamping of an eyelet hole, to the economics of their distribution. His return would be the fulfilment of his destiny as a supreme maker of boots. The summons was imperative. It was the summons from the Land of Dreams of the past few years to the Land of Realities.

What had been his dreams? He looked back on them wistfully through the wreaths from the bowl of a disregarded pipe held between his teeth. What had they been? To create in material substance an interpretation of his Vision of Life. He had obeyed this dream counsel of fine audacity. He had failed. No one but himself, or a man like himself, the artist quivering with divine fire to begin, yet powerless to execute, could gauge the immensity of his failure. To continue in the spiritual guise of dogged determination would be self-deception too gross for his sturdy common sense.

In the attempt he had spent all that his soul could spend. That epoch of his life was over. The dismembering of the sweet clay body had been a sacrificial and sacred rite.

THAT was the end. Now to return, according to Decree whence he had come. There were moments when he accepted it as a doom assigned after an ironical wastage of years. Just to go back to boots, boots, fifty million pairs of them, after this freedom, these revelations of beauty, these all but overmastering emotions of desire and love, was but the re-condemnation of a prisoner let loose by sardonic gaolers into the specious liberty of green fields and sunshine.

He wandered in a bleak despair through the rooms of the house which he knew he must abandon. In the drawing-room he paused before the Old Crome, the mellow picture of English country charm which had been his first exciting purchase. And then a thought, a very simple thought, taking the form of a very simple question, smote him as though with a hammer.

Would he, returning to Trenthampton, be the same man as had left it?

It was a devil of a question. It took some answering. He left the Old Crome and switched off the drawing-room lights and, in his library, composed himself to its pleasant consideration by a whisky and soda. The answer came inevitably.

No. A Joshua who had suffered some sort of queer change would go back. Materially, to whatever house he went, these things of beauty would accompany him. He would take with him, wheresoever he went, the sense of beauty, an unalienable possession. . . . He had left Trenthampton, a lonely human machine. He would return in an aura of human affection. Robina's staunch and inexhaustible loyalty . . . Beauty? Wasn't the undying love she lavished on the poor wreck whom she was bringing home a manifestation of beauty? And, all said and done, the house would not be a prison. He could have a pied-à-terre in London, a modest set of bachelor chambers. And there was the wide world to travel over when he had set the house of Swan & Co. in order.

THERE lay before his scarcely declining years—he was not yet fifty—a life, not only of wholesome work and inspiring effort, but of cultivated enjoyment of its sweetest things. There, too, was Sutton, the ambitious young man, his outer thoughts agreeably engaged in whatever vanities of emotion came the way of his youth, but his serious instincts deeply rooted in the leather-trade. His return to business affairs might bring about a new sympathy between the boy and himself.

And dominating this welter of poignant despair and buoyant hope, moved the figure of Susan. Susan, with her exquisite body, of which he saw every curve beneath her clothing. Susan, with her finely chiseled and mysterious face, which could be as sallow as an ascetic nun's, or as flushed with bloom as a dark peach, with her eyes that could be haunted by awful ghosts or shine with the merriment of happy elves. There was Susan. There would always be Susan. And all that Susan meant to him physically and spiritually.

He lay awake most of the night—for it was a day and a night of great decision; and he arrived again at the great comforting certainty of which he had been long aware, that the God of his fathers, or whatever *It* was, had given him the privilege of saving a human soul alive.

His commonplace life would be occupied in the ordained pursuit of the making of boots—an absorbing interest; his mental, his intellectual life would be passed in the enjoyment of beauty—friendships, pictures, statues, sunsets, and deep blue seas; his deep and intense spiritual life, in the exorcism, in whatever fantastic form it might assume, of the curse of Cain that hung over one utterly and now selflessly beloved woman.

The next morning he saw her off at Victoria. She had the heightened color and bright eyes of youth setting forth on brave adventure. Just before the time of starting she drew him aside, to the middle of the platform, and pressed his hands convulsively.

"You know—you do know—if ever you wish for anything different—I'll come back."

"God forbid I should wish for anything different," he smiled. "All my heart's in your voice."

Her lips parted and her eyes glowed.

"Really?"

"Really, my dear."

"It's time," cried Euphemia, darting across to them.

Susan entered the Pullman. She stood at the window as the train moved off. Joshua waved his hat.

Euphemia in tears said: "I do hope she'll make a success of it."

Joshua smiled at her very wisely.

"She will," said he. (*The End*)

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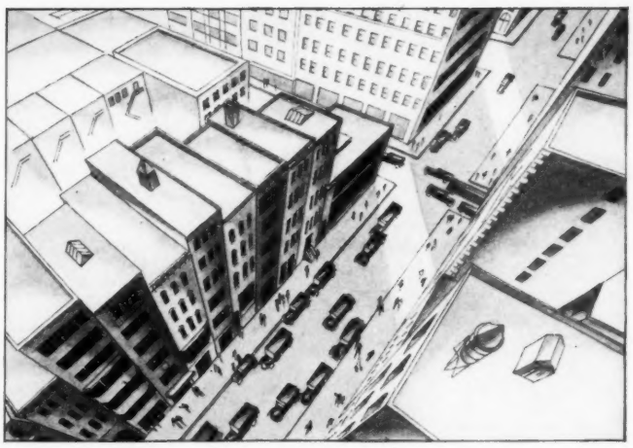

ADVENTURES IN SHOPPING

Discovering the Side Streets of New York

By DIVA GORDON

NEW YORK is the richest city in the world in the matter of large and small shops. Beautiful shops, too. Enchanting shops. It is a Mecca for the rest of the country. And the shopkeepers—hundreds of them—are ladies who have gone into shopkeeping, just as duchesses and princesses have done abroad.

To drift through almost any region of the town and make fascinating discoveries is one of the many compensations for living in a constantly torn-up but thrilling city. One is lured to the side streets of New York as well as to the main arteries. Here the blood of trade may not flow as rapidly, but it flows, nevertheless, as the traffic signals will indicate.

The other morning I walked, at random, through East Forty-eighth Street and a few steps either way on Madison Avenue, and what I found there may have some interest to residents of our town as well as to those from distant places. I might just as well have gone a few blocks north or south. I will, later.

At Richard Lehne's, number 11, you can find splendid examples of seventeenth and eighteenth-century English furniture. They do no decorating, have only antiques, and import everything from abroad. They have especially good examples of fine lacquer. The courtesy and quiet efficiency of this shop remind one of a store in England.

At number 15 is Baphê.

They are particularly successful in decorations for roof-gardens and penthouses. Their hand-wrought iron work is superlatively good. They have wonderfully attractive tables, chairs and benches of iron, and iron tables with marble tops. All these pieces may be obtained in a great variety of colors. They have also many small inviting decorative accessories.

Around on the other side of Madison Avenue, if you can manage to get across, is the New York Galleries. This shop made its reputation through good copies of old furniture. Now the whole ground floor is occupied by genuine antiques. Above are four floors filled with reproductions of all styles (except Early American) and with particularly fine examples of Spanish and Italian furniture. In order to get away from the more usual bedroom sets, painted pieces combined with satin-wood furniture are often shown.

Back on 48th Street at number 29 East, you will find Manuel, a specialist in hair. His transformations are literally as light as a feather and frequently are more alluring than a woman's own hair—if she had any! As well as the bobbed transformations he has made with such success, he now has one a little longer with just sufficient hair to turn up in the back. It keeps the slim outline of the head that still seems almost essential to true chic, yet is not a bob. He also has separate pieces to be worn in the back for that difficult moment when a woman is letting her hair grow, and also several different types of curly switches that are delightful and easy to pin to the head. He also shows a longer bob transformation. In this case he suggests that the curls should be pinned on either side of the neck and the back pulled smooth and not waved. This is for the woman who wishes to deviate slightly from the sleek classical head. But the latter, we believe, is still the smartest.

Turning west is the Post Box Book Shop—a tiny little store, the walls entirely encased in books. They have not only the newest and best books, but also they specialize in a gift service and wrap the book or books you order like a present—in pretty paper—and send them post free anywhere in the United States. They also have highly helpful suggestions for steamer presents—they make packages of the newest literature, appropriate to the person to whom they are to be sent.

At the corner of Madison is one of the five shops of Nat Lewis. It is a bewitching place; for although the first Lewis shop sold only stockings, they have added many alluring things. They also have exquisite modern jewelry, much of it especially designed for them—others copies from the best models of the moment in Paris. They have simply fitted cases, cigarette-cases and vanity cases of lacquer and egg-shell. To finish up I will just touch on the fact that they have fairy-like lingerie and beautiful negligées.

At number 14 East 48th Street Rich and Fisher, who carry a complete line of glass and china in dinnerware, novelty pottery, breakfast sets, iced-drink sets and all such things. They have also a great variety of plates in a great variety of sizes and prices, charming ones that are really inexpensive make delightful presents. They have bewitching crystal and glass, made in many attractive styles, also lovely modern colored glass—in fact everything imaginable in modern china and glass.

At number 12, you will find Juliette and Gannon, specialists in lingerie. They import all their models and have a very large conservative clientele. They say that for the smart women of to-day lingerie must be made to order and be not only practical but flattering. They are very successful in making women look slender and their outstanding successes are their corselets and corsets. They believe both these things are becoming more and more popular and essential with the new styles. They also suggest negligées of beautiful fabrics on simple lines and believe them rightly more popular now than the fussy ones that used to be worn. And they say that pyjamas are becoming greater and greater favorites each day.

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